

Free Speech Isn't Free

Roosh V

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Prelude

“Here I am, ready to give two private speeches to men,” I said to Canada.

“No, you cannot,” they replied. “We don’t like your words and ideas.”

“Well, I’m going to give them whether you like it or not.”

“We declare war on you,” they yelled, stomping their feet.

I tightened my face and said, “I accept your declaration.”

Foreward

The following foreward is written by Quintus Curtius.

I was very pleased to learn late in 2015 that Roosh Valizadeh was writing a book on his Canada lecture tour that had taken place earlier that year. I believe that the lecture tour, and the attention that it generated, were significant events, deserving of a book that would treat them in some detail from a personal perspective. I will try to explain why I believe this to be so.

We should begin with some preliminary—but necessary—matters. The historian J.B. Bury's *The Idea of Progress* challenged the conventional view that history has been, and would remain, a continuously forward progression towards cultural perfection and human happiness. To be sure, the idea is so deeply ingrained in our modern psyches as to require little or no mental effort to analyze. He notes:

We now take it so much for granted, we are now so conscious of constantly progressing in knowledge, arts, organizing capacity, utilities of all sorts, that it is easy to look upon progress as an aim, like liberty or a world-federation, which it only depends on our own efforts and good-will to achieve.

But is this really true? Do we have sufficient information to test this idea? To believe mankind is moving in the right direction, one would have to know what the ultimate destination must be. And this assumption smacks of conceit. Bury reminds us that the very idea of

human “progress” is a product of the eighteenth century Enlightenment; and that before this time, very different views of society and history prevailed.

None of the prominent ancient peoples—Greeks, Romans, Chinese, or Indians—subscribed to “progress” as a desirable or inevitable goal of mankind. Instead, they were fixated on the concept of cycles. Human history, in the ancient Greek view for example, was an unending story of birth, rise, decay, and inevitable collapse; and there could be no real escape from this inexorable cycle.

There was very little that was “new” in the world, except arrangement. Humans ignored this truth at their own peril. To push things too far was to incur the wrath of the offended gods, and this would lead to prompt and bitter chastisement. Greek tragedy drummed this lesson into the heads and hearts of its listeners, with profound and far-reaching results.

Cicero’s short essay *The Dream of Scipio*, for example, posited a world controlled by the harmony of the heavenly spheres, which would complete a full cycle or “great year” (*magnus annus*) roughly every 12,000 to 15,000 years. Plato believed human social systems were governed by cycles that also followed definite patterns: aristocracy, oligarchy, democracy, and tyranny.

These ideas—which are easy for some of us arrogant moderns to look down our noses at—did not amount to a prejudice against change. It was simply that ancient man’s focus was different. Instead of finding satisfaction in the development of technological toys, the ancient thinkers believed it was more important to focus on the perfectibility of one’s body, character, and soul. Mechanical contrivances—such as Hieron of Alexandria’s rotary steam engine assembled for the amusement of Ptolemy—were kept where they belonged, as ritualized toys. The idea that society as a whole was inexorably headed towards some blissful future state of happiness would have struck ancient and medieval man as strange, even blasphemous.

If we give the “cycle” view of history its due, we quickly see that

time itself can function equally as enemy as well as friend. Nations (or persons) advance, reach a certain peak, decline, and then make way for others. Time is not our trusted burro, carrying us merrily along a pathway to unearned beatitude. Time is as much a destroyer as a creator: and perhaps more of the former than the latter. As the Roman poet Horace put it (*Ode* VI.45): “What does ruinous time *not* undermine?”

The idea of inevitable progress is also a conveniently comfortable one, for it relieves the holder of any need to struggle for the attainment of the ends which he so values. One can just coast along, blissfully ignorant of the corruption around oneself, and take refuge that it will all work out in the end.

And yet—very often in history, in fact—things do not just “work out” automatically. Civilization and its blessings must be sacrificed and fought for, over and over unceasingly, lest these hard-won gains be again submerged back into a sea of ignorance and barbarism. The things that we take for granted today (freedom of speech, material comforts, political stability, to name a few) would be gone in a few generations if each era did not do its part. Victories, once won, are not permanent: they must be re-won by every generation.

By now the reader is likely wondering to himself what all this has to do with Roosh’s speaking tour in Canada. It is simply this. We commonly hear that modern society is more “free” and “tolerant” than it has ever been, and that we are in the midst of a golden age of personal liberty and the free exchange of ideas.

The idea, as I stated previously, is so commonplace as to be nearly unquestioned. The internet, we are told, has opened up new and incredible vistas of the mind. But is this true? Are we progressing ever upwards in our tolerance of free speech and a free press? Or are there more subtle, insidious ways of stifling free speech? Roosh’s Canada experience was a historic opportunity to test this hypothesis; and the test results, as it were, are hardly encouraging.

It is worth pointing out here something that some may find self-evident. And this is the fact that freedom of speech and the press is an

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absolute necessity for any forward-moving society. This freedom is apparently not as valued as many would like to believe. Since 2001, Americans have accepted more and more features of the surveillance state as a necessary evil in the “fight against terror.”

It was not always so. One of the first modern advocates of press freedom (and certainly the most eloquent) was English poet John Milton. In England in the early 1640s, all books and pamphlets published in England were required, under an old law, to be registered and licensed by the civil authorities. The law was selectively enforced. In his justly famous work *Areopagitica* (released in 1643), he penned this ringing invocation to freedom of thought:

We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre; whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

Here, at least, is a theoretical sympathy for the idea that differences of opinion should be tolerated. In Puritan England, this was a bold stance to take. Yet Milton was a friend of Parliament and a prominent literary man. And even he did not advocate tolerance for Catholic or atheistic viewpoints. It would take many more years of struggle before those battles would be won, but won they were.

As I noted above, the freedom for people to speak and write as they wish is an essential prerequisite for a forward-moving social system. Societies that wall themselves off from outside ideas and currents of thought, or that repress the expression of ideas that contradict popular beliefs, gradually lose the ability to innovate. Most, if not all, Americans would agree with this statement. But in practice, we find all sorts of mental gymnastics performed to make

end runs around this principle when the ideas in question are “too different.”

The creation of the modern surveillance state, combined with the rise of social media and smartphones, has made the spread of ideas nearly instantaneous. And yet those who govern modern societies—the comfortable one percent—are acutely aware of the need to impose some degree of control on the restless masses. Certain social dogmas, they believe, must be propagated in order to preserve this control. Media, film, and the educational system must be propagandized into accepting these beliefs. And any ideas that threaten to undermine this enforced orthodoxy must be shamed, denigrated, and marginalized. This is the background context that we must understand in order to appreciate fully the hysterical response to Roosh’s Canada lectures.

But what many do not realize is that this apparatus of control—while it may be well-intentioned—creates moral forces of its own. It generates its own momentum, and has its own logic. The surveillance state is antithetical to the idea of freedom of speech, almost by definition; it promotes self-censorship, distrust of institutions, and cynicism about the free exchange of ideas. Over a long enough period of time, it will certainly corrode and destroy the idea entirely.

What is now clear is that freedom of speech and the press exist merely as *possibilities*, and not as the absolute rights that they should be. The old methods of censorship—indices of prohibited works, registration of publications, punishments and fines, etc.—have merely been replaced by newer, more sophisticated methods.

What was possible in Milton’s day is no longer feasible. In his day, books had to be registered. They could be tracked and documented. The authorities could jail a printer, confiscate his press, and that was the end of the matter, for the most part. This type of thing is no longer practical. Other, more efficient methods of enforcing doctrinal control have to be found. Shaming, fear-mongering, blacklisting, and intimidation are the preferred modern methods.

Promoters of disfavored speech are now hemmed in by a variety of restrictions. The entire issue has been cleverly re-cast as almost a

public health matter: “offensive” words can “trigger” those sensitive souls that might suffer the indignity of having their beliefs questioned. Political leaders, instead of sending police to shut down presses and detain printers, now use the power of the internet and social media to foment outrage. A lynch mob mentality is created and sustained by the endless repetition of lies and distortions. The “evil other” is cast as a threat to the health of the body politic, and thus placed outside the protections of the law.

The system is effective, and serves its purpose. It feeds on the narcissism and sense of entitlement of the current generation, which does not take kindly to having its sacred cows rhetorically gored. At the same time, it is perfectly suited to enable the privileged classes to retain control over the reins of power, as the rabble can be permanently distracted by the threat of imaginary bugbears who dare to question the nature of things. Public consent, as linguist Noam Chomsky aptly noted some years ago, is manufactured.

Those who were present at the Canadian lectures were fortunate to have witnessed a rare and crucial demonstration of free speech principles. There is simply no substitute for direct experience. No one present could have received a more compelling lesson in the cynical lengths to which the enemies of free speech are prepared to go to silence views that they disagree with. The Canada lectures proved once again that each successive generation must “re-win” the rights that were asserted by those who came before them. Rights, once won, do not remain won forever.

Systems of thought control, the Canada lectures showed, are cynical, mendacious, and unconcerned with the so-called “marketplace of ideas.” It turns out that free speech shares much with the idea of “progress,” discussed earlier. It must be constantly fought for, or else it may slide backwards. Progress may be followed by long periods of regress. For while the media and governments will pay lip service to their dedication to the principles of free speech and the egalitarian marketplace of ideas, their willingness to act on them is another matter entirely. Bringers of new ideas must fight to get them to

market, and fight to keep them there.

Quintus Curtius

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Quintus Curtius is an attorney, former Marine officer, and author of four books, including Thirty-Seven and Pathways. Visit www.qcurtius.com to read more of his work.

1

The Idea

There's not much to do in Poland during the winter. With less than six hours of sunlight a day, most people stay huddled indoors. The nightlife isn't so bad, but when students leave town for a month around Christmas, the scene becomes dead and lacks beautiful young women. It was during this time, in January 2015, when an idea came to me. Why not do a speaking tour?

I had never done a speaking tour before, or even a book signing. I had done casual meetups in loud bars, but those were informal and didn't have a purpose besides hanging out and getting into brief conversations.

I fantasized with the idea of doing something more organized, something I had never done before. I wanted to travel to multiple cities, give speeches, and answer questions in quiet conference rooms. After mulling it over for a week, and seeing that I had no other urgent things to do to occupy my time productively, I decided to go through with it. I started constructing a list of the tasks involved in such a tour, grossly underestimating the amount of time and energy it would take.

MY WRITING is much better than my speaking because during my childhood, around eight years of age, I developed a moderate stutter. By the time I was 12 years old, I was deathly afraid of public speaking and avoided situations where I could potentially embarrass myself. This led me down the path of introversion and did nothing for

my confidence, but my life went on normally otherwise.

In the 10th grade, every student in my school was required to take a semester of speech class. I was anxious of that class but completed all five speeches successfully without major incident, earning a B. One thing I learned from it is that even if your speech is not fluid, no one cares enough to begin treating you differently. Maybe they are making fun of you in their minds, or have pity for you, but human beings over the age of 10 are generally patient when you have their attention. Knowing this greatly reduced my fear of public speaking.

I went through some speech therapy a year later, which helped, but it didn't eliminate the problem completely. By the time I got out of college, the stutter was rather mild. It's usually on my mind as I speak, but it hasn't stopped me from pursuing my goals. I never used it as an excuse to not put in work.

Doing a speaking tour wasn't only about sharing my message with like-minded guys—it would also serve to strengthen one of my weaknesses, since I suspected the next step for me to spread my ideas would be to increase my video offerings and in-person appearances. After analyzing my site traffic, I chose six cities to conduct the speech which had a high number of readers and were easy to travel to from Washington, D.C., where my family is based. I settled on Berlin, London, D.C., New York City, Montreal, and Toronto. I chose six dates throughout the summer, from late June to the middle of August.

To begin preparing, I joined a local Toastmasters Club, an international organization that helps people improve their public speaking. It was a low-pressure arena to practice giving speeches while being guided by an assigned mentor who gives feedback before and after all of your presentations. I hid the fact from other members that I was about to embark on a speaking tour to discuss issues related to the collapse of Western civilization.

In Toastmasters, I gave two formal speeches that were six minutes long and seven informal ones that averaged two minutes each. I was confident enough in my fluency that I didn't have genuine fear about speaking in front of everyone, though I was nervous before giving my

first speech.

From my time on stage I learned three important lessons: always maintain eye contact with the crowd, focus on deliberate body language that matches the tone and content of the speech, and insert questions into the speech to keep the audience's attention. While my speeches had no stakes since you technically couldn't fail, they were good practice to prepare me for the 45 minute speech I was to give on my tour called "The State Of Man." My speaking, while not 100% fluid, was good enough that I knew I could successfully transmit complex ideas and points to a live audience.

Every minute of speech is roughly 140 words, so I wrote out a draft of the speech that came to 6,000 words. The result was a mix of cultural analysis, history, game, and life advice. The hardest part was combining so many different topics in one coherent work that would satisfy men in different stages of their lives. I wouldn't know if I had succeeded until the time came to give the speech. Would the audience be focused on me, or would they gaze at their phones or even doze off?

THE PEOPLE who are invited to speak at universities and conferences probably don't know all that's involved in conducting a speaking event. It includes dozens of little steps that, while relatively simple, were all equally essential and had to be done in the right way. This contrasts greatly with writing a book, where the steps are few but extremely laborious.

I went to a freelance website and hired an event planner named Tonya to assist me with booking the venues, along with a coder and graphic designer to help create a website called Roosh World Tour where I could sell tickets.

While I was busy preparing the speech and managing the website's creation, Tonya scouted through dozens of venues in the six cities. We focused on hotel conference rooms located centrally with a maximum capacity of 80 seats. I had to guess the likely attendance based on site traffic, which turned out not to correlate that well with

the number of ticket buyers (it would have been better to start selling tickets first to measure demand and then choose a venue).

The rooms we settled on ranged in cost from \$1,000 to \$2,100. What I didn't know at the time was that base prices for the rooms don't include various taxes and fees, beverages, and snacks that can nearly double the initial quotes. As the dates came closer, Tonya hired hostesses and I hired videographers, and at the venues where we needed to, we put in catering orders for drinks or light food.

Once the tour website was made, I created an early-bird ticket tier at \$48 and promoted the tour through all my web channels. I described the four-hour event as a lecture, question & answer, and meet & greet, split roughly into three equal parts. I didn't model the event after anything else I had known of, but planned the one I wanted to hold. I had no idea whether it would work or not, but the sequence made sense, because you would want to ask questions of the speaker after the speech, and then finally meet the speaker and the other guests.

I also created a "gold" ticket tier that included a custom USB card pre-loaded with all of my books. The front of the card had a cartoon image of my large head and the back was signed by me in permanent marker. This was my modern interpretation of the "book signing" for the e-book era, though I did plan to bring along some paperback books as well. About 30% of the ticket buyers opted for the gold ticket. Its price was \$99, while the regular ticket price was \$59. While I did intend to turn a profit from the tour, I would have been satisfied to merely break even.

The biggest job, by far, was preparing the speech. My experience in Toastmasters showed that it takes one hour of preparation for each minute of a speech. At a planned time of 45 minutes, I knew I was in for a serious commitment. First, I edited the speech's written draft into its final form. Then I read it out loud about ten times to get a feel for how it comes across when spoken, continuing to edit along the way. Then I began reducing the speech to an outline, where I'd take a sentence of the speech and replace it with a short phrase. When I

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came across the short phrase in the next practice run, my mind would hopefully remember the longer sentence it represented. This process took about three weeks since the speech was so long, until I eventually reduced the 6,099 word speech into a 734 word outline.

By the time Berlin arrived, I was able to give the speech in practice runs using only the outline without having to reference the full text. I estimate I spent about fifty hours on the speech up to that point, which didn't include event planning, maintaining the web site, and promoting the tour. For two months leading up to the first stop, it was the only thing I worked on.

2

Berlin

Two nights before the speech, I took a train to Berlin from the Polish city I was living in. I was joined a day later by a British friend of mine named Kingsley who also lived in the same city. We grabbed burgers and went for a stroll before retiring early. The mood was calm, without any buzz about my speech on the internet.

On the day of the event, we walked together to the venue for the speech, the Sofitel Hotel. When we approached the hotel, we heard something that sounded like a street party and saw police cars stationed on side roads. Kingsley joked that it was a protest against my speech.

When we got closer, we identified the ruckus as a gay pride parade. Hundreds of men were dancing and gyrating on the street and various platforms. Many of them were half-clothed and obviously on drugs or alcohol. The centerpiece of the parade was a leather-clad gimp on a chain-link leash being led around by another man to hoots and hollers. All this took place right in the center of the city. Parents walking with their children would have accidentally come across the parade just as I did.

We went inside the hotel and the hired hostess arrived soon after to help check in guests. I assisted the cameraman and greeted the men who came in. Even though the event was in Germany, barely half of the attendees were actually German. Many were British, American, Dutch, or from other European countries.

Two guests who arrived stood out from the rest. One was a tall

woman who was monstrously overweight, trailed by a meek man with green-colored hair. They looked like they had gotten lost from the gay parade, and a couple of men asked me in private if they were planning to disrupt the event. Their names were on the guest list, meaning they had paid the ticket price, so I let them enter. They picked two seats in the back.

After the fifth or so man came up to me with concerns, I went up to the couple and gave a cordial trigger warning that the speech would be “highly” offensive. I looked at the fat woman and said that she would definitely be offended since I had some fat jokes in my speech, and that if they wanted a refund I would happily give it to them. They said they would like to stay. They never spoke during the speech nor asked a question, and left quickly after the Q&A, not wanting to meet anyone during the meet & greet.

During the speech I had a part where I remarked how homosexuals and women have their voices elevated in comparison to ours, and how their needs are catered to while we are marginalized. A clear sign of that, I added in an impromptu bit, is how a gay pride parade can flaunt overt, lewd homosexual behavior outside in public while we have to conceal the venue and essentially hide (I emailed guests the venue details only a day before the event). While a few men questioned whether I really needed to use such secrecy to hide the venue, it became clear in Canada that it was an absolutely necessary precaution.

Practicing at home and giving a speech in front of a live audience are very different experiences. The speech can be perfect at home but come out differently in front of the audience, because they give you feedback as you speak. As my first live run, the Berlin speech was the roughest of all six. My fluency was maybe 85% and I lost my train of thought a handful of times, but the men seemed to like it and complimented the content afterwards. The only real problem was that it ran way too long, at nearly 90 minutes, which meant I had to cut it further.

Once 7pm hit and the room rental time was up, we went to the

hotel lobby to drink for a few more hours. I had time to meet men with vastly different backgrounds. One was a Danish immigrant who stayed a virgin to marry his Danish wife. He showed me pictures of his first child. Another was an American Marine who brought his 18-year-old brother along. Another man was a nuclear engineer based in Japan. Tokyo Joe, as he's known on the forum (www.rooshvforum.com), settled the entire bar tab to the gratitude of all. There were also several Ivy Leaguers from the U.S., working in Europe for corporations or as representatives of the American government.

A recurring question I asked myself starting in Berlin was how I became a voice for men whose lives were so vastly different, from young guys knee-deep in game and getting laid all the way up to 55-year-old fathers who had already been through a divorce or two. As the tour proceeded, and this question continued to stir in my mind, I vowed never to take the influence I have with these men for granted or use it in a way that leads them down the wrong path.

For the men, the best part of the meetup was being able to talk to others without a filter. We didn't have to "test" the person we wanted to talk to with a masculine remark or conservative-leaning statement before opening up, since every attendee was already on the same page. While some of them did have like-minded friends back home, most of the people in their professional and social circles would be "offended" enough by their real beliefs to either report them to Human Resources or attempt to ostracize them from their social group. A couple men told me it was incredible to finally be able to say whatever they wanted in a big group setting without being shamed, judged, or exiled. It's no surprise that the bonds you develop with men who understand and identify with the real you become strong in a short amount of time. You start to feel a sense of brotherhood after only a brief conversation.

After the hotel bar, we split into small groups to meet later in a nightlife zone a short drive away. I left with Tokyo Joe, my friend Kingsley, and the Danish husband. On our way to the car we ran into

three Russian girls. I approached them and held their attention, partially thanks to my Russian language ability. Joe took one of the girls off my hands. His game was smooth enough that I became distracted from the girl I was talking to so that I could observe him and see what I could steal for implementation into my own game. I would later ask him how he honed his game and he replied, "I learned everything from you." I was flattered, but it was clear he had some other influences in developing a game that was more heavy on charm than the dryer rap I teach.

We were somehow able to convince the three girls to join us at a nightclub, but first I had to drop off my bags and freshen up in my apartment rental nearby. The girls tentatively agreed so the seven of us packed into the Dane's car and drove to my apartment. They seemed flakey so I knew there was a real danger we'd lose them during the time I was inside. I pulled Joe aside and said, "You gotta keep an eye on them. Keep them entertained while I'm gone or else they'll leave."

I came out ten minutes later and the girls were nowhere to be seen. "What happened?" I asked.

"I went to go take a piss," Joe replied, "and when I came back they were gone. You were right." Such is the nature of game.

We went to a nightlife zone closer to the suburbs but it wasn't so good, and another bar in the city's center was mostly dead. The Dane set me up with a pretty German girl who seemed to like me, but she was leaving town in less than four hours and didn't seem to be in the mood for a fun romp.

Two days later, a Vice article in German came out with the headline "Ich war bei dem Seminar eines Vergewaltigungsbefürworters," which translates to "I was at the conference of a rape proponent." That's the first time I was addressed as a "rape proponent," and soon, by the time I got to Canada, "rape advocate" would become the main epithet for me in the press.

The author was a woman, and after I googled her, I recognized her as the fat girl who attended my lecture. The audience's suspicions

were indeed correct, and even the author herself seemed to understand that her disguise could be improved:

[Upon meeting], he does not trust me. I am a risk factor, perhaps one of the 'ugly feminists', of which he had already anticipated in advance that they would try to disrupt the event.

Her article was barely shared among Germans, who I'm sure couldn't understand the fuss surrounding a hairy man from America, and not many people were talking about my tour online. It would take another month before things really started to get out of hand.

3

London

I took the train back to Poland a day after the lecture and packed my bags for a six-week trip that would take me to the remaining cities on the tour.

I arrived in London a couple days before my speech was to take place there on July 4, 2015. It was the second time I had set foot in the city. Before I arrived, I was contacted by Sundog Pictures, a production company hired by the BBC, to create a 3-episode series about masculinity among British men. I told them I wasn't a British man, but they insisted I was relevant because many British men follow me. They asked if they could bring a camera crew to my London speech and have their host Reggie Yates, a famous black television personality, interview me. I agreed to let them attend the event.

I had also been contacted by a mixed-race woman of African and Iranian origin who was born in England. She said she was a budding writer who had been following my work for some time and would like to be the hostess to help check in guests. I should have done my due diligence at that point and ask for her previous writings, but since she seemed feminine and friendly during a Skype video chat, I hired her as the hostess and granted her wish to watch the lecture after her duties were done. Before the London event even started, I made two mistakes: I gave access to the liberal media and to a vindictive feminist.

The lecture was held at a cultural center promoting Middle Eastern culture, which was slightly ironic since a portion of my speech criticized open-door immigration as a cynical ploy to control the native population. The hostess was fifteen minutes late, forcing me to begin checking in guests myself. She arrived with an unkempt afro and military boots, unlike the German hostess who came well-groomed with a feminine outfit that included heels. I instructed her on her duties and she got to work.

Reggie Yates arrived with his film crew (cameraman, sound guy, two runners, and a producer). We previously agreed that they would not film the faces of anyone present. I relayed that condition to several men who came up to me concerned about having their identity shown on television. I didn't anticipate the huge amount of distrust that men had towards the BBC, which I quickly learned is one of the most anti-masculine and pro-feminist outlets in the Western world.

It became clear that the crew didn't prep Reggie, who seemed lost as to where exactly he was. In fact, they purposefully hid information about me and my work from him beforehand, all for the purpose of getting "genuine reactions" on camera. What's good for television was grossly ignorant in reality, and I knew it would be hopeless for Reggie to come to any understanding about my work from a speech I was about to give that made the presumption that listeners were already familiar with game and counter-feminist ideas.

The speech itself went smoother than Berlin. The only issue was that the Englishmen were more reluctant to laugh out loud, and merely gave tight smiles instead. This matched my experience that Brits are more restrained than other Westerners, especially Americans. For that reason, I have to conclude that the average stand-up comic in England is objectively funnier than one in America.

In Berlin, one man questioned how we could make progress with a social movement based on neomasculine ideals (see Appendix 2 for an explanation on neomascularity). I didn't have an answer then and I didn't have it when that same question was brought up again in London. From additional conversations I had after the event, it was

clear that a sizeable percentage of men wanted a movement to improve their societies instead of individual advice that just improves themselves. I had yet to think about developing a path to a movement, so I had to disappoint those who were seeking more guidance.

There were a bit of fireworks in the Q&A when Reggie raised his hand to ask a couple of newbie questions with answers he could have easily discovered in advance had he just googled my name. Several of my guys descended upon Reggie for being a useful idiot of the state-owned BBC. I didn't interrupt them because it was the only opportunity they've had to flog the media, so Reggie and the crew could do nothing but take it. Why not let the media feel a little nervous, especially when they've been misconstruing and attacking our beliefs for so long?

Afterwards, the hostess asked a question about demographics. I gave her an answer and the first thing out of her mouth was "I disagree." She tried to correct me with emotional psycho-babble and I cut her off, telling her not to challenge me with nonsense. The whole room erupted in laughter. As a guest in a men's talk who didn't have to pay the price of admission, she should have known her role as listener instead of agitator. She gave me an evil death stare as the crowd's laughter died down.

Reggie came up to me after the Q&A with a camera and asked some questions that attempted to discover why in God's earth so many men are listening to what I have to say. My ideas must strike a chord with men or help with their lives in a way that being entertained by famous television personalities does not. Reggie's line of questioning would continue nearly two months later when he and a small crew came to visit me in Poland to conduct a concluding interview. To Reggie's credit, he did ask more thought-provoking questions in the second session, but most of my answers caused him to repeatedly put his face in his hands, all for the camera. It's understandable that Reggie has to distance himself from my radical views, but as a male feminist who stated many times that he believes women should have "choice," I'm certain that his visible disgust at my ideas was not

acting.

As the meet & greet winded down, I saw the film crew interviewing the hostess. My first thought was, "Why are they interviewing her?" I eavesdropped for a bit and then heard her say, "I felt like I was being marginalized during the speech."

She was trashing me in front of the camera. "You backstabber!" I yelled. I left the room so I wouldn't hear any more. This girl showed up late and unsightly, took my money for a mediocre work effort (a couple guys complained that she was an airhead), challenged me during the speech, and then sold me out to a national audience. This is women in a nutshell, and the only shock of it all was that I was momentarily surprised by her behavior.

Unlike her, men can compartmentalize something about you they don't like. Many times I've heard, "Hey Roosh, I agree with you on some things, but not this because of X, Y, and Z." A woman is not able to do that. Even if in the past you saved her life from a burning building or resuscitated her dying dog, if she's angry at you she hates you more than anything else in the world at that moment and will call the police on you or try to ruin your life in some other way, just to alleviate her transient feelings.

The hostess approached me a few minutes later and asked to "talk," but I rebuffed her and said I didn't have time. I had wasted enough time and energy on her. About a month later she published an article for the Huffington Post describing her account of the lecture.

I raised my hand, and corrected him, as any Marxist worth his salt will know, capitalism fundamentally relies on population growth. I was immediately shut down, and a little while later, he quipped that women were clearly illogical, based on the point I'd raised, which sent the room roaring with laughter.

She went to a university for four years where she was properly brainwashed with her "Marxist" ideas throughout hundreds of lectures, but my lecture will be the one she remembers for the rest of

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her life. Too bad she didn't learn anything from it.

I learned something myself at the London lecture: don't invite leftists who cause men to speak through a filter. It's pointless to have a private event where men can speak freely and then bring feminists and media who put the filter right back on. For the remaining lectures, I didn't make the same mistake, and had misguided hope that the rest of the tour would proceed quietly.

4

Washington, D.C.

I flew to Toronto and then changed airports for a separate trip to Washington, D.C. (I'd return back to Toronto for my Canada dates, stay for two weeks, and then fly from there back to Europe.) Even though I was only staying in Toronto for a few hours, I still had to go through customs.

Once in D.C., I spent a few days catching up with family and friends before the lecture on July 11 that was attended by 76 men, including Tokyo Joe, the first man to attend two lectures. This one felt more like a family reunion since I had known several of the men for over five years. Some had even been reading my work since the “D.C. Bachelor” days over ten years ago.

My speech was getting smoother thanks to live practice, and its length settled in around 85 minutes. During the Q&A I started to notice repeat questions from the prior events, particularly about the decreasing effectiveness of game in Western environments along with strategies on trying to prevent further cultural decline. The bulk of the questions stemmed from what to do when faced with decreasing living and dating options in a slowly dying society.

A few spinsters tried to crash the meet & greet at the end, asking if the event is “one of those seminars where guys learn how to get laid.” Wherever there is a group of men, there will be women trying to peek inside and see what they are talking about. When the women found out we were not going to easily bend to their demands for information and access, they left in a huff, as if they were rejecting us.

We hit the hotel's rooftop bar afterwards. I tried to be a good host and make conversation with all the men who remained. The alterna-

tive of hitting on girls for my own sexual satisfaction wasn't exactly favorable because back in Poland I had a far superior selection of women. I put my penis in a lockbox for that night and the rest of the time I spent in North America.

While I had many insightful conversations with the men, one stood out the most. A white man named Jeff came up to me in the bar and unloaded a speech that connected some hanging dots I had about understanding *why* the elite at the top are hellbent on promoting ideologies that are actively destroying the social fabric of society. I knew instantly that Jeff's explanation was the missing piece I was looking for.

"It's no accident that every policy pushed by the elite has the effect of limiting reproduction," he said. "That's the design. Cultural liberalism in the West is the control mechanism they need to prevent the population from growing among groups who are most likely to resist the government. The immigrant populations that are invading the United States and Europe are being used to control the groups that have been deemed dangerous.

"Why is it that Bill Gates is dedicating his fortune to population control in Africa? Why are Warren Buffett, Ted Turner, and David Rockefeller so concerned with population control? Why does the United Nations have Agenda 21 to set country limits for population growth? The elites have created crises out of thin air, particularly with the environment, to control human behavior and reproduction, and they're now waiting to invent a catastrophe so large that we can only be saved when they hold their hands together and give us a one world government to fix the problems that they created.

"They are breeding distrust between men and women with 'rape culture' to reduce the population. They are saying the Earth is in danger to reduce the population. They are brainwashing women with feminism to reduce the population. And they are allowing immigrants to flood in with the result that natives end up giving more authority to the government to protect them from the same immigrants they placed within their neighborhoods."

I replied, "I've come to realize that feminists and social justice warriors on the ground are the expendable foot soldiers. The activists and wage-slave journalists are created by the controlled universities to

promote a specific set of ideas that benefit the elite with odd built-in contradictions, like being against patriarchy and rape culture but giving a pass to Muslim immigration and Islamic values, which are definitely patriarchal. The foot soldiers pursue their own self-interests and quest for power and money in the name of the ruling elite's agenda, one that is determined to destroy the family unit and control the population, but what is the end-game?"

"To crash the system. The United States is being loaded with debt that will never be paid back. It's at *18 trillion* now. The immigrants are a drain on the system and they know it. They are not here to pay taxes and save the country."

"How does a crash benefit the elites?"

"It surely doesn't hurt them. They have their billions safely stashed away along with their secure foreign properties in the Swiss mountains. A crash will be the pretext to bring in their one world government, which has been their goal all along. And if they don't crash it they will hijack the next environmental catastrophe to further their agenda, and then we'll be like Greece, a country that is no longer sovereign. All its major infrastructure, institutions, and corporations are now owned by world banks or globalists. An entire country enslaved. Greece is the test case, and it shows how easy it is to profit from a country's collapse. If a country's debts can't be paid, they'll just take ownership of the country."

"But don't the cycles of empire already predict this type of decline? It almost seems as if they are..."

"...accelerating it. Yes, they are positioning themselves for this decline, so that when it happens, they'll have massive amounts of wealth and multiple safe zones to live in. They know it's coming, and they're getting ready for it in a way that prevents anyone from fighting back. The family and the tribe are already gone. The last step is to confiscate guns in the U.S. before the big crash comes. And even though the signs are staring everyone in the face, most people don't have the mental ability to understand the events that are unraveling before them. They just can't see reality as it exists. They look for authority, for someone or something to submit to, and they follow orders after they've been properly deceived. The human species is a zombie species. They're barely different from ants. The queen ants

are those who own the media, who run the universities, and who pay the politicians. We have to wonder if even the politicians themselves are aware of what's going on behind the curtain."

If a random observer overheard Jeff, I have no doubt he'd utter the phrase "conspiracy theorist," and maybe a couple years before I would have thought the same, not knowing that the phrase "conspiracy theory" was actually promoted by the CIA to provide cover for the agency's illegal activities and efforts to overthrow foreign governments. But at that moment in time, after Jeff finished talking, my jaw was hanging. He provided the missing link. Before him, I had social justice and feminist policies floating in disconnected bubbles within my mind without a place to put them. I had failed to connect birth control, abortion, female education and employment, rape culture, sexual harassment, homosexual marriage, transsexual acceptance, open-borders immigration, welfare, and multiculturalism. Jeff put them in a big circle and wrote the phrase "Depopulation And Human Control" above them. It made complete sense.

The one common end goal, whether accidental or deliberate, is to reduce the reproductive rate of the native-born population as a means of controlling them. The American black population, thanks to liberal policies of abortion and welfare, has been decimated relative to other races within only a few decades, with the intention of controlling their numbers. If you take a look at Africa's birth rates, you'll see that the black race is quite fecund, but in the United States their birth rates are exceedingly low and have remained at a seemingly pre-determined set point of 13% for the past several decades. After the "beta test" on blacks was completed, the elite spread welfare for single moms (under which the father is not allowed to live in the house), feminist ideas on steroids, and "reproductive health" services to white people, with the exact same outcome of decreasing birth rates.

The elites see controlling blacks as important to maintaining order in the urban cities, while controlling whites is important to maintaining their own power. Hispanic immigrants provide double duty by helping control both whites and blacks. The reproductive ability of whites was reduced mostly through feminism, by which the elites empowered sterile female "thought leaders" who hated men and gave them huge bullhorns through their media outlets, NGO's, and other

organizations such as the United Nations to promote egalitarian ideas to the masses that prevent family formation. The success of that program cannot be understated: now all women of college age are trained to believe that normal white men, not Muslim or Hispanic immigrants, are natural-born rapists who are deliberately instituting a “rape culture.”

Destroy the women, remove their interest in reproducing at their peak fertility, and very soon you have a death rate that surpasses the reproductive rate. Then you allow millions of immigrants to flood the country to further control the natives by making them fearful, playing an age-old divide and conquer strategy where a native is distracted by the immigrants taking over his neighborhood instead of identifying the crimes of his own government and fighting back. These immigrants also lower median wages by expanding the supply of labor so that even if a native man wanted to create a big family, he could not afford to do so, even assuming that he can find a woman not bloated on GMO foodstuff and free of feminist brainwashing that has led so many women to refuse to learn homemaking or motherly skills in favor of becoming Tinder whores, donating their bodies as sex dolls to dozens of sexy men and making themselves unfit for motherhood.

With no real meaning in his life, and boxed in on all sides by hostile people and ideas, the native man becomes so demoralized and weak that he lacks the will to fight. Hollywood and Silicon Valley then finish the job by distracting him with never-ending on-demand entertainment and porn that transforms him into a calm consumer cow who is plugged into the system. All that’s left is the confiscation of everyone’s guns, to ensure that the men who are still able to fight can no longer do so.

When you work backwards from Jeff’s assertion of “depopulation,” nearly every action by the government and its useful idiots makes sense. Feminists and social justice warriors don’t know they are useful idiots for the elite’s agenda, but that is the reality, and the higher up you go, to the owners of the media and the richest men of the world, the more we can assume that they are using depopulation as a deliberate program to cement their rule and control humanity. They optimize their strategies and policies while meeting in their various clubs such as Bilderburg, Bohemian Grove, the Club of

Rome, and the Council of Foreign Relations.

The man who is suffering a false rape accusation by a woman who has been brainwashed to believe that all men are rapists is an insignificant casualty in the campaign to destroy the type of society that breeds strong families which are able to resist the government or not be dependent on it. If you have any doubt that depopulation is the agenda, all you must do is ask yourself whether the newest liberal fad (it happens to be transsexual acceptance at the time of this writing) will increase or decrease the reproductive rate if adopted by a greater percentage of the population.

The marriage rate in the U.S. is the lowest it has ever been, but no effort is being made by the Federal government to increase that rate. Instead, resources are being diverted to cater to those who don't reproduce at all, such as homosexuals and militant feminists. Then you look further east to Russia where they force immigrants to assimilate to Russian culture and language while giving financial bonuses to women who have Russian babies, and it's clear that those who rule in the U.S. are promoting sterility throughout society, and breaking the women and men so that any children they do have will be so hopelessly damaged as to rely on the system and its pharmaceuticals and entertainment just to get through the day without a nervous breakdown.

I asked for Jeff's number and met with him for drinks two weeks later. I peppered him with questions for over four hours on topics including the Bible, Jewish influence in modern Western culture, fertility and death cults, modern finance, and the impact of Neanderthal genes on modern humans. I took some notes on what he said, trying to make connections on remaining questions I had in my mind. There is usually at least a three-month delay from when I figure something out to when I am able to present the idea and its arguments coherently enough to my readers. If I ever meet an untimely death, make sure someone trustworthy examines my laptop, because I'll have dozens of pages of material that describe what I was thinking up to my end.

In the past I used to seek out men who had high ability in meeting the opposite sex for the purpose of fornication, but lately I've been seeking out men for their intellectual ability in order to help me

further my understanding of the world. Because of this, I have surrounded myself with some of the smartest men in the West, and I do believe the manosphere, and specifically my sub-sphere of neomascularity, is a sort of holding ground for men whose intelligence and ideas are going to waste in a mainstream liberalized society, in which if their merit and unfiltered view of the world were tolerated, they would cut through the false façade of multicultural egalitarianism and perpetual female victimization. I can only hope that our ideas will create an ideological framework that will be useful after Western society inevitably crumbles at the hands of the elites who are deliberately ushering in its demolition.

5

New York City

One week after D.C., I took a five-hour bus ride to New York City for my July 18 lecture. I rented a bedroom from Carl, a long-time reader of mine. For two nights before the lecture he helped organize meetups with some of my supporters who have been reading me for years. The greatest number of my readers come from New York so it wasn't a surprise that I was recognized a handful of times on the streets.

I first had a meeting with a libertarian think-tank that claims to be “right of center.” One of their associates emailed me saying he followed my work and thought it would be worth having a discussion with their in-house feminist. I researched them beforehand and noticed their main backers were Jewish. This put me on guard since I had just read Kevin MacDonald's “The Culture Of Critique,” which presented the argument that Jewish intellectuals pursue ideologies that serve the needs of their religion and race above those of the nation they happen to live in. Merely reviewing that book on Return Of Kings (www.returnofkings.com) got me denounced by the Anti-Defamation League.

I greeted the male associate and the feminist. She started off the meeting by asking me, “What do you think are the problems for men today?”

“Men have no voice. The entire establishment is bending over to cater to the needs of women, gays, and immigrants, the latter of which don't even want to assimilate or adopt Western ideals, and now they've started pushing transsexual acceptance. Huge amounts of media air time, financial resources, university regulations, and social

policies are now going to these groups, but the second a heterosexual American man has a concern, he's shouted down with the labels 'misogynist' or 'privileged,' and urged to atone for the colonial acts of men who lived hundreds of years ago with the goal of making him subservient to every other identity group but his own."

She insinuated that I was overexaggerating the problem.

"It's hard to see the problem from your nice office here when you associate with people who are not touched by these issues, or if you only read mainstream media outlets, but I'm meeting with hundreds of men on this tour alone and I have interacted with thousands more through the internet. We clearly see the absurdity of lifting all other groups in society except for men, while we are forced to suffer under policies that stem from hatred. No one has the backs of men except a few lone voices like myself, and that's shameful."

She was taking notes. I continued. "For example, look at the homosexual issue. Suddenly for the past five years, the needs of 3% of the population have become a huge, all-encompassing matter, where they are deemed more worthy of money and beneficial social policies than the men who compose nearly 50% of the population, with a complete coordination of all major institutions to re-write legal codes and cultural norms to accommodate their alternative lifestyle."

"Oh that, well that issue just went viral." She genuinely thought the homosexual agenda's ascension into mainstream life was like how a funny cat video gets ten million views on Youtube.

"No," I argued, "it was ushered in deliberately, because catering to women's rights, homosexuality, abortion, and government birth control all have one common end: to destroy the family unit." I wanted to say "halt reproduction" but that sounded more conspiratorial, and anyway, destroying the family unit does have the effect of halting reproduction. I would use them interchangeably in the months ahead depending on the angle I was attacking the issue from.

"People are still marrying," she said. "Studies show that upper middle class people are marrying, having kids."

"Yes, the wealthy and the hyper-educated whites are still marrying and having kids, but they're doing so much later in age, and they are rarely having more than two kids, which isn't enough to sustain the native population, so a demographic collapse will occur unless we

push open-borders immigration, which happens to be the non-negotiable policy of both political parties. Those who weren't educated in the Ivy Leagues or who are unable to pull a combined household income of at least six figures are succumbing to consumerism, student loan debt, smartphone and internet addiction, obesity, alcoholism, drugs, single-parent households, and other forms of degeneracy. As you already know, single-parent homes are great at creating future criminals, or at least future mentally disturbed and unstable wards of the state. Either way, this won't end well."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Because there is an agenda to decrease the relative population of heterosexual white men, or at least marginalize them compared to other races, what I believe will end up happening is that a more white nationalist element will take hold, because they will speak to men who are actively being disenfranchised. It becomes a matter of self-defense and self-preservation. These men are getting angry and more determined to protect their rights and their race. There will be dark times ahead."

Two weeks later, the "cuckservative" meme went viral, attacking establishment Republicans for selling out white conservatives on social issues and immigration. Instead of being a flash in the pan, the meme became an ecosystem in itself, pushing white nationalist ideas to the mainstream at the same time Donald Trump's anti-immigration platform was gaining huge ground in the lead-up to the Republican primary for the 2016 Presidential election. I'm sure the think-tank feminist noticed, because she began following me on Twitter after that.

THE LECTURE was held on schedule in a hotel a few blocks away from Times Square. It would be the most attended lecture at 94 people, including one non-feminist female. Tokyo Joe showed up and made a reference to being a Grateful Dead roadie. Three men ended up attending 3 of the 6 lectures while several others attended two of them.

This lecture happened to be the loosest one yet, with guys yelling out jokes and comments during the speech, making it feel a bit like a stand-up comedy routine. I identified a couple of the guys as "class

clowns” in that they were consistently funny and elicited wide laughter. Based on the relaxed vibe, I squeezed in a couple extra jokes myself to capitalize on the energy.

The speech and Q&A went off without problems. The meet & greet portion of the lecture was a little more intensive since there were a lot more men to talk to, but we extended the event into the hotel bar upstairs until the late evening before wandering around to visit other bars in the area. When it got late, we walked to Times Square and watched excited groups of foreign people take pictures with selfie sticks. By this time, around 2am, the square was littered with garbage and bums asking for money. I'd be quite disappointed if I traveled halfway around the world for that.

Tokyo Joe split off from the group, now whittled down to about eight men, and found a Mexican tourist. He took her to his hotel and had sex with her, giving her the American experience that no doubt included a Times Square selfie. The rest of us said our goodbyes and I returned to Carl's apartment in the Lower East Side.

THE NEXT afternoon I met up with Carl in a local bar for coffee. A few other men from the forum joined and we recapped how the night went after the big group split up. It's at this time I felt an urge to message Mark, one of the lecture attendees whom I had known for a few years. He had studied Christianity extensively and I wanted to get his perspective on things since I had begun reading the Bible a couple months before, starting with the Old Testament.

I sent him a message and he responded, showing up at the bar not long after that. We went for a stroll around the city so I could film background footage for a possible video in the future. An hour into the walk we arrived at Stonewall Bar, the site where gay men had rioted in 1969 to prevent the police from shutting down the only gay bar in the city. The site still hosted a gay bar that had several rainbow flags hanging out front. A statue in the park across from it featured two gay men touching each other. There were children waiting in line nearby at an ice cream shop with “gay” in its name.

“This city is the epicenter of degeneracy,” Mark said. “This is where it's all made and exported across the world. It's strange to be standing on ground zero of evil.” Not far away from Stonewall was

New York University, where young liberals get their training to be future enemies of free speech and due process, and not far from that is Columbia University, which with the help of the media, helped propagate one of the biggest rape hoaxes of the decade in the form of student Emma Sulkowicz. She carried a mattress around campus for a full semester in protest of a dubious rape allegation (she even carried the mattress on stage during her graduation ceremony). Sulkowicz was evidence that mentally ill individuals are being used as weapons by the media and academia to attack and suppress the legal sexual behavior of men.

Mark and I found a hipster Mexican restaurant to grab a bite to eat. We stayed for two hours talking mostly about religion. He filled me in on how Christianity faced annihilation many times in its history but managed to persevere, implying providential intervention. “I know a guy who converted to Christianity just after studying its history,” he said.

He told me the event in his life that converted him to Christianity for good. “I was driving home from a late night at work, so tired that I was beginning to doze off. I must have fallen asleep and driven off the road. I hit a guardrail and the car flipped. The front of the car was completely crushed. I don’t remember the accident, but I woke up in the back seat without a scratch.”

“Were you wearing your seatbelt?” I asked.

“I wasn’t. A tow truck driver came and drove me into the city. He was actually leaning away from me, freaked out, because he saw how I came out of the car without injury. After that, I took Christ more seriously. I found a priest in an Orthodox church and have been consulting with him in my studies. The Catholic Church is long gone, sadly. It has become too corrupt. God has been taking away their power while keeping the Orthodox Church relatively strong. You can see this in its revival in Russia after the fall of the Soviet Union. God will favor those who follow His words closely, and punish those who don’t. It just may take a long time to see it.”

I said, “I started reading the Bible because I hit a dead end with science. It was taking too much faith to look at a scientific theory, especially in biology, and declare, ‘Yes, this is absolute truth.’ In past history we have many examples of what people thought were truth

supplanted by something else, a new version of truth that was later supplanted again. In 500 years from now, a lot of what we believe to be scientific truth will certainly turn out to be false, so people who live by science today are in all likelihood living comfortable lies, and using those lies to structure their lives. A good example is with food. People are completely clueless on what food to eat, and are hoping that the next study the mainstream media broadcasts tells them once and for all which foods will allow them to live long lives or not.

“We have many answers when it comes to our biology, but knowing that we came from single-celled organisms swimming in a primordial soup billions of years ago does absolutely nothing to give me meaning today. Instead of having faith that humans evolved from that soup and accepting it to live a life that includes pain, suffering, and death, how about instead I find out the rules, beliefs, and traditions that sustained modern humans for so long, and identify the moral code and values to live life in a way that serves me and gives me strength just as it served my ancestors, instead of making it up as I go along like with scientism, where people are being whipped this way and that every other year depending on what the new “science” says, becoming more confused and neurotic on how to live without doing anything to alleviate their pain, random misfortunes, and fear of death.

“I’m going away from science because it doesn’t explain the why, only the what. Yes, I know there are cycles to empires, to stages of a man’s life and to nature, but why are these rules the way they are? I’m supposed to believe that these repeating cycles and phenomena are just the way nature is, but it takes just as much faith to believe it’s all a random accident as to believe that either life or these cycles were guided into being.”

Mark said, “The Bible will help you resolve that. The more that a society goes away from God’s word, the more it will suffer, and so you’ll inevitably see Christianity’s resurgence in some form. It makes sense if you look at how the United States was started by the Pilgrims, who wanted to get away from what they thought was decadent British society. History will repeat itself, and we won’t have long to wait to see it.”

“But why does further scientific proof seem to be invalidating the

existence of God, or at least making it harder to believe in Him?" I asked.

"If those scientific discoveries are not the real truth, but merely way-stations to the final truth, then it's really the incorrect interpretation of those transitional discoveries that is leading people away from God, because you must understand that all truth is God's truth. In essence, He *is* truth. He allowed the printing press to be developed to decrease the power of the corrupt Vatican, and I believe he is doing the same thing with the internet. On the surface, we can say that the internet is making people more addicted to entertainment and more prone to vice, but it's allowing both of us to spread knowledge and truth around the world in a way that we couldn't do before. Where would you be without the internet? Would you be reaching the men you are right now? Therefore if all truth is God's truth, you are doing His work by searching for it. This is why you have the influence you have today, and why it is continuing to grow. It could be very well that you have a guardian angel that is allowing you to do this without being harmed. Some of us were given a higher purpose."

"What is my purpose?" I asked.

"You're a herald, a leader of men. This is clear."

My ego wanted to believe his words, but I knew that the second I believe I am selected or that something was given to me by destiny is when I will begin relaxing my guard, working less, and losing focus. I must believe that whatever natural talent I have was only unlocked from years of work, and so work is what I must continue to do.

I WENT back home to my dad's, trying to catch up on my writing. I pushed a meeting with my mom back a few days but she was greatly upset, stating that she has only seen me twice since coming back. With Mark's ideas fresh on my mind, I tried to argue that I was busy perusing God's truth, but she did not accept that so I had to make it up to her with quality mother-son time.

One week prior to leaving D.C. for Canada, I noticed some moderate rumbling from Canadian social justice warriors about my talk there. They started a Change.org petition to ban me from the country because I was a "misogynist," "rapist," an enemy of feminism, and just an all-around bad person. It only had a couple hundred signatures

so I ignored it to spend the few remaining days with my friends and family.

Two days before leaving, the petition was picked up by the Canadian media, and had accumulated 4,000 signatures. That was significant enough that I started wondering if I would be denied entry at the border. A lawyer I consulted with doubted that would take place, since I had no previous arrest record (Canada will deny you entry even if you've been arrested for driving while intoxicated). They denied Chris Brown because of his arrest record, but Eminem also was barred from the country for "hate speech." With the prospect of being prevented from entering Canada, I prepared to take a flight from Ronald Reagan National Airport to Toronto Pearson International Airport before taking a bus to Montreal.

6

Montreal

Tuesday, August 4, 2015

On the day before the flight, I wake up to find out I'm all over the news in Montreal, including print newspapers and radio talk shows. The petition against me saw an immediate jump in signers to 8,000. Since I can't control who signs such a petition, or any of the other events against me that were taking place, I decided to roll with the punches. I had already made a public proclamation that if my speeches were cancelled, I would release a video of my lecture from a previous stop for free online at the height of the media coverage. The leader of the petition, a morbidly obese single mother by the name of Sara Parker-Toulson, relayed to me that I would be kept out of Canada without even a whimper:

Roosh, the media thinks you are a hate-monger. Nobody will cover you being refused entry to Canada. You will be turned away without fanfare or discussion. I will post a little something on FB, and that will be that. Hate has no place in Canada. It's as simple as that.

If there was a prize for the most incorrect statement of the year, that was it. The media firestorm would eventually reach such a fever pitch that I became the number one trending story in the entire country of Canada according to Google Trends.

The flight to Toronto was uneventful. I rehearsed various scenarios in my head about what I would do if questioned by border patrol. I read that one way they prevent entry to undesirables is making them voluntarily sign a document stating you withdraw your request to enter Canada. I decided not to sign any documents, and to request a hearing or lawyer instead.

I landed, deplaned, and went to the passport queue. There was no line. I had my choice between a male or female agent. I picked the male.

“So what are you doing in Canada?” he asked.

“Mostly visiting friends,” I replied.

“Where will you be staying?”

“I will be staying in Montreal for one week and then Toronto for one week. I’m going to Montreal first.”

“How will you get there?”

“By bus.”

“How much is the bus these days?”

“It’s about 60 dollars.”

He alternated between flipping through pages of my passport and looking at his computer screen. After thirty seconds, he handed me my passport and said, “Have a nice trip.” I walked through the metal gate and officially stepped onto Canadian soil. There was no way for me to realize it at the time, but once I was in the country, I had won, because now all I had to do was outsmart the enemy, which if you’ve actually met a feminist, you already know is not the hardest thing to do.

THE BUS TO Montreal took six hours. I had booked an apartment in the downtown area for only two nights because I wasn’t sure whether I would be let into the country. After checking in I grabbed some dinner at a kebab shop and walked around.

Downtown Montreal seemed mostly for Anglophones and tourists, as I didn’t hear much French. It was also home to the Hotel Omni, the venue of my speech. Before retiring to bed I went online and noticed that I was being covered in just about every local media outlet, including television. The ruling opposition party made a statement on a government web site urging that I be blocked from speaking:

QUÉBEC, August 4, 2015 - The member for Hochelaga-Maisonneuve and spokesperson for the official opposition critic for Status of Women, Carole Poirier, asked the Minister of Justice and Head of Women, Stéphanie Vallée, to take the necessary measures to prohibit Daryush Valizadeh, better known by his blogger name, Roosh V, to come and preach hatred of women in Quebec, on the occasion of a planned conference on August 8 to Montreal.

“Roosh V uses words clearly hateful toward women. The Minister responsible for the Status of Women is to prevent it from obtaining a forum in Montreal and elsewhere in Quebec. It is his duty to launch the message that about trivializing rape or promoting any form of violence against women are not only unacceptable but criminal,” said the MP.

I had received heavy news coverage in the past, particularly in Iceland, Denmark, Colombia, and Romania, but it was mostly about my sexual adventures (or misadventures). The media in Canada, led by the CBC and Bell Media, took a darker turn by painting me as a “rape proponent” because of my *How To Stop Rape* article where I showed that rape would be reduced if it was made legal “on private property.” Many people asked me if the article was satire or not and for the longest time I refused to dignify that with an answer, even though I had stated in a video immediately afterwards that it was a thought experiment.

Associations denounce the arrival in the Québec metropolis of American author and blogger Daryush Valizadeh because of his statements that trivialize misogynistic rape.

*The man, known under the pseudonym Roosh V, will conduct a Saturday conference as part of a world tour started in June, in which he advises men to sleep with women, **while promoting***

rape and anti-feminism. (Radio Canada)

Social justice warriors (SJWs), an umbrella term for extreme leftists (including feminists), also combed through everything I've ever written (over two million words) to extract macho sex scenes in an attempt to prove that I was a rapist, even a "serial rapist." They shared screenshots and images while linking to the mainstream media articles like the one above stating that I promote "misogynistic rape." It was needless at this point to say that I had never raped a woman, never been convicted of raping a woman, and never been accused of raping a woman.

With the growing drama swirling around me, I went to bed, not knowing what to expect the next day.

Wednesday, August 5, 2015

Disaster struck when I woke up and got a message from my assistant Tonya saying that the Hotel Omni cancelled me. The venue somehow got leaked out. The only possibilities were from the camera man, the hostess we hired to check guests in, or the hotel itself. The Journal Of Montreal published the name of the venue in a news article, suggesting that reporters were in direct contact with SJWs, if not outright coordinating with them. I went to the hotel to speak to the manager and an employee. They stated they had received a call from Montreal police.

"They called us this morning about a planned protest of 300 in front of the hotel."

"I don't know how that is possible," I replied. "I did not share the location in public."

"Well we got the call today."

"I was beside him when the call came in," the employee said. "Once the media gets involved, we can't hold the event. It will damage our brand. Otherwise we can hire security for it, that's no problem. It's the media coverage that concerns us."

"Well what do I do now?" I asked. "I have an event in three days." I was thinking out loud more than soliciting advice, but they gave me

a few hotels to consider. After they agreed to refund my \$500 deposit, I left. I understood their position and wasn't going to fight them.

I went back to the apartment. I had no venue for an event that was supposed to take place in three days. The Facebook group set up to stop my Montreal speech was celebrating and patting themselves on the back for a totalitarian job well done, sure that they had won and the event was cancelled. I had emailed a couple of guys from Montreal asking about alternate venues a day before just in case, and began reviewing their suggestions.

It would be more dramatic of me to say that I searched my soul on whether to proceed with the event or not, that I debated it for hours and consulted with many wise men for their advice, but there was no debate and there was no hesitation. Since I already saw myself as stronger and better than my enemies, it was an automatic decision to keep going until an unambiguous victory or defeat. I wasn't defeated yet, so I picked up the phone and started calling venues.

I quickly got lucky on a Greek restaurant with an upstairs floor that could be booked by private groups. The guy who answered had an accent that suggested English or French was not his first language. I figured that dealing with immigrant-owned businesses was a safe bet because they are less involved with social justice causes and spend less time watching the mainstream news or checking Facebook. I booked the room after telling him I was doing a "self-improvement speech" for men. I didn't know if I was going to keep the booking, but at least the most immediate problem was solved.

With government officials getting involved to stop the speech, I realized that I couldn't succeed on my own. I needed to put out a call for help to all of my supporters. I posted a thread on the forum and a video on Youtube titled "Battle Of Montreal: It's time for me to ask for help." Below is what I said in the video, where I purposefully hid the fact that I was already in Canada.

"If you've been following my world tour, you already know I did a stop in Germany, I did a stop in England and two stops in the US, and I didn't have any problems concerning holding these events, but the second I want to do two events in Canada, in Montreal and Toronto, I'm facing a whole bunch of resistance and censorship efforts from the degenerate freaks on the far left, the militant left, and they are

trying really hard to shut me down and prevent me from even entering the country of Canada.

“I knew there was going to be some issues when a couple weeks ago there was a Change.org petition stating that I must not be allowed entry into Canada, and they actually called the Canada border patrol to prevent me from entering, and as of right now, 12,000 people have signed that. Also one other bad piece of news is that somehow the venue for the lecture this Saturday was leaked in public. The only two people that could have leaked it was the hostess I hired or the hotel staff; that’s the only way, and they leaked it to a private Facebook group.

“This Facebook group promised 300 freaks to show up in front of the hotel and the police in Montreal, I think they’re called the SPVM, they contacted the hotel to let them know, to warn them to hire extra security in order to provide a safe environment for their own guests. So the hotel freaked out and they contacted me and said sorry, there is no way we can hold this event. So I guess you have 300 people that are going to show up there anyway. And what I want to know is how the cops knew and how the venue got leaked out.

“So I spent today, which is a Wednesday, to find a backup venue, and I did. I found a backup venue and I’m going to use some NSA encryption shit to not leak this out, to make sure this does not get leaked, especially on the day of the event. I mean, I’m really pulling out all the stops.

“Now, there is one important thing I have to share right now: there are only two outcomes possible from what’s going on. The first outcome is this event will be held on the scheduled day. The second outcome is I go to jail. And the reason I would go to jail is that if I cannot hold my event, I’m going to confront these people verbally, but we know how that’s going to end up, and if there is any physical altercation the person going to jail is me, but I’m going to show everyone that I’m willing to fight for what I believe in.

“This isn’t a job for me, a gig, a hobby, or a business—this is my life’s work. These are ideas and a philosophy that I’ve spent the past 15 years putting together, and I’m not going to let a few hundred freaks on the left stop me. You have to understand I’m not Anglo. My parents are not from England or from the U.S.—they are from the

Middle East. We are a stubborn people, and I will not stop. The promise that I give to you is that I will not stop. The two outcomes are in front of me. Either I do the event or I get locked up.

“I am willing to go through the judicial system here or file some kind of civil suit to make sure someone pays if I’m not allowed to do the event on time. I want to make a stand here; a stand is going to happen and I’m going to show everyone in Canada what it looks like for a man who believes in his speech, especially when his speech is legal. I’m willing to go very far in order to make sure my plan is met.

“So to help out, I need you. I can’t do this alone. There is a lot of them that are organizing. They have the support from the state-owned media, the CBC, which is allowing these, basically, children with word-salad talking points a huge platform to share their hatred against me. There is also the Journal Of Montreal, which is using their platform to actively work with and coordinate with these people. In fact, a journalist with that Journal Of Montreal doxxed where the venue is. How did she find that out? Well she found out from the social justice activists.

“Please share this event, this occurrence, this video, anything you can do to other people, especially if you live in Canada. If you know any sympathetic figure that can spread this effort to harass me, to censor me, to defame me, because that’s what it is, an organized censorship defamation campaign where they are lying about my work to froth up a mob to stand against me. If you’ve been a follower of mine, you know what the truth is, that my work stands for self-improvement and for truth.

“And if you are standing against me, I have bad news: I will not back down. I will not back down. You picked the wrong guy. You picked the guy who is willing to go all the way. I don’t have a family. I don’t have kids that I need to go back home to. I don’t have a corporate job. This is it. This is everything I stand for, and the buck stops here. I think they picked the wrong guy and if I can make them pay, I will.”

I hate playing the victim, even to a minor degree, but I had to show my supporters that I was in a genuine bind. This wasn’t just another internet war, but something that had real-life repercussions, not only for me but also for the men who wanted to attend the speeches, with

the enemy talking about plans to take their pictures to “shame” them. The situation was serious.

The video linked to my forum post about Operation Medusa, the first operation of several that pushed back on the enemy.

It's time for the counterattack. I am asking for all hands on deck to help out in one of the following five areas:

1. Infiltrate the main staging area for the enemy on Facebook and gather information. Use a fake Facebook account that is not linked to your real identity to message the organizer pretending to be a sniveling male feminist and asking for access to the private group.

2. Spread disinformation on the event page. On their public page, contribute updates that distract them and lead them astray. You can also attempt to goad them into making illegal statements that can allow me to pursue legal action (civil or criminal).

3. Counter-opposition research on the main perpetrators. I am commissioning an investigative journalistic piece that focuses on these three individuals:

(a.) Aurelie Nix - She is the main organizer of the Facebook group and has falsely accused men here of e-rape and e-harassment while she publicly shows off her naked body for the entire internet. She is filing frivolous harassment complaints in bad faith, opening herself up to a civil suit.

(b.) Sara Parker-Toulson (also Sara Singh Parker-Toulson) - She is the organizer of the change.org petition which now has 12,000 signatures. Even though she's a wife and mother, she is spending over 4 hours a day tweeting about me instead of taking care of her family. For the safety of her children, we may

have a case to file a complaint with British Columbia social services for her being an unfit, mentally unstable mother. I'm starting to fear for the safety of her children.

(c.) Marie-Ève Dumont - She is the journalist for the Journal Of Montreal that was the first person to publicly doxx the venue for my lecture. The only way she could have gotten this information is from the private protest group, meaning she is likely working with the organizers.

Please email roosh@rooshv.com with any private information including addresses, phone number, relatives, property they own, and also relevant employers. Do not post private information on the forum. I will relay the information to an ROK writer. This opposition research is standard protocol like in the case of political activism from think tanks and other organizations. If you find evidence that these individuals are mentally ill or abusing children, please contact me immediately.

I also mentioned that a “counter-media campaign” would begin, but that was just a fifteen-minute radio interview with a conservative radio show I did that afternoon. He was sympathetic and let me explain my views, but it ultimately had little effect. In a media flood, one interview is just a drop in the bucket. I also started to realize that they needed me way more than I needed them, since my own web sites and social networking channels could broadcast my position more accurately and effectively than they could.

Before the radio interview, I did some email interviews, and eventually noticed a consistent pattern: the article would open with lies given to the reporter by those who hated me without any fact-checking or questioning, and then my comments to the reporter would go at the very end, but always the most neutral of what I had said.

In any media article, the first few paragraphs are read by more people than the last few, so even though these outlets claim that they included my side of the story, they deliberately placed my statements where as few people as possible would actually see them. Once I

understood this pattern, I stopped giving interviews.

It was clear that journalists had a private line with SJW activists. On Twitter, I had seen tweets sent from journalists to SJWs along the lines of “email me about it so we can talk.” Journalists actively sought out SJWs who fit their viewpoint and used their hysterical lies about me for dozens of articles. SJWs were essentially originators of propaganda that was hammered onto the general public. Since some of the media in Canada was state-owned, the result is that mentally deranged individuals were propped up by the state to take down an ideological enemy.

For the two weeks I was in Canada, the media published practically every lie the SJWs told about me. “Roosh is breaking Canadian law... He’s giving illegal hate speech... He’s posting nude pictures... He’s harassing women online... He advocates for *literally* legalizing rape.” After Operation Medusa was dropped, the CBC upped the ante and said that one of the main SJW activists, Aurelie Nix, was getting death threats. They also stated that I uploaded naked pictures of her, a lie that they soon retracted.

A woman in Montreal says she's receiving death threats after trying to stop a controversial anti-feminist blogger from coming to Canada.

Aurelie Nix said she has been threatened with rape and death since American blogger Daryush Valizadeh posted links to nude photos of her, which had been taken professionally and were posted on the internet, on his forum on Sunday.

“I've had to take precautions for my safety because the people who follow him seem limitless,” she said.

Nix said she's received multiple death threats, both on Valizadeh's forum — where men have debated how and if they'd have sex with her — and on her personal Facebook. Other women involved in the protest have locked down their online accounts to avoid threats.

Clarifications: An earlier version of this story said Valizadeh posted nude photos of Nix. In fact, he posted links to nude photos of Nix.

While I don't believe she received a single death threat (she didn't provide a screenshot of evidence), the CBC certainly lied about them appearing on my forum, and the naked pictures I linked to were ones that she had made publicly viewable herself in a wannabe modeling profile. The most truthful part of the story is that the forum guys did debate whether they would have sex with her or not. About half of the guys said they would because of her slim body and half said they wouldn't because of her elongated face.

Since I couldn't use the media to accurately spread my message, it was time to weaponize my existing channels: Twitter, Youtube, the forum, and Return Of Kings. Other than a few sympathetic figures like Gavin McInnes and Ezra Levant, I considered everyone else in the media an enemy, and I understood that even McInnes and Levant had to look out for their own interests before mine. Therefore I could only count on myself and my supporters.

Thursday, August 6, 2015

I got five hours of sleep and moved apartments to the Plateau area of Montreal, near the Greek restaurant I booked. I didn't realize it at the time, but that area was the hive mind of hipsters and radical leftists.

The weaponization of Return Of Kings involved commissioning writers to do hit pieces against the activists, with the intent of using the truth to destroy their name in Google. Our first target was Aurelie Nix, who created the Facebook group that celebrated for joy when the original hotel cancelled me.

*Canadian Aurelie Nix Falsely Accuses Roosh Of A Rape Threat
With Help From Journalist Emily Campbell by David Garrett
Brown*

Canadian professional SJW and all-round miscreant Aurelie Nix has falsely claimed that Roosh threatened to rape her. Despite publicly available information that proves she is lying to gain attention and calculatedly defame Roosh, she made the extraordinary claim to an ignorant Montreal radio "journalist," Emily Campbell.

Within hours, it had shot up to number two on Google for her name, and it is now firmly planted at number one. In response to the article, she shut down the Facebook group and concealed her social networking profiles before going to the police and adding to the existing report that she had already filed against me for publicly referring to her and asking, "Would you bang?" Now that "harassment" charges were added to the report, she confidently bragged that the police would arrest me "on sight."

Another feminist who was making the rounds on radio, Concordia student Fannie Gadouas, concealed her Facebook profile. For most of Thursday, the activists played defense and flapped their arms about receiving "threats" and "harassment." I was a bit amazed that these people would try to cancel a private function and then have the gall to say they were being "harassed" when their target responded.

Of course the media came to their defense, highlighting my "aggressive response." They expected me to roll over and apologize like all previous SJW targets had done. Trying to scare me into submission, one TV news report by CTV said my actions were "certainly illegal." The media wasn't a judge or jury, so I ignored their analysis. In the meantime, my supporters were emailing me home addresses of the SJWs, the names of their employers, and even the addresses of their relatives. I filed them in case I would have to go nuclear, which I was prepared to do.

The plan of my counter-operations was not to enact revenge on the enemy, but to confuse them and force them to play defense. The main objective remained holding the event as planned, so I pumped a lot of smoke into the air to keep their eye off the prize. In less than 24 hours, Medusa achieved eight objectives, which I shared on the

forum:

- 1. They completely closed down their main public group on Facebook.*
- 2. The private Facebook group is no longer accepting new members, severely limiting the size of their planned Saturday protest.*
- 3. A new organizing group was forced to change the purpose of their protest to mention me only in passing while sharing full details that allow for easy infiltration by us.*
- 4. We have free rein in public with no limitations while they are forced to stay mostly private.*
- 5. The main organizers have shut down or made private their main social networking accounts.*
- 6. I have made contact with several Canadian citizens who are sharing sensitive and personal information that can be used in civil actions.*
- 7. We've encouraged the CBC and Journal Of Montreal to reveal their hand as activist organizations that are working in concert with the degenerate feminists.*
- 8. We have exposed a liar (Aurelie Nix) for filing a false police report from a false accusation. The article about her is number two on Google after searching for her name.*

The counter-operation was clearly working, so I planned to run at least one new operation each day to keep them on the defensive. Of course some operations performed better than others, but the key to each of them was to do *something* that gives your supporters a target

to fight against instead of just sitting back and waiting to be shelled by the enemy. A bad plan is still better than no plan at all, especially if it causes your enemy to make adjustments and lose the support of the less committed activists who don't want to sacrifice any skin against an aggressive opponent.

Another benefit of our counterattack was that it bred huge distrust among their ranks to the point where they were afraid to allow anyone new into their Facebook groups. My forum had a way to screen out spies based on registration dates and reputation points, but they had no reliable way to keep out trolls, so many of my guys were able to infiltrate their discussions to feed me information in private.

I saw a concerned post directed at me on the forum:

Roosh, please consider the fact that you are of minimal value to yourself or to us if you go to jail, this is exactly what they want, to exhaust your resources within the legal system -- I highly recommend you do your best at all costs to avoid going that route, it's better to survive to continue the fight another day -- take a step back and rely on your logic rather than raw emotions with this one.

My reply was short:

THIS is the fight. This is my Alamo. Either I win in Canada or I get sacrificed for the cause I believe in.

Some men will encounter a battle during their lifetimes where the decision to not fight will make him feel ashamed and weak for the rest of his days, and where the pain of defeat can't be worse than the shame of not fighting at all. When this battle comes, he will be ready to sacrifice everything, even his life, to make a stand. Before Canada, I had not encountered such a fight, but it finally arrived and I was not going to back down.

That evening I planned to meet with Quintus Curtius, a senior writer for ROK and also my partner in developing the neomascularity platform. We had talked for many hours on Skype and through email,

but this would be the first time we'd met in person. I found a random hipster café in the center of Montreal, ordered a coffee, and then messaged Quintus to join me.

When he arrived, it felt like I was meeting an old friend, so we were able to skip a lot of small talk and get right into the events of the day. I then began working on the new offensive campaign. "I wish we met under less stressful circumstances," I said. The long philosophical talks we usually had would not take place in Montreal—there was no time or place for it. The barista, who happened to be the owner, was friendly in his dealings with both of us. I gave him an extra tip when I paid the bill.

Quintus and I walked to a nearby bar where we met with six other men who were planning to come to the lecture. Most of them had traveled from the USA or England. One of them was Tipu, a man I taught six years prior in a game workshop. When he shook my hand I barely recognized him—he had cleaned up his style and put on ten pounds of muscle. His role would grow large in the days to come.

I caught the guys up on how the lecture would proceed two days hence. They shared their concerns about having their identities revealed, and I reassured them by sharing my rough plan for concealing the venue. During this time, I noticed that a large group of men beside us was staring at me. They'd sneak a peek then immediately look at their phones, a sign that they were trying to visually confirm my identity. I kept an eye on them to make sure they didn't take photos of us.

When it was time for me to leave, the young men stood up and approached me. "Are you Roosh?" one asked. I said yes, bracing for whether they were haters or fans. "We're big fans. We saw you on the Dr. Oz show. Can we take a picture with you?" I was relieved. We took several pictures and then I left.

Back in the apartment I noticed a new article in the Toronto Star stating that the petition to ban me from the country was "picking up steam." Little did they know that I had already been in the country for two days. I didn't announce it because I wanted the enemy to waste time calling Canadian Border Patrol, which they did. Many of them posted online about placing such calls to receive e-pats on the back from their activist friends, convinced that their hard work was going

to get me denied entry while I was already finalizing my logistical plans for the day of the lecture. That night I launched Operation Revelation on the forum:

I have received credible tips from insiders that the protesters on Saturday will attempt to find the alternate venue where the speech is being held by loudly stampeding through downtown Montreal (1) to challenge men to physical confrontations with the intention of falsely crying assault, and (2) to take photos of their identity to upload online.

Revelation is a defensive operation to infiltrate all feminist protests on Saturday afternoon, take video of the crowd under the guise of being a fellow protester, and then have videos analyzed to identify the key ringleaders of the protest who make statements or actions showing they intend to break Canadian law.

Step 1: Join or monitor the new public Facebook group that is organizing the potentially illegal protest.

Step 2: Attend the protest with a fully charged camera and an outfit that looks like you have nothing going on with your life. To fit in seamlessly if you're a man, dress like a homosexual hipster (i.e. male feminist). If you're a woman, gain 30 pounds, dye your hair red, get three cat tattoos, and wear ugly clothing.

Step 3: Pretend you're a protester by sharing your hatred of patriarchy, "rape culture," and masculinity while casually filming the proceedings with your phone. You have the legal right to film in public. Remember to film horizontally and not vertically.

Step 4: Upload your raw footage and email it to roosh@rooshv.com.

I made sure to frame the operation as defensively as possible. The SJWs freaked out when I publicized it, calling it the biggest “harassment campaign” that Canada had ever seen. A handful of online articles echoed their sentiment, but I knew I was right at the line of legality. I danced around it knowing that all they could do was cry “Harassment!” and “Illegal!” because my actions weren’t quite enough for police to bring charges against me. Being friends with so many lawyers over the years and educating myself on the law has certainly paid off.

At around this time my web hosts started receiving complaints that I’m “harassing” the poor SJWs who are trying to deny me entry to a country and accuse me of crimes I haven’t committed. I replied to my hosts assertively, saying that no harassment has taken place, the accusations against me are false, and I’m ready to defend myself civilly. The hosts closed the complaint tickets without penalizing me in any way.

Before I went to bed, I posted an ad on the Montreal section of Craigslist offering \$50 to anyone who could film the Saturday protest against me. I was serious about obtaining footage to identify the SJW ringleaders.

Friday, August 7, 2015

After a few hours of sleep, I wake up to see the latest spectacle: the café owner from the previous day took a creep shot of me while I was there with Quintus and immediately uploaded the photo to the café’s Instagram with the following message:

Girls you’re [sic] main man is here. Roosh V! In the flesh. Should be here til 9 if you wanna come show your undying “love” for the dickbag. The doors open. Make it count MTL.

You know things have gotten weird when a private business owner calls for a mob to enact violence against one of his paying customers. Before I could publicly respond, his Yelp profile was being bombed

with 1-star reviews from my supporters. Yelp eventually removed them (the company is based in San Francisco, after all), but as of this writing Google Reviews has his business at a rating of 2.6/5 when it had a 4+ rating before.

Since I was being recognized so easily, it was time to get a disguise. I went to a costume shop in the city and bought a “Sexy Vampire” wig of long, black, luxurious hair. When I started wearing it in the city, I noticed that it actually *increased* the amount of attention I received, probably because it made me look like a rock star. I decided to roll with the wig anyway, especially since recent videos had shown me with short hair.

I went to the Greek restaurant to pay the deposit for the next day’s event. When asked, I told the manager that the talk was about masculinity, self-improvement, and lifting heavy weights. He had no idea who I was. I then went to the copy shop to print maps of the venue. The owner was an old man so I knew I was safe from him maliciously leaking anything out.

The timing of the wig purchase was perfect because photos soon began to surface online of flyers that were being plastered all over the city. They showed a picture of me with the following text:

ATTENTION: Sexual predator. Will be in town encouraging men to rape. Protect yourself. Protect women.

The hysteria was at a fever pitch, no doubt enabled by the media, which insisted on publishing any unhinged quote provided to them as long as it was against me. I’ve always known that the media supports the SJW and feminist foot soldiers, but I didn’t realize there is hardly a line dividing them. Media companies hire based on ideology above merit so their globalist owners can allow the progressive agenda to seep into everything they publish. This becomes more blatantly obvious in hot-button issues such as terrorist attacks, immigration reform, and, apparently, my lectures.

On this day I began experiencing the fog of war. There was so much information coming in that I couldn’t process or act on it all, meaning many counterattack angles had to be neglected. I tried to pick the most important things to focus on, such as managing the

ROK hit pieces that were being rapidly pumped out and calling out a lying CTV reporter for stating on television that the forum was “full of threats” when there wasn’t even one. The fog involved not only the fight but also my basic bodily functions. I lost the signal for hunger and would go long periods without food. When I realized what was happening, I started eating meals based on the amount I would typically eat in normal times. My urge to sleep was also gone. I saw no need for it, but I forced myself to lay in bed for at least five hours each night. Simple hygienic things like brushing my teeth, using the bathroom, and showering seemed like unnecessary distractions that took away from valuable combat time. My life was so singularly focused on the lecture that I started to get angry at petty matters that people tried to distract my attention with, like a lost forum password or a complaint about a writer’s tone on ROK.

I sent an email to the lecture attendees at 6pm, twenty-one hours before it was set to begin, to state where the venue was. The venue was a fake. I wanted to see if there was a mole on the list that would release the venue publicly. Four days prior, when heat around the lecture started to build up, I closed the event and required potential guests to email me for the access code. I then screened potential guests by asking how long they’ve known my work and whether they could send any evidence that they weren’t a feminist. When one man was unable to provide evidence, he sent me a picture of two naked men having sex, saving the lecture from at least one potential infiltrator.

I organized one last meetup that night. My plan on the day of the lecture required “team leaders” who I could trust, so getting to know guys beforehand was essential. We kept the meetup simple with a couple of drinks and poutine, Montreal’s famous food of French fries with gravy and blocks of cheese. A man who came out the previous night got spooked and said he wouldn’t be attending the lecture. There were other men coming to the lecture who had more to lose than him, so I was irritated at his decision.

The two guys who showed the most courage were Tipu and Quintus, who were both ready to have their personal information leaked to the public in order for the lecture to go on. After the night’s meetup was over, they both escorted me to my apartment to make sure I got

home safely. It meant a lot to me that these two men were willing to sacrifice for me and the event. When a man shows you this level of loyalty, you don't ever forget it.

The CBC put out another story during the meetup. Since I refused to speak to them, they were forced to quote directly from my tweets and forum statements:

The Montreal event is scheduled for Saturday. On Friday afternoon, Valizadeh tweeted that the "people who wasted their time signing & spreading a petition to deny me entry into Canada (have) failed."

Legal experts told CTV Montreal that Valizadeh writings may or may not be illegal.

The location of the venue in Toronto is unclear. On Valizadeh's website, he writes that locations are only shared one day before seminars "due to the high risk of mob action by feminists and social justice warriors."

I finalized plans on concealing the venue, with tactics thrown in from consulting with a couple of supporters who work in intelligence. I prepared the guestlist, the printed maps, and the recording equipment, then after checking online to make sure that the fake venue had not been leaked, I sent a second email revealing the real meeting location at a park. I stated that we would first meet at a checkpoint and then walk to a hotel, which I named, but that was also a fake. I figured that if a mole didn't act on the first email, he would act on the second, hopefully without coming to the checkpoint.

I launched one more operation before I went to bed called Operation Goebbels.

Throughout Saturday, spread disinformation on Twitter and Facebook to the protesters about fake venues I'm holding the speech at and fake sightings of me in the city. We want to jam their information network to make it impossible to tell reputable

tips from false ones. Hopefully you don't accidentally guess the real hotel. [laughing emoji]

This was subtle subversion since I wasn't holding it in a hotel. The next day there was such a chaos of disinformation spreading online that even those on our side fell for the lies.

Before trying to sleep, I accepted that the result was now out of my hands. I had done everything I possibly could to ensure success.

Saturday, August 8, 2015

I managed to sleep for four hours. I ate around noon and checked online to see multiple reporters covering the feminist protest against me. One of the signs read: "Dear Roosh V, why are you afraid of consensual sex?" A Middle Eastern man crashed the protest and caused a minor ruckus that led to SJWs throwing confetti on him. Video that was later released (by my infiltrators) showed speeches of women talking about trigger warnings, rape culture, and how the biggest problem facing the Western world is not poverty, crime, or unemployment, but sexual consent. Most of the protesters were either students or "artists."

Before the protest, the mayor of Montreal, Denis Coderre, sent out a tweet:

One cannot invoke freedom of expression when someone advocates legal rape in a private property. Roosh V is not welcome to Montreal.

He would be the first, but not the last, Canadian mayor to denounce me.

The rest of the day was already rehearsed several times in my mind. I met with Quintus, Tipu, and a third trusted friend at a street corner near my apartment. I was wearing sunglasses and my sexy vampire wig. I had a backpack that contained my camera and a sports bag filled with lecture materials. We walked approximately ten minutes on Rue Ontario headed north. On the corner of Rue Saint-

Denis and Rue Ontario was a Starbucks, where I stopped to use the bathroom. We continued north to a small park on the corner of Rue Berri and Rue Ontario across the street from the bus station. I sat down on the grass and noticed a few men milling around. The email instructed them to approach a man sitting down. One by one, the men came over. Some were obviously tense and didn't say much while others were in a lighter mood, laughing at my wig.

After shaking their hands and instructing them to sit down, I said, "We're going to the venue in teams of four. Only thing I ask is to turn off your phone until 6pm, just in case there is a mole on the list. Make any calls or texts you need to now. From this point on, if you see anyone using their phone, you need to confront them and ask why since everyone will have agreed to turn them off." Then I made a mistake: I didn't *verify* that their phones were turned off.

Once at least four men were sitting around me, I picked one from the group that I knew, or who at least seemed the most trustworthy, and gave him a map of the actual venue located a ten-minute walk away. "Here is the map. Walk straight inside and say you are here for Luke's event upstairs. Don't say my real name. I'll be there shortly before 3pm."

It turned out that the park we used for the checkpoint is often the site of leftist protests, so I picked the worst place imaginable, but our concealment efforts were strong enough that we went unnoticed, perhaps because we were sitting down on the grass in a sort of hippie circle.

The group around me never grew beyond six men, because I kept sending them out in teams of four. To an outsider, it probably looked like a picnic led by a man who practices Eastern philosophy.

After sending out nine groups, only one man was left sitting next to me. It's then that I noticed Darryl was missing. He took a 16-hour train from Washington, D.C. to see the lecture, after already attending in D.C. and New York. I had known him for years, so I texted him the address of the venue.

The event was scheduled to begin at 3pm and it was now 2:45pm. I walked with the last man to the restaurant, letting him go in front of me so I could put my head down and follow in his footsteps to conceal my face. The last one hundred meters were particularly

stressful, because all my hard work could have been unraveled by a bit of bad luck. I could have done everything right up to that point, and one sighting by an enemy troop would undo it all.

We hit Rue Prince Arthur, a main pedestrian walkway, with the restaurant right on the corner. I popped in, went straight upstairs, and took off my wig. A few men clapped when they saw me arrive.

Tipu immediately walked up to me looking concerned. “We have an issue,” he said. I put my bags down.

“We had a guy who left. I chased after him on the street and asked him where he was going. He said he wanted to get a cup of coffee. I was thinking of grabbing him to make him stay.”

“Where is he now?” I asked.

“He’s not here.”

“Damn.” I thought for a few seconds. “Well there’s nothing we can do about it. Let’s proceed.” I knew I had at least an hour before the mob came, so maybe I could finish the first part of the speech and at least claim partial victory.

“There he is,” Tipu said. A long-haired guy came up the stairs with a cup in his hand. I was relieved, because if he had actually been a protester, I doubt he would’ve come back.

I approached him and said, “So the guys told me you left.”

“Yeah I went to get a cup of coffee,” he replied, even though the restaurant we were at sold coffee.

“Because of the heat on us, people here think you went outside to text the venue to others. I’d like to look at your phone to see the texts you sent out to make sure the event hasn’t been compromised.”

He showed me the texts (his phone was on when it shouldn’t have been), and there was nothing sent out in the past hour. His attitude was blasé and annoyed, like what I was doing was overkill, and later during the lecture he barely showed interest in the talk. I don’t know if he was a crypto-hater or accidentally bought a ticket to the wrong event, but he caused a lot of stress for everyone by not carefully thinking through his actions.

With that taken care of, and the guys already seated, I was ready to begin the speech. The only problem is that our upstairs space was not enclosed away from the rest of the restaurant, and happened to be positioned right next to the bathroom. Whenever an old lady would

walk by to use the bathroom, I would modify the speech to something innocent so I wouldn't tip off random people about what was going on.

I started the speech a few minutes after 3pm. There were 34 men present. The tension in the room was the highest out of all the previous speeches. Many men had their eyes darting around, especially when patrons or restaurant staff walked by. Their bodies were visibly stiff. It should be the speaker's job to relax the room, but I was tense as well, fully expecting a mob of hairy-legged feminists to storm the restaurant at any moment. The mood did not lighten for the duration of the 75-minute speech.

There were no further scares or incidents. I made it to the last sentence of the speech and choked up. The pressure I had been experiencing finally found a way to reveal itself. I paused for three seconds and recomposed myself to finish. The men applauded. The speech was done.

During a 15-minute break, guys used the bathroom and began ordering food from the waiter. Then the Q&A session began. I was asked questions about game, politics, travel, masculinity, and of course the response to my speech in Canada. Yet again I was asked about creating a social movement for men. My previous answer wavered, unsure of whether I thought a movement was possible, but when asked this time, I said, "Here's your movement," and gestured towards everyone present. "Here are the men who sacrificed their identities to come hear a talk that was trashed by the entire establishment. Imagine if there were one million men like this in the country, men who are fearless, strong, masculine, and think for themselves. This is why the ruling class is enabling those freaks outside who wish to emasculate men, to make them weak, because weak men are not strong enough to fight and not strong enough to stand up to authority. Weak men are too scared to show up to a lecture like this, which, as you've seen firsthand, the establishment is firmly against."

Food came in the middle of the Q&A, relaxing the guys. I answered everyone's questions, finishing at 6pm. The men gave another round of applause. We completed an event that thousands of people, most of the media, and even the mayor had tried to stop. It would be grandiose of me to say "history was made," but I truly believe it was.

Other men will be inspired by what we did to resist in their own way when the time comes. I sent out a tweet from my phone:

VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY! The event was a success, without a single disruption. Now we drink!

Since the restaurant was a bring-your-own-beer establishment, I asked Tipu if he could buy some drinks at a store nearby. I tried to give him money, but he refused to accept it, and instead bought enough beer and wine for everyone on his dime.

For the next five hours, we hung out in the restaurant, drinking, talking, and taking pictures. I moved around to have a one-one-one conversation with everyone. Ironically, the protesters had actually *improved* the event. Because we weren't paying for a room by the hour, we didn't have to walk to another location to finish the meet & greet. Even better, the final bill at the restaurant was only about half of what I would've paid at the Hotel Omni, in spite of receiving a complete dinner. The protesters also gave me enough material to write this book, which will go on to earn me a significant sum during my lifetime.

In the middle of the meet & greet session, I recorded a video victory speech in the corner of the restaurant.

"Today is August 8, 2015. I am in Montreal, Canada. It is currently about 7:30. In the past week, 35,000 Canadians tried to prevent my entry into the country. The media establishment has spread lies and defamed me, most notably the CBC, Bell Media, Journal Of Montreal, and CTV. Degenerate freaks on the internet lied about me all week, falsely accusing me of threatening women, falsely accusing me of a rape threat. They had over 100 people out today combing the entire city like idiots, trying to find where the hotel was. Even the mayor of Montreal came out against me; ministers and government spokespeople came out against me. But yet as you can hear in the background, the speech was successful. We did it. And now we are enjoying our victory lap, because all those people, over 30,000 people tried to stop us and they did not. They failed. And one thing I guess I can ask the guys if they enjoyed the speech... hey guys, did you enjoy the speech today? (*Loud yells, applause.*)

“On this day, August 8, 2015, men made a stand and the establishment lost. They lost, and we will continue to make a stand. Why? Because legal speech is legal, and we have a right to give it. So, if you are for me I want to tell you that your team won, you are on the right side. You are on the team that will continue to win. And if you are against me... better luck next time. (*Laughter.*)

“We are better than you, we are smarter than you, and I can’t speak for the guys here, but I am better-looking than you. And we will continue to push the ideas of self-improvement for aid for masculine men, straight men, and now the Pandora’s box is open, and we are too big to fail, and you will continue to see us again and again. If you need a tissue to wipe the tears from your face, you can email me, and I will send you one. So thank you to everyone who supported me. This was a huge day, and God bless everyone. Thank you very much, thank you.”

That speech would be viewed nearly 50,000 times within two weeks. Normally my videos get less than 10,000 views after a month.

During the speech I noticed there was one man who was falling asleep, which according to my Toastmasters meetings was a sign that the listener wasn’t interested in what I had to say. After shooting the victory speech, I caught up with him and jokingly brought up his slumber. He said, “I took a late bus from New York to get here, so I didn’t sleep much. At the border the Canadian guard asked me why I was in Canada, and I said ‘for the Roosh speech.’”

“You told him you’re here for me?”

“Yeah, I didn’t see the big deal. So they brought me to the secondary screening area and said, ‘That speech is cancelled.’ I told them it wasn’t, and I had the email that confirmed it was still taking place. So they asked me a few more questions and finally let me go.”

For other conversations, I asked personal questions about what stage of life a man was in to find out what advice would help him get to the next step. The stages were greatly linked to their ages. Men under 28 were still most interested in dating and women, so my advice focused on game. For guys 28-35, the advice was mostly about improving their quality of life, shielding themselves from the most toxic effects of the West, and sometimes expatriating to a better country. And for the men my age and up, chats were about finding a

wife and maybe having children. I obviously had less advice to offer the older guys, except to be careful about marrying in America or Canada where divorce and marriage laws were stacked squarely against them. Oftentimes, the men from the older group had just as much advice to give me.

When it was past 11pm, the restaurant staff started to vacuum around us. I dropped my bags in the apartment with Tipu escorting me and returned to the restaurant. Then I left down Rue Prince Arthur with the fifteen men that remained to find a bar where we could drink at. The mood was light and jovial.

Not even a block from the restaurant, I saw three girls on the sidewalk. I walked up to them with my wig still on.

"Hey, do you guys know a good bar around here? We're from out of town and looking for a place to drink."

"Nice hair," one of the girls said, giving me a warm look.

"Thanks, I'm growing it out. So what are you girls doing tonight?"

"Oh, we're just meeting up with friends. And you?"

"I was thinking of starting at this bar right here." I pointed at the quiet bar in front of us. After discussing nearby options with her, I convinced her to grab her friends and come inside with my group for a drink. She agreed easily and I figured that she liked me, since the interaction was going in a way that has happened to me many times before in similar street pickups.

We went into the bar and I bought a round of tequila. Tipu and I took a shot with Jennifer, the girl I approached, and one of her friends. Jennifer showed heavy interest in me, smiling at me and stepping close. My hand naturally found its way onto her lower back and she did not withdraw. In hindsight, things were progressing too quickly, but I've had seductions move even quicker, and most men already know that Westernized girls can be exceedingly easy when under the influence of alcohol.

More girls from her group came in, bringing their total to about seven. It was a great stroke of luck that my large group of men could meet a large group of friendly girls.

"Let's go outside for a smoke," Jennifer said.

I went out with her and sat at a table. Under the light I could see that her face was barely average. She had a wide Neanderthal brow

and a nasal septum ring that made her look like a farm animal, but her body was thin and sexy. She wore a short skirt that exposed her smooth legs. She pressed them against my own and I began sensually rubbing them with my hands. She did not object. Her body language indicated that she greatly enjoyed my moves.

Earlier during the Q&A, I told the guys that I would not be getting laid in Canada for fear of being “Julian Assange,” whereby a false rape accusation would be used to destroy me, but my penis was now in control because it wanted to have sex. I was horny, slightly inebriated, and on a high from successfully holding a denounced speech. I was in the worst possible state to identify and resist a trap set by a 21-year-old girl.

During her smoke, she was furiously texting. I made a comment about it and she apologized. I didn’t know it at that time but she was texting a group of guys to serve as backup for when she would launch her assault on me.

“I’m cold, I’m going inside,” she said abruptly. She went back to her group of friends and I went back to mine. I’m not one to chase so I didn’t seek her out again. I then got into a conversation with one of her friends, whose name I later found out was Jessica Lelievre. She was giddy to talk to me. After she generously complimented my wig, I honestly thought I had a shot at a threesome. She cheesily smiled throughout the conversation, perhaps because she knew what would happen next.

A group of hipster guys who were friends with the girls walked into the bar and offered me a drink. I declined since I didn’t want to get drunker. The tallest one, who had a ponytail, then asked me to drink outside with them. Since I was in a social mood, I accepted.

I walked outside and within a minute the tall guy started peppering me with questions: “Why are you here? What is your real name? What do you do?”

“If you want to say something, just say it,” I replied. I knew he knew who I was.

“What is your real name?”

“You already know it. You don’t need to be a coward.”

“You shouldn’t be here.” His volume increased as he gathered his courage.

“I’ll be wherever I want.”

I took two steps to the side and stood next to Tipu. At least ten of them began closing in on us. Jennifer appeared in front of me and asked, “Are you Roosh V?” I didn’t reply and she repeated the question. Then she threw her beer on top of my head and walked away. The wig caught most of the liquid. Then two more beers came my way, one of them thrown by Jessica. Jennifer came back and this time I was ready for her, throwing my water in her face with good force, causing her to retreat behind the phalanx of white knights she had been texting while she rubbed her legs against mine twenty minutes earlier. I took off my wig then started spinning it around in the air to get them wet before ditching it on the ground. The mob began yelling and cursing, hoping to increase their size by drawing in random people on the sidewalk.

“You piece of shit! How dare you come into Canada! How dare you fucking come to Montreal! Get the fuck out of here! Get the fuck out! This is fucking Roosh V! Get the fuck away! This is the guy that says rape should be legal! This guy thinks he should rape your sister!”

There was a railing that entrapped me within the bar’s patio, so I grabbed a chair, pointed the legs out, and then pushed towards the crowd to create enough space for me to clear it. Once I was free on the sidewalk, I was ready to fight back, but Tipu, who was shielding the crowd away from me, started pulling me away with considerable strength. He entered a fight-or-flight response with his eyes wide open and jaw clenched.

With Tipu forcing me away from the bar, the crowd continued to yell. “Get the fuck out of here! You piece of shit! You’re not welcome! Fucking scum! Get the fuck out of here!”

Walking backwards, I put both of my middle fingers up. Tipu kept pushing me back because I wasn’t in a hurry to leave. I knew they were wimps for needing to gather numbers in order to confront me.

In hindsight, what Tipu did was the right move, not only from a safety standpoint but a public relations one as well, because if I had been allowed to physically fight back, it would have reduced the flood of sympathy I was soon to receive and lessened my moral high ground. Being chased away clearly showed that their aggression and assault were unprovoked and illegal.

The mob continued to follow me and Tipu, yelling “This is Roosh V!” to people walking by, as if expecting them to suddenly change their plans for the night and join their social justice crusade.

We arrived to the locked front door of the building that Tipu was staying at, located only two blocks away from the bar. With one hand he tried to open the lock using a key while with the other he shielded me from the mob that was only a few feet away, still yelling random obscenities. The door opened and he pushed me in. Quintus also squeezed into the building.

The mob tried to enter so Tipu gave one big pull to force the door to close. I gave them the middle finger once more as Jessica yelled, “Eat my cunt!” As we walked inside Tipu’s apartment, I could hear them shouting on the streets.

“I don’t want to stay trapped in here,” I said.

“Just calm down,” Tipu replied. “They’ll leave.”

“No, this is bullshit. I want to go back out.”

“No!”

“Okay well I’m calling the cops. These people are violent. I need to file charges or they will keep doing this until I leave Canada.” I called the cops and they were in front of the building within five minutes. As we walked back outside I told Quintus to take pictures of me talking to them to deter other SJWs who may think attacking me has no consequences.

I gave the cops an honest account of what happened. I pointed out a few guys left from the mob, still at the bar. The cops told us to wait and walked over to them. I’m guessing the mob members told the cops I was a serial killer of some sort because they were decidedly cold upon returning. One cop said, “Well you shouldn’t be here, so...”

“What do you mean?” I asked. “I have a right to be here.”

“Yes but you know the attention on you doesn’t make it safe.”

“So what are you saying?”

“You should go home.”

“Go home? They assaulted me.”

“Do you have an injury?” At this point I knew I had lost with the cop, since it’s common knowledge that injury is not required to pursue an assault charge.

“So I can throw a beer on you right now and you won’t arrest me?”

Anyone can throw beers on anyone they want?"

He looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

"So I see," I said. "I should go home then."

"Yes, you should," the cop replied.

I got the hint and walked away with Tipu and Quintus, along with a couple other men from the lecture who found us. The night was over.

Quintus later published his account of the night:

After the wrap-up of the lecture in Montreal, all of the attendees were exhilarated. Someone suggested the idea of going out to a bar to celebrate. So between 10 and 15 of us did just that.

Roosh was visibly relieved that everything had gone off so well. We had the impression that he couldn't quite believe that nothing bad had happened. I had seen him the night before with a few other guys and it was clear that he was prepared for the worst.

When we arrived at the bar, our group split up into a few smaller groups. I and a couple other guys got beers at the bar, while some others stayed on the patio or the street. Roosh was talking to a couple of girls, and we left him alone to do this thing.

I eventually sat down at a table outside with a couple girls. They were smoking cigarettes and appeared, in hindsight, to be very keyed up. I could feel that something wasn't really right, but at the time I couldn't put my finger on it.

Now it's clear that they had recognized Roosh from the beginning and had called their white knight "boyfriends" to the scene in an effort to provoke an incident. We didn't know this at the time, of course. But they kept checking their phones as I was talking to them. Now I know why.

Roosh was about ten or fifteen feet away from me, on my right. He seemed to be talking amiably to the group of girls in front of him.

And then out of the corner of my eye I saw a stream of liquid flash through the air. I heard splashing sounds. Then the shouting voices started. If you've seen the Youtube video, you can see what I'm talking about.

Then the males started in, too. The situation could have gotten out of control very quickly. I stood up and walked over to see what was going on. Some of the other guys who were in the bar also came out.

At this point, I have to give credit to Tipu for defusing the situation. He did precisely the right thing, at precisely the right moment. Roosh and the crowd were shouting back and forth at each other. He positioned himself to get Roosh out of the bar before the assaulters had any chance to commit further assaults.

As you can see from the video, he moved Roosh away from the scene into an apartment building. It was very good luck that this building was there, because situations like this can get out of control fast.

Tipu escorted me home. The first thing I did was get on my laptop. A couple of my supporters had already sent me screenshots of Jessica "Eat My Cunt" Lelievre bragging about dumping a beer on my head from a Twitter account that showed her real name.

@Jess_Lelievre

Pooring [sic] my drink on Roosh V's head was the best moment EVER!!

An ROK article announcing her impulsive confession now ranks number one for a Google search on her name. Before her “best moment ever,” she had aspired to hold political office, but now that future is unlikely. Fortunately for her, I hear that Starbucks is always hiring.

I uploaded the victory speech and then publicized the assault to show how an angry mob, fed and nurtured by the duplicitous media, can easily turn violent. While I wasn’t injured, I know that without Tipu to extract me to safety, there would have been a brawl, all because the mob was misled about my work by the media and didn’t have the mental ability to tell fact from fiction. I find it fascinating that a writer’s mere words—which happen to be legal—can be used to incite illegal acts against the writer. While this has happened many times in history, it was surreal to experience it myself.

Before I went to sleep, I saw that Sara Parker-Toulson, the Change.org organizer, published a message on Twitter from Jennifer that contained Tipu’s address, thinking that it was mine.

Dear Roosh,

I am the Woman with the “sexy legs” and the pint of beer that so lovingly found itself in your face.

You approached me on a side street and asked me to come into a bar with you. What you didn’t realize is that I knew exactly who you were the moment I saw you, and my efforts in confronting you that night were made much easier when you grabbed my waist and brought me into an empty bar. What you didn’t realize is that every bouncer on St-Laurent was looking out for you.

Did you really think that you would get away with what you have done? Did you really think that you could advocate raping women, threatening them and sharing their addresses and personal information online and not pay a price?

What you didn't realize is that while you thought you were preying on me, you were fucked the second you asked me my name. What you didn't realize is that I played your game the same way you teach it—and you lost.

Roosh V is staying at 3558 Coloniale.

Bienvenue à Montréal, Mother Fucker.

Their intent in sharing the address was no doubt to get the mob to show up at the apartment. They did the next day, spray-painting the front step with “Roosh V Dickless.” Toulson, along with Nix, were fully supported and generously quoted by most of the major Canadian media establishments, and even given on-camera interviews. All their published lies were now being used by Jennifer to help incite a mob to finish the job started in the bar. Her call to arms, with the help of Toulson, quickly resulted in vandalism of private property. You’d think at this point that the media would stop sourcing the liars or at least tone down their mob incitement, but something even more sinister would happen in Toronto.

On the forum, Mark from New York gave his thoughts on our success in holding the event:

One of the most noticeable parts of the past few days is just how stupid women are. When it comes down to conflict and battle, us men easily outsmarted, out-organized, and outmaneuvered our feminist enemies despite:

- Being vastly outnumbered*
- Having the laws and politicians against us*
- Having the media against us*

It just goes to show why men always rule societies in the long run. Sure, women can suck dick and get white knights to do their bidding, but when the chips are on the table and men are

sick and tired of the bullshit we always get our way. Girls, that is what it means to be superior. You cannot fight us head on, you have to get other men to do your bidding for you (either through the state or through beta male mob tactics), and if you cannot get enough men to fight us you will lose every time.

But rather than accept their role in life, feminists continue their futile protest against how mother nature created us. Feminism is losing its hypnosis over the Western world and this small victory Roosh had today is just a much larger foreshadowing of the gains men are going to make in society over the decades to come.

That night I went to bed with a mixture of feelings: happiness, frustration, joy, and paranoia. After all the work in Montreal, I didn't want to think about how I would have to do it all over again in Toronto, but do it again I must. I got more sleep than I had had in a week—six hours.

Before Toronto

The next day I did a couple of interviews, one with Gavin McInnes and the other with Ezra Levant, both popular figures in alternative media. The Levant interview was my best one yet because it gave a complete overview of my philosophy and how game serves as a stepping stone for self-improvement, masculinity, and the search for deeper truths that may eventually put you up against an entire establishment.

Thanks to the interviews, and the disproportionate attack against my speeches, I started seeing messages along the lines of "I don't like Roosh, but he has a right to free speech." I imagine it's a small step from defending my right to free speech to agreeing with at least some of the things I say.

One amusing anecdote from Saturday was the effectiveness of our disinformation campaign. Not only were we spreading false rumors

on Twitter, but the forum was giving fake recaps of how the event was supposedly going. It caused the enemy to fight each other in public, and was even convincing enough to trick some of our guys. For example:

@KatieBNelson

No it's not [there]. We were there. That is NOT the location of the event.

@melissakate07

I don't know in that case and the forum is full of fake bull shit

@SaraFoSho (Sara Parker-Toulson)

It's been full of shit this entire time. That post seems really credible. We need the hotel to confirm

@KatieBNelson

Ok I feel like you aren't listening. We went to the hotel, the front desk guy showed us around. it is NOT there. I promise you Sara. It is not there. Please stop telling people it is.

@antifeminisme

It really was not at the hotel

@SaraFoSho

Why would you care if it isn't there? I mean, you wanted us to think it was at a strip club.

Even funnier was when one of our Twitter plants from a believable-looking feminist account posted confirmation that the lecture was being held at Hotel La Residence du Voyageur. A CTV news van actually went to the hotel and reported that the event was not taking place there (the hotel didn't even have a meeting room). For the whole afternoon, teams of idiots were running around the city or calling hotels to get the lecture cancelled when it was being held right

under their noses in a restaurant within the heart of the city. I planted a seed in their soft minds that the event was taking place in a hotel, and nothing would get them off it.

After relaxing for most of Sunday afternoon, I bought a hat before going to the nearest police station to file charges against Jennifer and Jessica. In the police report I detailed the night's events and also what happened afterwards, including their bragging online. I took pictures of the police station and also the police report number, which I publicized as a warning to other SJWs who thought they could assault me with impunity. It also showed my supporters that I was quite serious about holding the speeches and going after anyone who tried to stop them using illegal means.

On my way back from the police station I walked into a convenience store and was recognized by a men's rights activist who supported what I was doing. He gave me a heads-up of dangerous neighborhoods I should avoid due to high concentrations of radical leftists, all of whom were trained at nearby ultra-liberal universities. He said walking would be unsafe for me, so he helped hail a cab. I've lived in slums in Brazil where I had to take less safety precautions than in Canada.

I laid low into the next afternoon, trying to rest while monitoring any developments online. The media was eerily quiet after whipping themselves into a frenzy leading up to Saturday night. You'd think that a story they were covering all week would include a follow-up that I successfully held the lecture, but then again that would force them to admit defeat when they had invested so much manpower to portray the lecture as something malicious that was worthy of being cancelled.

Their "sore loser" sentiment would continue for days. SJWs actually argued that the event never took place or that they won because three beers landed on my wig. I can only imagine the herculean efforts they require to constantly protect their fragile egos and fantastical notions.

My cell phone rang from a Montreal number.

"Hello?"

"Hello this is Rachel from the U.S. Consulate. Is this Roosh?" My heart immediately started racing. Was my own government getting

involved in the drama now?

“Yes, this is he.”

“I have a friend of yours here, Darryl. He wants to talk to you. Is that okay?”

The relief was instant. The reason Darryl had been late to the lecture was that he lost his passport and credit cards the night before. I remembered him telling me that he had to go the U.S. embassy to get an emergency passport. Now that he had one, he needed some money to get a bus ticket back home. I told him to meet me in my apartment. When he arrived an hour later, we walked nearby to a quiet restaurant for lunch.

“How did you lose everything?” I asked.

“Well I had a little bit too much fun on Friday night. I was talking to a girl for a while and then left the bar to go to a restaurant to get something to eat. I paid for the meal and then after I left the restaurant, I noticed everything was gone. I went back to the store but they didn’t find my things. I’ve been living hand-to-mouth since then.”

I gave him 200 Canadian dollars. “Is that going to be enough to get back home?”

“Yes, it should be. Thank you so much.”

Over lunch we compared how calm the D.C. event was to what was happening in Montreal.

“It doesn’t make sense,” he said. “The speech is exactly the same. There was no protest about it in the States.”

“Canada has put social justice on steroids,” I replied. “They already had an inferiority complex for being in America’s shadow, so to excel in something they took liberal ideas and maximized the volume in an attempt to show the world how they care the most about women, gays, and Muslims.”

“It’s too bad because Montreal is a nice city. The girls here are way better than D.C.”

“When I first came here a few years ago, I also thought it was nice, but I only saw what was on the surface. While I want to believe that 99% of people here are normal and only a tiny minority of feminists and SJWs pollute the pool, I’m sure that at least half the population is sympathetic with social justice and collectivist ideas. When a crisis hits, the people you think are normal reveal their true colors.”

“But I’m not too upset about it,” I continued, “because I needed to see this. I had theories about how the system works, and now I have a front-row seat that essentially confirms what I had been suspecting. Whenever the system attacks you, it shows its weapons, strategy, and soldiers. I got to see how the media, government, and non-profit organizations collaborate when they want to neutralize an enemy, and how they enable the foot-soldier class of students and unemployed losers to do their bidding.”

I would’ve liked to keep talking, but Darryl had a 16-hour train to get on, so I wished him farewell. I’m guaranteed to run into him again, since he lives in the same area as my family.

That night I saw a couple of news articles that reluctantly accepted that my speech took place, but of course in weasel language: “Roosh *claims* the event was held at the scheduled time.” One article blatantly lied, saying the event was cancelled.

I uploaded photos from the lecture, including one that clearly showed the restaurant’s French “Sortie” exit sign. The mumblings stopped and future articles did mention—towards the end—that I held the event in Montreal, but they never published an article with a headline specifically announcing that it took place. A casual reader had to read between the lines of their articles to see whether the lecture was held or not.

I began to understand that the purpose of the mainstream media is to push a specific agenda while concealing the strength or victories of anyone who fights against that agenda. Montreal showed me how deliberate and pre-meditated it all was. There was little use talking to the media further when I already had my own effective media channels, so in Toronto I would refuse nearly all of the two dozen interview requests I received.

The mainstream media, especially the biggest outlets, are crypto-activist organizations that share nearly complete ideological overlap with mega-rich globalists and the most degenerate members of society, who help those globalists keep power and wealth by destroying tradition, the family unit, and nationalism. Social justice warriors are little Frankenstein creations of billionaires. That was hard for me to believe at first, but to see the machine whirl to action and be turned against me offered a confirmation that will stay with me for the rest of

my life. The enemy is clear to me now.

THE MOB TRIED to mock me for a final attendance of 34, but it was never supposed to be a big event, and the small size actually made the victory that much sweeter, because a group the size of a classroom couldn't be stopped by thousands of Canadians, even with help from Canada's largest institutions.

The sore losers were coming out of their dirt holes, reduced to claiming that getting a beer spilled on me nullified my success in holding a four-hour event. Here's what an online commenter had to say about that:

So, a dude comes to your city to give a speech to 40 other dudes and 30,000 people freak out, sign a petition to ban him from entering the country, then hundreds plan a rally to protest him, and then you have hundreds wandering around the streets of Montreal looking for his venue to prevent his talk.

And what happens? He is allowed to come to your country, allowed to come to your city, and figures out a way to evade all of you and give his talk. Think of that. All those thousands of Canadian brains, and hundreds of Canadian bodies, all rallying against a guy and a few of his readers, and you can't even achieve what you set out to do, and now you are trying to pretend that throwing a beer on him is some huge victory?

Newsflash: Getting a beer tossed on you is in many cases, just a normal Saturday night.

And how did this woman get close enough to do that? Was she powerful and empowered, walking up to him and making her hops-laden protest the moment she saw him?

No. She did the exact thing modern feminist women claim to have evolved past. She used deception. Feminine wiles. She hit

on him, and pretended to like him, and kept him occupied until her friends showed up. Rubbing up against him and making cow eyes at him. And who were the friends she surreptitiously called on her smart phone? Was it her other women friends?

No. It was a bunch of men she called on her phone to protect her retiring dainty little self. Then she tossed her beer, brave only because a bunch of hipster hoseurs had her back.

Of course now her friends are saying that the whole celebration after the talk was faked. Of course they are! What a rout. What decimation. All of the social justice warriors in Montreal will be in an extended state of cognitive dissonance for some time:

"But I'm great. But I flailed and failed miserably. But I'm great"

All they succeeded in doing was give him way more publicity than he would have gotten otherwise, and give him and all his friends loads of entertainment over the weekend, making each other laugh on his forum at the gormless of the Canadian pseudo activist.

As much as I'd like to celebrate my win in Montreal, Toronto was fast approaching. I had one more lecture to hold before I could claim complete victory. The enemy certainly was not going to give up, and neither was I.

7

Toronto

One of the flaws in the Montreal operation was that there was no central command. I lacked a filter to shield me from all the distracting and time-wasting noise of the battlefield. To solve that, I created a private group called Team Toronto for twenty-three men I trusted, half of whom would be on the ground in Toronto. All but two or three had been personally vouched for by a man I met before, ensuring that the chance of a mole was just about zero.

We discussed operations in chat channels with names like Disinformation, Intelligence, and Venue Ideas. There was also a three-man private group named Operation Lenin which was intended to infiltrate the Toronto SJW activists' newly created private Facebook group and steer them in the wrong direction.

Within the first day of operations, I was already getting several venue ideas from the team, two of which I later booked. For the next week the first thing I did upon waking up was check Team Toronto to get debriefed on anything that may have happened overnight. Both Quintus and Tipu were on the team.

What I didn't tell anyone, including Team Toronto, is that I actually had an informant named Deion feeding me information from a transvestite he somehow knew within the Montreal SJW inner circle.

After the [Toronto event] keep away from downtown and St Catherine areas. There is a plan to locate and harass you and other attendees by photographing/video and posting the pics (of

attendees).

...they will be canvassing hotels/halls downtown tomorrow and posting spotters at hotels downtown. They are currently trying to get more volunteers. There is also a call campaign to ask the hotels downtown for directions to the event

The Cuntamponary group is operating independent of Nix but working together. This group is looking for trouble. Nix's group doesn't want trouble, they just want to take pics and video and protest/get the media involved. The Cunt group wants to start something.

Once I confirmed the accuracy of Deion's intelligence from his Montreal tips, I began carefully re-reading every word he sent me to make sure I didn't miss anything. I really wanted to ask him how he gained such information, but having to ask a question is a sign you don't need to know the answer. Even I started operating on a need-to-know basis, only sharing information when I had to. This was useful not only to prevent leaks, but also to know where eventual leaks came from. If the venue gets leaked and ten men knew about its location beforehand, that makes it close to impossible to know who the mole is. But if only two men knew the venue, then I could narrow it down.

I unconsciously set up layers of information around me. Tipu and Quintus knew most of what was going on, but not everything. Then it was a layer of about seven men in Team Toronto, then it was all twenty-three men on the team, then bloggers I trusted, then various forum and lecture attendees via email, and finally the general public.

Tuesday, August 11, 2015

Four days before my planned Toronto lecture, I took a bus there. I wore my hat low and avoided eye contact with passengers, not out of

fear that they would attack me, but to avoid being sighted and having my whereabouts broadcasted online. I knew that secrecy, concealment, and disinformation had won the day in Montreal, so I wanted to prevent the enemy from having any information about where I was and what I was doing.

Before the Canadian protests started, I had uploaded maps of the general areas that the speeches would be held to the event's ticket page. For Toronto, the map showed the event would be held in the dense suburb of Mississauga. I took down the map a week prior, but rumors online were stating it would be held there. Luckily, no one actually came out to say, "He had a map that announced it was being held in Mississauga, I saw it!"

On the bus ride to Toronto, a far more commercial city than Montreal and one where people have real jobs, I figured there would be less rage, or at least nothing greater than Montreal. I used the bus wifi to see if there was anything going on. There I saw that Toronto city councilman Norm Kelly had come out to denounce my upcoming speech. The mayor of Toronto, John Tory, followed not long after.

@norm

Urging all venue locations in Toronto to deny @rooshv the opportunity to use their space. He and his views are not welcome in Toronto.

@norm

.@rooshv's 'take' on life is worthless garbage masquerading as provocative insight.

@JohnTory

.@rooshv doesn't reflect the values of Toronto and his statements about women are demeaning and unacceptable. #topoli

The media started pumping out news articles, centered around John Tory's comments. By the time I got off the bus at 10pm, I was

the top story in all of Toronto, leading the local television newscasts. The media frenzy that took at least three days to whip up in Montreal only took one day in Toronto.

Toronto's mayor is calling for the cancellation of a show by an American blogger who says rape should be legalized on private property.

John Tory said the statements made by Daryush Valizadeh — who goes by the name Roosh V. — amount to hate speech and “have no place in our city.”

“While free speech is the law in this country, promoting violence against women is wrong,” Tory tweeted Monday night. “I am calling on those hosting this tour to do the right thing — cancel this show.”

“Mr. Mayor, my speech doesn't promote violence, harassment, or hate against any group. You were lied to about me,” he wrote.

The so-called pickup artist is set to speak in Toronto on Saturday — the last stop of a six-city tour.

Team Toronto advised me to stay at a hotel near the airport because it would be filled with travelers unaware of local news. I took their advice and booked a room for three nights. I caught up on the media articles and TV clips and noticed an old pattern: the media outlets would consult with a lawyer to state that my activity is illegal or criminal in some way.

Toronto criminal lawyer Daniel Brown said that although it's not possible to prevent Valizadeh from entering the country, he could be charged with hate speech against women.

“In the last six months the law has changed where previously only certain types of identifiable groups were protected by hate speech,” he said.

“Among those groups before women weren’t protected, now the laws have changed to protect women as well as an identifiable group who can be protected by the hate speech laws.”

Articles like these were intended to convict me in the court of public opinion, scare me into cancelling the event, and fire up a mob to fight against me. While I did have pause the first time I encountered a media article that deemed my speech “certainly illegal,” I knew they weren’t a judicial body that could directly levy punitive measures against me, and even if there were a judicial action, such as an arrest warrant, I decided I would try to evade arrest until after the event. Then I would turn myself in, get bailed out, and transform any ensuing trial into the biggest media circus the country had ever seen.

When I was in my mid 20’s, I briefly took the martial art of Aikido. Its essence is to harness the force and strength that your opponent uses to attack you by directing it back at them. An example is to take a punch coming at your head by grabbing the wrist of the opponent and twisting it in a way that causes extreme pain. The harder the punch comes at you, the more pain they experience when you twist their wrist.

My enemy was stronger and far more numerous. I would lose if I fought them in the open field by announcing the location of the venue, but as long as I kept it hidden, I could harness their energy to amplify my message. All the Canadian citizens who went searching for me after watching a news story could now easily find my own version of events on the platforms I weaponized. When the media sent the Canadian public looking for me, they found a reasoned and logical version of the events that swayed many of them to my side. Instead of causing me tangible harm, the media actually helped

increase my local support and overall readership.

If you're attacked by the media, immediately start a public website. Share a concise version of the story that identifies all the liars, and leave your email for those who want to help. Once you start fighting back, you immediately force journalists to change their plans in how they report about you. In many cases, if you start making justified legal threats, they'll back down entirely. (See Appendix 1 for how to respond to SJW attacks.)

Bullies often avoid targets that fight back. As long as you understand that things can get hot, and you may face crazy individuals like the one who sent me the threat below, a large part of the outcome resides with your own intelligence, courage, and persistence.

Free speech? We are coming for you. The only "speech" you will be capable of is gurgling on your own blood as we mutilate, rape, and otherwise defile your nigh-lifeless corpse. We are a movement, we will rid our Earth of scum like you. You are not the first nor will you be the last of our prey, Mr. Valizadeh. Prepare for the worst tomorrow. We are already there, at Le Coloniale... Waiting. Watching. Keep a weapon handy, sleep with one eye open, and good luck, Roosh. If you don't have a God, I suggest you find faith. Those men can't protect you from us. We will be waiting for you.

I contacted a Toronto bodyguard service. I could have called the police, but I saw them as aligned with the enemy, and didn't want them to know my exact location. When the heat comes for you, lock your doors, watch your back, and be ready to defend yourself, or hire someone who can.

Wednesday, August 12, 2015

Norm Kelly made the rounds on local TV to denounce me, saying that I'm not welcome in the city and that "there is nothing to learn

from this guy.” The fact that he took hours of his day to attack me suggests that either I am a great threat to Canada or he is in desperate need of attention. The more I was attacked, the more it steeled my resolve. I decided that I would still continue with the speech even if the Prime Minister of Canada himself told me to leave.

That day I got a boost from Breitbart when Milo Yiannopoulos published an article titled “In Canada, Roosh V’s Crackpot Critics Have Got It All Wrong.”

Obviously, both the petition and this daft assault were illiberal and dumb. Everyone who added their signature should be quarantined in the one place that is worse than purgatory: Quebec. Finally, the city would have a purpose, keeping feminists and the French from contaminating the wider continent.

Other prominent writers like Vox Day and Mike Cernovich also defended me. All the support I was receiving put the Toronto SJWs in disarray and paranoia. They were accusing contributors on their own Facebook group of being trolls, which had the effect of limiting their size and effectiveness.

The SJW group entered crisis mode when they couldn’t find a speaker for their Saturday protest. I started to become confident that their protest wouldn’t happen, especially when Deion’s mole stated that they were so disorganized that they had to reach out to the more competent Montreal activists for help. The tide was turning in our favor.

Even the National Post, a popular conservative paper, gave me lukewarm support. Their headline was “The man Canada couldn’t keep out,” something I can put on my tombstone.

For a man fuelled by controversy, the self-proclaimed “pickup artist” known as Roosh V doesn’t like talking to the media — “I’m a bit squeezed for time,” he said Tuesday, politely rebuffing requests for comment on public condemnation that his

speaking engagements in Canada aroused.

"I have my own media channels. It's not worth my time to talk to reporters," he said in an email to the National Post. To a Toronto radio station he was more dismissive: "Bell Media can go to hell."

Many Canadian conservatives shared the article, so when the National Post emailed me asking for a follow-up, I agreed and gave my phone number. Later that night, I dropped Operation Fornication.

Operation Fornication is to gather intelligence on those who pose a threat to the event and to our safety. It has three components in escalating levels of personal commitment.

Stage 1. Identify

Identify the main organizers of the event and the most active participants. Monitor their tactics and public comments. Post all your intel in this thread. An extremist organizer I've identified is Vanessa Bee Rieger.

About 200 people are committed to participating with the mob on Saturday, which is pathetically low considering they've had blanket support in the media for the past day. Nonetheless, we must not underestimate the threat. Join the event with your fake Facebook accounts.

Stage 2. Infiltrate

Add organizers and participants as friends, or engage in dialogue with them. Try to gain their trust so that they reveal details of their Saturday activities, which you relay back here or privately via PM (if it's sensitive material).

Stage 3. Inseminate

The best way to gain the trust of a woman is to fuck her. Therefore I ask you take one for the team and seduce these feminists in order to gain access to their plans. It should be easy since they are constantly surrounded by limp-wristed manginas who provide them with no sexual attraction.

I understand that these women are universally repulsive, overweight, and often in late stages of the devastating Lindy West disease, but no one said spycraft would be easy. A commendation medal is in store for you if you gain intelligence through the fornication that saves the event. Just be sure to record the sex act because these girls are the most likely to falsely accuse you of rape.

The “inseminate” portion was inspired by the girl who seduced me in Montreal. My guard was so low while her legs were rubbing against me that she could have drugged me or worse to gather any sort of intelligence she wanted. This must be why the KGB used sex traps to target foreigners as part of their spying operations.

Predictably, the insemination stage provoked outrage. The SJWs described it as a “call to rape.” Like before, their verbal inflation was swallowed whole by the media. Vice published the bogus interpretation without sourcing my original quote about “insemination.” In “A Rape Advocate Is Targeting Canadian Women In an Online Harassment Campaign,” the Vice reporter gave the feminist I mentioned in the operation, Vanessa Bee Rieger, a free pass to share her delusional interpretation of what the word “fuck” really means:

"He's kind of telling people to go out and try to rape me, but without really saying it," Vanessa told me in a phone interview.

Vanessa visited the Toronto police on Wednesday night to file an incident report, she said, and spoke to an officer who wrote her complaint down in a notebook before she left. "I'm not going to wait for something to happen to me," she told me.

In times of hysteria, fictions are converted to facts and ghosts are converted to living beings. During our modern rape hysteria, that means that rape is everywhere. Teaching dating tips is teaching rape. Sex with people who drank alcohol is rape. Traveling the world to sleep with women makes you a serial rapist. Seduction is rape. "Fucking" is rape. Asking "would you bang?" is a rape threat. Commenting on a woman's appearance is harassment, and could lead to rape. Approaching a woman on the street is street harassment, and could lead to rape. Introducing a thought experiment to reduce rape makes you a rape advocate. Everything is rape.

In the past, we would have committed those displaying hysterics to psychiatric hospitals, but today they are actually running the show, implanted in all major political, media, and academic institutions. Because only men can be seen as rapists, this means that all men in the Western world will have their behavior affected in one way or another because of this hysteria, and many will be silenced or jailed outright. One can only guess how many more men will have their lives hurt before the hysteria ends.

Thursday, August 13, 2015

The National Post reporter who wrote the original article on me was a man, but now they had a female journalist call me on Thursday afternoon. I hesitated, telling her I wasn't familiar with her work and that I was worried she might put out a more slanted piece. She assured me that she just wanted my side of the story. Since the National Post was conservative-leaning, I didn't think she would have the ability to turn it into an outright hit piece.

I received her call on the walk back to my hotel after lunch at a

nearby restaurant. Instead of going right up to my room, I decided to finish the call in a side lobby of the hotel. There was no one around so I figured it was safe. Ten minutes into the conversation, a Middle Eastern man looked at me, smiled, and waved his hand. I put my hand up to signal him to wait. That should have been a warning sign to leave the area, but I continued the call as the journalist warmed up to my views.

Then out of nowhere, a short Mexican lady about 40 years of age stuck a camera in my face and said, "Are you going to rape me?" She spoke in a thick accent.

"What?" I replied.

"Are you going to rape me? You're a rapist."

I gave the journalist a blow-by-blow account of what was happening. "There's a fat, ugly Mexican lady who accosted me, asking if I'm going to rape her... she's videotaping me... she barely speaks English... I have no idea who she is... she looks like a maid but I don't think she is... call me back in five minutes."

I hung up and then loaded my phone's camera app to film her, but as I started to record she ducked into the women's room. I walked to the front desk and said there was a lady that was filming me, just to start the record-keeping process in case it escalated with her falsely accusing me of something. I returned to the area and she was gone. The reporter called me back and we talked for a couple minutes longer before wrapping up the interview. "I'm glad you got to hear the nonsense I have to put up with," I said. I was sure she would write an article in my favor.

I went up to my room and updated Team Toronto with what just happened. The majority opinion was that I should immediately leave, but I thought they were being too paranoid. "She probably doesn't even know how to use the internet," I said. I figured that I would be fine for the one remaining night I had in the hotel.

One hour later, Cheri DiNovo, Canadian Member of the Provincial Parliament of Ontario, came out in support of the Saturday protest against me and volunteered to speak at it. This protest was on the

verge of cancellation, with a likely attendance of no more than 30 degenerates, but now the media raced to cover DiNovo's support with a crop of new stories. Within hours, the attendance numbers on the Facebook group doubled.

I couldn't believe it. A protest that was nearly dead in the water due to its retardedness got new life from a prominent member of the government. Just like with the media coverage, it became clear that the feminist and SJW activists are nothing without institutional support. Unless institutional power lifts them up, their activism would have no effect and their protests would be attended by less than two dozen people. I had a front-row seat in witnessing how the Canadian establishment was enabling, facilitating, and coordinating with segments of society that want to censor opinions, defame those they don't agree with, and limit due process for men.

It gets even more sordid: Cheri DiNovo is a criminal. She has previously admitted in interviews to smuggling drugs across the border as part of a rags-to-riches story before she "found God" and entered politics. She didn't serve a day of jail time. Someone who escaped justice has the keys to creating legislation for the entire province of Ontario, and now she's gunning after me and the men who want to hear me speak, making interviews in the media about how "one in two women will be a victim of violence." One in two! I remember just the other month when it was one in four, and before that when it was one in five. Canada and the United States is becoming so dangerous for women that I think we have to start shipping them to slums in South Africa and Nigeria where the rape rate is statistically lower.

The truth was apparently too boring for DiNovo. She proceeded to call me a "criminal" to the Toronto Star. To Global News she said I was "advocating criminal behavior," based on consultations she had with "legal experts." She lied by stating I "released addresses" of feminists, which did not happen. (Not one person on the enemy side was doxxed by me or any of my supporters.) Even Mayor John Tory came out that day to support the protest, adding that I was a "jackass."

DiNovo followed in the footsteps of the media by working directly with SJW organizers, most notably Sara Parker-Toulson, who did share what she thought was my Montreal apartment building to a mob that subsequently vandalized it. To put things in clear terms: Canadian media and politicians supported a woman who was connected with a mob that assaulted me and damaged Canadian property. Members of the Canadian establishment, once they located a man who posed an ideological threat, threw away the rule of law and basic sanity to stop him. John Tory, Cheri DiNovo, Norm Kelly, Mississauga mayor Bonnie Crombie, the big radio stations, TV stations, and feminist organizations all worked hand-in-hand with a social justice mob that used criminal tactics of assault, intimidation, and vandalism to fulfill their objectives. The inmates were running the prison, and this went all the way to the tops of the local governments and into the national media.

In spite of this opposition, I refused to stop. I was ready to complete the tour with my remaining talk in Toronto, no matter who or what stood in my way.

THE PLAN for that night was to go out with one bodyguard from the firm I hired. He picked me up in his car and introduced himself as Daniel. With a thick build and full beard, he looked like an MMA fighter. After noticing the Romanian flag in his car, I asked him if he was from Romania. He replied that his ancestors were, but that he had never been to the country. I told him a bit of my three-month experience there as we drove to downtown Toronto to meet with a small group.

“Did you see the video of the mob attacking me in Montreal?” I asked.

“Yes, I saw it earlier. That wouldn’t have happened if I was there.”

“What would you have done?”

“Well, the name of the game is to extract you from any potentially dangerous situation. The second that things get hot, you’re out of there. Those girls who threw beers on you shouldn’t have gotten close

to you when the tension was on.”

“So you don’t confront them? But in the movies you always see bodyguards cracking skulls.”

“It doesn’t work like that,” he replied. “The main goal is keeping the client safe, which means removing him from the threat. We don’t fight back just to fight. In fact, we avoid all conflict.”

“If we go to the bar tonight and things get heated, that means the night is over?”

“Yeah it’s over. I take you out of there. Or we try a different venue that is away from the conflict.”

“Should I wear a hat?”

“Based on the heat you have, I strongly advise you to wear a hat. You were all over the news.”

I learned that I had hired a “close protection” service, which means guarding me closely enough so that other people do not touch me, even accidentally. After we parked the car downtown, Daniel walked in front of me and slightly to my side, getting in the way whenever anyone was about to brush against me.

We met with the guys inside a popular bar. Two of them had attended the Montreal lecture, one was new, and the other was a longtime forum member. All but one was in Team Toronto. Daniel identified all the exits before sitting across from me. He kept his eyes on the other patrons, but they were so into their own groups and smartphones that no one looked at me for more than half a second. The conversation with the guys was tense until the beers relaxed us. Whenever I needed to use the bathroom, Daniel would follow me in.

We called it a night after only three hours since we had a bigger meetup planned for Friday night. I walked back to Daniel’s car with two of the men, my hat tipped low. I said goodbye to them on the street corner. It took almost three minutes to do so, which Daniel would later tell me was the cutoff time before he would suggest we move on. When Daniel is guarding a client, all he sees is potential threats, and now I started to see them too. In the car ride home I asked him if he ever got into any close calls.

“I was guarding a venue once when a man tried to get in. I stopped him and he showed me a holstered gun. I told him, ‘Either you leave right now or shoot me.’ The guy took out his gun and then I disarmed him by breaking his arm before he could point it at me. I had to go through intense training to disarm men with guns and knives. You have to be licensed in order to do this job.”

I asked him who else he had guarded and he rattled off some big names. “I definitely don’t fit among that list,” I said. “I’m just a moderately known writer. I sit in front of my laptop all day. It doesn’t make sense that I need a trained bodyguard to protect me.”

“Based on what’s happening, you need it. For the next day I’d minimize any time you spend outside of your room.”

“It’s weird that tonight everyone else was having fun, drinking and hanging out with friends, but if you peel that layer away there is potential violence lurking underneath, like happened to me in Montreal. The mob can assemble quickly, and then the peacefulness ends.”

“That won’t happen to you here, don’t worry.”

What struck me was how supposedly educated human beings, with no apparent training in mob tactics, so effortlessly form one as long as their anger is focused on a target, as if it’s encoded within their genes. In my case, it was the Canadian media who created the anger by portraying me as a man who wants women to be raped. The media didn’t need to provide further instructions—the humans would automatically channel their anger by finding others who were angry like them to organize against the invented threat.

I wanted to go into the middle of the city and yell, “This is all a great misunderstanding!” But that would have no effect. The mob didn’t even want to read the *How To Stop Rape* article that was the source of their rage. They didn’t want to know the facts. They simply wanted to be angry and be part of a mob that could defeat an enemy, all to perform a victory lap afterwards that allows them to feel powerful and good about themselves. I don’t fear many things in life, but I fear the mob, whether it’s against me or not.

I went back to my hotel room that night and launched Operation Caliphate, where I identified as a Muslim man with traditional Islamic family values. I explained how the attacks against me is a form of Islamophobia. I've always wanted to play the Muslim card so now was a good a time as ever, especially in Canada where Muslims are untouchable. I set up my camera and started speaking.

"If you're a Canadian citizen, you're probably wondering why is there national attention... why are all the media and the politicians coming out against me, and I asked myself that too, because I held events successfully in Germany, in England, in the USA, and nothing happened. Why? Because it's just a small group of men, meeting and hanging out and talking, but Canada is different. Canada flipped their shit. They lost their minds over here. I have to hire bodyguards now.

"So if you want to ask why that is, look at me. Do I look white to you? Do I look like a white American, Canadian, or Englishman? My parents are from the Middle East. My dad is from Iran. He is a Shia Muslim man. I grew up with Muslim beliefs. Where do you think all my views come from? Where do you think my ideas on patriarchy and masculinity come from? Where do you think my idea that men should be strong and women should submit come from? Where do you think all that comes from? From thin air? No, it's from being raised by a conservative, honorable, respectful, Muslim man.

"All the views I present on sex, women, and men, are basically a light version of Islam, of how Islam does family values. It's a light version of what you can find in the Koran, it's a light version of what has been taught from the Prophet Muhammad. That's all it is. I'm basically introducing traditional Islamic values to a Western audience, because these values are good for women and men. But I'm being attacked in Canada, so what does that tell you? That the Canadian establishment is vehemently Islamophobic. There is no other logical explanation. Canada has a serious Islamophobic problem, to where I fear for my own safety, because of the beliefs that I have, which stem from Islamic thoughts, Islamic writing.

"What you have here is Canadian women—privileged white Cana-

dian feminists—who are not checking their privilege. What you have here is rich white Canadian politicians not checking their privilege. Because they're not checking their privilege, they have forgotten what it means to be persecuted for your religious beliefs and for other beliefs which obviously stem from being raised in a traditional Islamic household. I can't conclude anything else than a persecution based on my religious beliefs. I thought Canada was open, I thought Canada allows millions and millions of Muslim immigrants to live in the country, but I was wrong. Canada is the most Islamophobic country that I have ever seen, and it's the most dangerous.

“The only place in Canada I'm safe, believe it or not, is a mosque. I've been hanging in a mosque all day, praying to Allah, praying to Muhammad, to keep me safe. That's the only way. And I hope that they keep me safe, I hope I make it out of Canada based on all the threats that I'm getting. I'm hoping that they at least provide safe passage for me to get out of the most Islamophobic country that probably exists in the entire world, and I ask all my Muslim brothers and sisters to speak out against these Canadian reporters and feminists and privileged politicians for their Islamophobic beliefs.

“So if you see people speaking out against me in Canada, you know why it is. It is Islamophobia. Please let's stop Islamophobia in Canada. People should be able to preach beliefs, sex beliefs, marriage beliefs, religious beliefs, that come from the Holy Koran, that come from the Prophet Muhammad, so I hope you will help me in this fight. God is great, and may He be with you.”

My argument was believable enough, but the goal of Operation Caliphate, like with most of the operations, was simply to distract the enemy from the venue.

I uploaded the video, saw a message from Tipu that he managed to get time off from work to make the long trip to Toronto, and went to bed.

Friday, August 14, 2015

I went out for lunch and walked back to the hotel. I noticed a pair of hipsters similar to the ones in Montreal, a weird sight in an airport hotel. Then I looked towards the café where there was another pair of hipsters. I dipped my head low and went straight for the elevator. Rightfully paranoid, I was sure they were there for me. While there was nothing to fear physically, Deion had told me that they would try to get me arrested for some type of assault in order to stop the Toronto lecture. Their plan was to provoke me like in Montreal and get me to physically attack them.

I called Daniel and told him the situation. He gave me clear instructions: "Call the front desk and say that you want to order a taxi for the back entrance to avoid a potential situation in the lobby." I did what he said, explaining that I'm known in the city and trying to avoid any hostility that may happen. Ten minutes later, the receptionist came up to my room and led me to the service elevator with all my luggage. We exited at the ground floor where I walked through the kitchen, past the back offices, and finally out the loading dock, where a taxi was waiting to take me to my new hotel in Mississauga. A day later, word got back to me from another mole that the SJWs were in fact at the hotel, and had waited there all night for me to come out. It's not paranoia if people really are after you.

The new hotel I checked into also happened to be the venue where the lecture would take place. I wanted to get to my room quickly and avoid being spotted so the event wouldn't be compromised, but there was a long line and I was getting heavy eye contact from two bearded men checking in. There was a good chance they were friendlies here for the lecture, but there was no way to tell. They kept looking over and in my mind I began thinking if I should go to another hotel.

They checked in and milled around the elevator. Once they made a move to join in the same elevator as me, I changed directions and went back to the lobby. They followed me. It was clear that they knew me. One of them walked up to me and said, "Do you know if the wireless is working?"

"I don't know," I said, waiting for the bomb to drop.

“You’re Roosh right?” I didn’t reply.

“Because we’re here for the lecture tomorrow.”

I gave a sigh of relief. “You guys made me nervous for a second! Let’s not stand here, I’ll go to your room.”

They were young, about 21, but quite familiar with my work. They traveled all the way from Louisiana. We talked briefly about their journey to Toronto and what they think of the drama going on. While stressful for me, it was exciting for them, and they were happy that they could be a part of it. One of them had a copy of *A Dead Bat In Paraguay* on hand, which I signed with “Sometimes it takes a while for a man to find himself.” I stole that line from Jack Nicholson in the movie *Chinatown*.

Tipu checked into my hotel not long after, coincidentally getting a room only three doors down from me. He agreed with me that I should not leave the hotel in case I would be spotted, so for the next 24 hours he volunteered to bring me food, water, and coffee, refusing to take money. I had never before found myself in a situation where another man had to feed me. In Montreal he already showed himself to be the hero who ushered me to safety, and now in Toronto he was bringing me food. I’ve had many positive friendships with men in the past, but this is the first time I felt a brotherhood that transcended friendship into something deeper, where both of us were ready to sacrifice not trivial inconveniences, but ourselves. I’ve never been in the military, but I imagine this is what it’s like to fight alongside a man you trust and respect. Canada let me know what true sacrifice begins to entail to support a man you see as a brother.

Tipu stayed in the room while I went through the normal war-time loop of checking Team Toronto, email, forum, and Twitter, responding when needed. Due to the volume of information coming in, one loop could take more than an hour, especially if I had been away from the computer for a while.

The biggest limitation in both battles was my brain’s limit at processing information and filtering out the signal from the noise. There were several instances where I was receiving simply too much

information and felt paralyzed on how to respond. Team Toronto was a good improvement from Montreal to alleviate these problems, but in the future I'll have to take it one step farther by assigning men to cover specific areas and debrief me every few hours so I don't have to go through all the raw information myself.

With Tipu by my side, I continued my Caliphate operation by publicly stating that I was holding the talk at a local Islamic center, forcing at least one of the lead SJW organizers to state that they wouldn't protest in front of one so as not to offend the Muslim community. Because they already knew I held the event in a Montreal restaurant, the list of possible venues for them to investigate was huge, and the sort of hotel call campaign they had used there wouldn't work in Toronto because of the larger size of the city.

I was more worried that a staff member at the hotel would leak the venue. This fear was confirmed a day earlier after one of the men on Team Toronto walked into a hotel and inquired about a conference room for Saturday concerning a "men's self-improvement talk." After he left, the hotel worker immediately called up a local media outlet, which published the rumor that I was looking for a venue in that area. No matter how tight the operation was on our end, there was just no way to completely guarantee that a leak wouldn't compromise the entire event. I tried my best not to worry about it.

Before setting out on Friday night for drinks, I sent a decoy email with the wrong venue just like I had in Montreal. I would know if there was a mole on the list by the time I got back. In addition to Daniel, I had a second bodyguard who served as a driver. Daniel recommended it because if things got hot, it would be greatly advantageous to have a driver pull up for a quick extraction. With only one guard, you might have to travel to the parking lot on foot with a mob following you.

Tipu came along, serving as my one-man entourage, and we drove up to a bar in the Kings West area of Toronto. Daniel ensured the entrance was clear before we exited the car. Once inside, he talked to the bouncers and asked them to help keep an eye on me, so for the

entire night my safety was ensured by five men. I would be lying if I said I didn't feel "special," as if I was more important than everyone else in that room, simply because I was most likely to be attacked.

About twelve guys ended up attending the meetup. About half of them I had already met, so it was nice to see how their life had been progressing. One man had been only 19 when I first met him, and now had established a successful career. Another man had traveled through dozens of countries over the course of six years. Another man was one I had hung out with in Croatia for a fun weekend three years back. We were an extended family of sorts, connected by bonds that don't diminish with time apart.

An hour in, I noticed a man looking at me. It was obvious that he knew of me, but it was impossible to tell whether he was a hater or a fan. Daniel stepped me aside and said, "I don't like that guy, he's giving you a weird look. If he does something weird, we're out of here." He finally decided to approach me. Daniel was on guard right beside me. "Hey Roosh, what's up," he said. It turned out that he was in Team Toronto and a long-term member of the forum. Normally, I wouldn't mind if a guy stared at me for thirty minutes before saying hi, but considering the circumstances, his behavior did cause unnecessary stress.

During war time, things take on greater importance or delicacy. Social errors get amplified and small requests are burdensome. While war was raging, I had to prevent myself from getting furious at men who messaged me about trivial problems like the inability to format an image on the forum. How can they be oblivious to the fact that we're in the middle of a goddamn war? I came to the conclusion that a man far from battle has no idea of the pressure that men in the thick of it are experiencing.

I asked Daniel if I could hit on some random girls. "That isn't a good idea," he replied. He didn't outright prohibit it, so I found two foreign looking girls and approached them. He stood right behind me throughout, probably making the girls wonder why a burly man in a suit was so interested in hearing the conversation without getting

involved in it.

One of the girls was from Ukraine and the other was from Colombia. I've retained some of my Russian and Spanish so I proceeded to show off by speaking both languages. Instead of looking at me with amazement, they refused to recognize my achievement. They stopped just short of rolling their eyes.

I looked at the Ukrainian girl and asked, "Do you speak Russian or Ukrainian?"

"Well, I was born in Canada."

"So I speak better Russian than you? That's funny!"

Then I looked to the Colombian girl and asked, "So do you speak Spanish? You didn't seem like you understood what I said."

She didn't reply, instead turning her back to me. And so it ended, my only attempt to talk to women in Toronto. I did two approaches in my entire two weeks in Canada. The first resulted in the mob assaulting me and trying to hunt me down, and the second lasted less than five minutes. I guess I won't be planning any future trips to Canada in order to get laid.

I talked to the guys a bit more until around midnight when Daniel told me it would be wise to leave. He said, "It's not a good idea to stay in any one place for too long because then the odds that someone will recognize you go up." I found Tipu and we took a back exit to the waiting SUV. Tipu and I got in, the driver closed the door, and both he and Daniel took their positions in the front. The door-to-door time from the building to the car was about six seconds. Two people near the SUV were the only witnesses, and one of them tried to peer through the tinted windows to see who I was.

We got back to the hotel and I set plans with Tipu for him to be at my room the next day at 1pm. Before going to bed, I checked with Deion to see if the venue stated in my decoy email had been leaked. It had not, meaning the guestlist was most likely safe. I sent a second email with the actual meeting point in Kariya Park, a popular hangout for immigrant families. It was sent a bit late, at 1am, and because of that, one of the guys went to the decoy venue and missed the entire

lecture.

I prepared for the event by packing my camera and lecture materials. Before going to bed I dropped the final operation, Kursk.

For Saturday afternoon, the operation name is Kursk, in honor of the Battle Of Kursk, the biggest tank battle in history.

The name of the game is disinformation. Just like in Montreal, they will be fruitlessly hunting the city for the venue in order to get it cancelled. Using your accounts on Twitter and Facebook, spread false sightings that point them in the wrong direction. Clog their information channel with bullshit. Give fake tips to reporters who are on the scene. Make them run around the city like the morons that they are.

While they are less likely to trust our disinformation this time than in Montreal, they still don't have a process for sorting good intelligence from the bad like we do with Team Toronto. Wait for my tweet around 6PM EST for the official result.

It's been a long week but I'm ready to finish the job we came out to do and leave Canada as conquerors. If you are a God-fearing man, pray to Him tonight. I know we're on the right side, or else I wouldn't still be here.

The only flaw of Kursk was that we were attempting to repeat the same battle tactics as before. With conditions that will surely change, it's a risk to try to fight the same battle twice. One of the reasons I don't mind sharing the details of my tactics in this book is because I know I'll have to use new ones in the future.

It was 4am. The lecture would begin in less than twelve hours. Only one more day, and this would be over.

Saturday, August 15, 2015

I turned on my laptop at 11am. The first thing I saw was the National Post article resulting from the interview that was interrupted by the Mexican lady. The female reporter could have written a good piece that contained the intellectual foundation of my beliefs, but instead she declared me “sexist” in the headline and focused almost entirely on the Mexican lady accosting me, writing an article that would’ve fit better in a tabloid. Whenever I think the media might be interested in learning the true story, they remind me that truth is never their goal, and I wouldn’t be hurt at all by never speaking to them.

I monitored the protest in Queen’s Park through the Twitter feeds of reporters on the scene. There was a huge “CONSENT” display in the background along with signs that usually appear in slut walks: “Don’t Rape,” “No Means No,” “No No No Misogyny,” “No Silence Against Violence,” and “Consent Consent Consent.” The only difference between this protest and the one in Montreal is that this one was attended by an elected official (Cheri DiNovo).

When more pictures of the crowd came in, I thought, “I’ve been hiding from these people?” They were a collection of overweight feminists and limp-wristed men who have never been in a fight in their lives. I couldn’t believe that because they received support from the media and government, I had to use guerilla tactics with multiple operations on several fronts to evade their efforts to cancel the event.

Why are the West’s institutions elevating its weakest citizens while attempting to silence the strongest who are most free-thinking, independent, and self-reliant? The answer becomes easy when you ask yourself which group of people is more likely to resist unjust state authority. It’s not the man holding a sign that says “Consent” or “No means no” but the one who works out, takes care of himself, embraces his masculinity, is goal-oriented, despises submission, is well-read, is knowledgeable about how the world works, owns a gun, and is not deceived by invented hysterias. The class of losers being elevated in Western society is specifically the class that poses absolutely no

threat to state power.

I took a shower and dressed in jeans and a blue v-neck. I brushed my hair and examined my beard, which I hadn't trimmed since arriving in Canada. It was just past 1pm. Tipu messaged me to say he was on his way. I mentally rehearsed all the events that would lead up to the 3pm start time. The plan was solid. My camera bag and event bag were ready. All emails were sent. My phone was charged. I hoped for a little luck to go my way just like in Montreal.

Tipu walked in at 1:15 with sandwiches, coffee, juice, and fruit. He was dressed in a fitted suit and pocket square. He was in an exuberant mood and asked me if I was ready. "Of course," I replied. The pressure prevented me from sharing his upbeat attitude. We had spent dozens of hours in the previous week to prepare for this. My eyes were focused on the prize and I didn't want anything to distract me away from potential warning signs that could signal a real problem.

As we ate, I gave him a run-through of the plan and asked him if he could be the enforcer to watch everyone turn off their phones, especially after Montreal where we caught at least one man who only pretended to do so. He agreed and we left the room at 1:40 on the way to the park, located only five minutes away by foot. We arrived to the sight of an Asian wedding group taking photos.

We walked over a narrow wood plank to a grass mound. I sat on the grass in the center of the mound. Tipu sat twenty feet away against a tree. He wore sunglasses and I wore a Toronto Maple Leafs hat. The first men started to arrive. "May the peace be with you," they said, giving the correct passcode. They sat around me and I proceeded to brief them.

I'm going to send you guys to the venue nearby in teams of four. I will give one of you the map. On the way over, do not say my name or speak about attending an event. When you get to the hotel, go straight downstairs. On the elevator, the button is LL. There will be two guards at the front door and they will pat you down before you can enter.

We're also asking everyone to turn off their phones until 6pm. You can send any texts or make any calls you need right now, and that man over there by the tree is going to watch you turn it off.

Whenever four men gathered around me, I'd send them out. There was never a big enough crowd to be noticed by random park goers.

In between briefings I chatted with the guys to find out where they were from and what they thought about the drama that was taking place. I immediately noticed the vibe was much less tense than in Montreal, probably because they saw how the successful operation there didn't allow the mob to identify any attendees. The men in Montreal set the stage for Toronto to be a bit more relaxed, as if the bravery of one group managed to transfer to another.

The only tense moment was when an Asian man circled around us and sat at a nearby bench. He stared at us while using his phone. I asked Tipu to investigate. He went over, asked the man for a cigarette, and got into a conversation about what he was up to on this sunny day in Toronto. It turned out that he was attending the lecture but misunderstood the instructions. He came to the mound and sat down so I could brief him. An innocent situation any other day of the year was now seen as a potential crisis.

By 2:45 I had checked in 56 men. Me and Tipu were the only two men left on the mound. I put the guestlist in my bag and began walking with him to the hotel. This was a critical moment. If I were recognized between the park and the conference room, the whole event could be compromised. I stared face-down to the point where I could barely see in front of me.

We entered the hotel and went straight to the elevator. Several hotel guests were waiting impatiently. I asked the security guard, whom the hotel had hired for my event as a precaution, if he knew where the stairs were. He smiled and said the elevators were coming, meaning he didn't know. I didn't want to seek out hotel staff and risk

being recognized. The one-minute wait for the elevator felt excruciatingly long. It finally came and we got off on our floor. I was greeted by the banquet organizer who wanted to make sure we had enough chairs and drinks. I approached one of my hired guards and gave him instructions not to let anybody in after the lecture started. I used the bathroom and entered the room. The guard closed the door and I walked up to the podium. I looked at the clock: 2:58. Right on time.

I stood in front of the audience, a cue for them that I was about to begin. It usually takes about ten seconds until someone says “Shhh” and the room gets quiet. I began. “As you know, a lot of people in this country have tried to stop this event from taking place today. They failed in Montreal, and as you can see right now, they are failing today.” There was applause. “Right now I will give a speech that I have given in Berlin, London, D.C., New York City, and Montreal.”

I spoke for ninety minutes, weaving current events into a memorized speech that in a way had predicted what was happening in Canada. I described the problems men were facing, putting them in context compared to the men of the past. I listed the sacrifices they must make to have a good woman in their lives. I described why practicing game is so important, and how it serves as the gateway drug to greater truths. I gave seven practical tips for getting laid that took me years to learn. I told them what I believed was necessary to enjoy life. I gave them tips on what to do when they're at a down point of their lives. While many of the things I shared were politically incorrect, they were clearly legal. I had a right to give that speech and they had a right to hear it, and so it was done. Once it ended, the men gave me a standing ovation. For the second Saturday in a row, men won in a big way.

During the intermission, Tipu went to buy ice cream popsicles for everyone. The mood was now decidedly loose, as the guys knew that if we made it this far, with all phones off, the chance of an interruption was zero.

The Q&A went for another ninety minutes. I fielded questions on game, politics, immigration, feminism, moral issues, and even the

global elite, where I speculated on their underlying agendas, particularly their depopulation scheme. At the end of the Q&A, Tipu gave an emotional speech.

I first met Roosh over five years ago. I remember what he told me: 'You look like a family man trying to get laid.' That hurt at the time but he was right, and I went on to improve myself in many ways to become the man I am today, because of him. I have so much thanks to give to this man, and after seeing how Canada tried to stop him, I pledge my eternal support to him so he can help other men just like he helped me.

He got choked up at the end and that caused me and other men in the audience to get teary-eyed. When he finished I went on to tell everyone how he has a special place in my heart because of how much he sacrificed to help me. A lot of people have an image of masculinity of a man killing bears with his bare hands, but for me it's becoming more about brotherhood, a form of love that a man and woman can never feel for each other. It's not based on emotional connection but mutual goals and compassion that make men feel as if they belong to the same unit—the same tribe. Canada showed me and many other men for the first time how strong this connection can be.

The Q&A was done and we milled around for an hour. I took some pictures with the guys and also signed books. I then filmed the victory speech.

"I didn't think I had enough energy in me. After Montreal, after a week of battle there, I wanted just to rest and sleep, but as you know the same stuff happened in Toronto. I had the mayor John Tory against me, I had the mayor of Mississauga Bonnie Crombie against me, I had a city councillor member Norm Kelly against me, I had an MPP Cheri DiNovo against me, and they all have propped up the social justice feminist call to try and stop me. I have some great news. They did not. They failed in Montreal and they failed in Toronto as well.

“Not only did we hold the event today but we held it in the original hotel. They couldn’t even stop us here, so I hope that you see how now courage is contagious. You see how one man and his ragtag group of men, today we had about 50-something, can stand up to the entire establishment that is trying to stop them, and men here have shown me how brave they are to come here in spite of everyone in the Canadian establishment trying to stop them. I think they had a good time, I’m not sure, but let me ask them. Hey guys did you have a good day today? (*Very loud applause, chants of ‘Roosh’.*) Thank you.

“On this day, August 15, 2015, we made a historic stand. We showed how a small group can win in Montreal, can win in Toronto as well, and as you see nothing is going to stop us now, because what we do is legal, is within the realm of law, and we will keep doing it. So thank you for helping us, for helping us get through the two hardest weeks of our lives to make a stand against those who are trying to silence us, and I wish you all have the strength to do the same thing and lastly guys, everyone here, I want to thank you for being here today. If it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t be here.”

At one point I asked a man to find a copy of the newspaper so I could take a picture with it, not because I was a hostage in a terrorist jail cell, but because in Montreal a lot of sour SJWs claimed that I had faked my victory speech with Hollywood special effects. I uploaded the picture later but even with the newspaper, they still formulated grand conspiracy theories about the placement of the pixels and “uneven” room lighting. I wasn’t at all surprised, because if I got spanked as badly as they did, despite outnumbering the enemy by over 1,000 to 1, I’d be in denial too. They were so vehement in believing the lecture didn’t occur that comparisons with the moon landing were made, until finally a couple media outlets reluctantly agreed that the speech likely took place.

The second venue I had booked, where I could’ve also held the speech in case of an emergency, was a nearby Indian restaurant. I called them up during the intermission to say we would arrive for dinner instead of the late lunch as originally planned. When it was

time to leave the hotel, I gave out pre-printed maps of the restaurant and sent the men out in teams of four. Before joining them, I went upstairs with Tipu to drop off my bags.

As I entered my room, a man in the hallway stared at me suspiciously. I dropped off my bag in the room and walked with Tipu to the restaurant, but a nagging feeling hit me that the guy recognized me and now knew my room number. Those feelings turned to outright paranoia when I imagined him breaking into my room and stealing my laptop. It also didn't help that I sent out a victory tweet showing the shirt I was still wearing, making me even easier to recognize. I failed to put the paranoid thoughts in the back of my mind to calmly sit down with the men and begin eating, so I asked Tipu to escort me back to the hotel so I could put some things in the room safe and change my shirt.

"It's weird," I told him. "All the paranoia and anxiety I didn't have up to the speech has now come back to me in a flood. I was able to handle it before, but now I'm jittery."

We went back to the restaurant and the paranoia attack subsided. I counted 40 guys present, from the 56 who were at the hotel. We had a round of appetizers and then the main course, which was served buffet-style to ensure everyone ate until they were full. I sat next to two older men in their late 40's who had just heard about me two weeks prior when I was fighting it out in Montreal. They were familiar with men's rights issues (one was a father) and decided to come to my talk solely because I was being attacked by the people they hated. I remembered them during the speech and Q&A because they got most animated when I touched on topics of globalists and the ruling agenda. We discussed it some more over dinner and they understood clearly what I had recently recognized, and complimented me for coming to these conclusions at a "young" age.

"The reason I started to understand the big picture," I told them, "is when I asked myself who was supporting or paying the social justice warriors and the feminist reporters. And then I wanted to go one level above and know who paid *them*. If you keep going up the

ladder, you find that it's the ruling elite who is supporting the leftist and Marxist agenda over one based on nationalism or tradition. So then I started asking myself why they are supporting that agenda. The two most logical answers are population control and human control. Once you know their end goals, it's simple to work backwards and make sense of every issue from government-supported birth control to open-door immigration."

"Where do you see things going from here?" one asked.

"Large-scale breakdowns in the order of society, either from economic or demographic crises, followed by the rise of more nationalist elements that attempt to repair the damage caused in the past fifty years. I expect a lot of chaos, to the point where a lot of men here may wish for these more 'peaceful' days. If that doesn't happen, then we may go the way of Greece where the whole nation collapses and then essentially becomes owned by global banks, losing its sovereignty in the process. A country that is destabilized will soon be easy to collect, like a trading card to be owned by banks and corporations."

Just like I mentioned in the speech, I added that we still have 5-10 more years to go until we hit absolute bottom, but that individual men may not have that long to wait if they want to move forward with having a family. No matter how bad things are now, or how impossible it may be to achieve some of our goals, we must search for places where they can be achieved anyway. For many men, that means expatriating from the West.

We paid the bill around 10:30pm. I gave everyone the address of a club five minutes away where I had reserved a table. I told them I'd be there shortly after changing in my room. I never reserve tables in clubs, but Daniel thought that would be the best idea since it offers more separation from the other patrons. I had originally wanted to go downtown to celebrate, but the logistics of shuttling thirty guys to a location that was half an hour away by car didn't make sense, so we stayed in Mississauga the entire day.

Daniel and a second guard picked up me and Tipu from the hotel and we drove the two-minute journey to the club. We were whisked

into our booth and I ordered bottles of Absolut and Johnnie Walker Black. I had never sat down in a fixed place in a club before, so it was weird and artificial to be immobile in such an environment, but at the same time I did get a kick out of having two guards positioned beside the booth at all times. They never let other club guests come close without my explicit permission.

I had conversations with at least fifteen of the guys about the future and which countries we had planned on visiting. I got some helpful information about Serbia, which I was considering moving to after Poland, and got updates on countries I hadn't visited in years. Tipu was dancing up a storm and a few others ventured onto the dance floor, but the quality of women was quite low. I didn't flirt with a single girl for the entire time I was there.

Taking into account the bill for the bottles and the bodyguards, that night out was the most expensive I've had with the least amount of sexual action, but from Daniel's perspective it was a good night because nothing bad happened. His main goal was to prevent a beer shower like the one I had in Montreal, and by that standard, it was indeed successful.

The guards dropped me back at the hotel and we took some pictures for memories. Tipu walked me up to my room and I thanked him for being my right-hand man and feeding me during a time when going outside was too risky. I told him to not hesitate with asking me for help in the future, as I felt greatly indebted to him. We hugged each other goodbye and he left for his room to get a few hours of sleep before driving back to the States in the morning.

I uploaded the victory speech and went to bed. The next day I moved to a hotel near the airport to hole myself up for two more nights before my flight back to Poland.

8

Homeward Bound

On the first night in my new hotel, I left the room to grab dinner and saw a red piece of luggage in front of my door. Because my anxiety was still high, I suspected it was an attempt to assassinate me through bombing. I told the hotel front desk that there was a suspicious bag in front of my door, but they didn't seem to grasp the potential seriousness of the matter. When I went back to my room after eating, it was gone.

I knew I was being paranoid and chances were it wasn't a bomb, but my mind couldn't help but jump to that conclusion anyway, no matter how hard I tried to reason with it. I imagine what I was going through was a minor variant of soldiers returning home after war and seeing dangerous threats where none existed.

The next day, a forum member I had hung out with in Croatia years prior picked me up from the hotel and drove me downtown. He took pictures of me wearing my Toronto Maple Leafs hat in front of Queen's Park and University of Toronto buildings. I uploaded them upon leaving Canada to rub in my victory a bit more. After the photoshoot, we grabbed lunch at an Asian restaurant.

"I lost my job just the other week," he said.

"How?"

"It was politics from a female manager. She always gave me a weird vibe, complimenting me and asking personal questions about my life. I didn't reciprocate and her attitude went bad. I got put on probation and then they let me go six months after that."

“This is similar to what I mentioned in the speech,” I said. “The employment prospects of men are now being determined by women and how they feel about the men they work with. Since you’ve always wanted to get out of Toronto, this could be blessing in disguise.”

“Exactly. I’m not eager to jump back into it. I want to see what my options are and maybe get a job in Europe. Things just keep getting worse here. The women are getting worse, it’s getting more expensive, traffic is getting worse, and even crime is going up. People try to say Toronto is a world-class city, but it’s missing a lot. I don’t think it’s worth living here.”

“Same thing in D.C. You pay a lot, you work hard, and you get very little back, just a few comforts and the privilege to chase broken women in clubs or on the internet.” We agreed that a significant percentage of men would find greater happiness outside of North America.

That night I received an email from one of my Russian language teachers of Ukrainian parentage. She had taught me when I was living in Wroclaw, Poland over two years ago and we maintained a platonic friendship ever since because we shared many beliefs on philosophy and politics. After seeing what happened to me in Canada, she wrote: “God must have a big mission for you, because he trains you intensely!”

As the dust was now settling, I did wonder what the significance of it all was, and whether the attack on me, along with my two victories, was training for something bigger down the line. When random events are occurring to you in life, it’s hard to see any design or plan within them, but if I look back fifteen years, they do seem to be driving me toward two goals: greater understanding of truth and greater strength to widely disseminate that truth.

I noticed a new petition online that called all of my books “rape guides” with a demand for Amazon to ban them, even ones titled “Compliment & Cuddle” and “Why Can’t I Leave A Smiley Face?” Historically, banned books are more read than books that are not, since people can’t help but seek out forbidden materials. The loss of

income from being banned on Amazon would be unpleasant, but if I were to believe that I have a destiny, which I'm not sure as yet whether I do, everything that happens to me is part of the purpose, and so I should not fear any event, even if it causes me significant harm.

I was already leaning towards alternate explanations of the world before Canada, but this summer has nudged me a bit from classic individualism and nihilism to something more spiritual, or at least to a position where I recognize my unique function within nature. If all truth is God's truth, as Mark in New York explained to me, then my relentless pursuit of it, albeit with some "immoral" detours along the way, may be part of a purpose that benefits the whole. Only time can tell.

While waiting for my flight to leave Toronto's Pearson Airport, I got a call from a Montreal detective. He said that I could proceed with charges against the girls for assaulting me, but after reviewing the internet video carefully, he noticed that I had thrown water back at them. "If we go ahead with charges," he said, "it is likely that they will file counter-charges against you."

"If I threw water, it was a self-defense reflex," I replied.

"It doesn't appear that way, but it's up to a judge. I'm not saying this to discourage you from filing charges, but that I'm sure you will have to defend yourself during a trial. I'll let you think it over. If you want to proceed, give me a call back." After a couple days of debate, I decided not to call him back. The girls would get away with their assault, because the last thing I wanted to do was return to Canada for a trial where the "pro-rape" foreigner would be found guilty by the public before a judge could even hear the case.

I later identified the main girl who threw the beer at me to be Katie B. Nelson, an unemployed anarchist from Alberta who re-located to Montreal after multiple run-ins with the police. Besides shaming her online, there was no easy to inflict pain on a girl who was already a professional loser with no money. Life had already dealt her a just punishment, along with the rest of her social justice friends who have

nothing better to do than beg for handouts from the state while interfering with the speech and assembly rights of those whom they disagree with.

After the call from the detective, I boarded my plane for a layover stop in London. Once the plane took off, I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I did it. I successfully held both of my lectures and got out in one piece. After arriving in London, I had never been so happy to hear a British accent. While the paranoia wasn't entirely gone, I could take off my hat and make eye contact with people once again to celebrate with a tasty meal of fish and chips.

THE FIRST THING I did back in Poland was sleep for sixteen straight hours. I resumed my rather simple life of reading, writing, and meeting with friends after a speaking tour that put me through experiences which not only made me a stronger man, but allowed me to peek behind the curtain to see how society, the media, and the government really works. I was determined to write this book not just as a monument to me and my supporters' victory, but to educate men on how the system is actively working to harm them. You have now experienced what I've experienced.

The tour lasted only six weeks, but it changed me forever. I will never see things the same way, because once an entire establishment attacks you, so many of your previous problems and complaints now seem so trivial and insignificant. If I am meant to accomplish something bigger in life than just getting laid or making money, Canada was the first step in finding out what that is.

Epilogue 1

The Aftermath

The following was written four months after leaving Canada.

Looking back on the events, I clearly see the folly of attempting censorship. If the enemy hadn't tried to silence me, ninety men would have heard a speech and that would have been it. There would be no news articles, mayoral denouncements, viral videos, or victory speeches to spread my ideas to a million new minds. Instead, there was a conflagration that led not to the destruction of a man and his ideas, but to their preeminent elevation.

Thanks to Canada, my profile skyrocketed. A huge number of men now know that I'm willing to go far to defend them and their beliefs, meaning that as long as I continue to produce work that helps them in their lives, I won't ever have to worry about not being a positive influence in their lives. In addition, my neomascularity platform was squarely put on the map by garnering its first media mentions, planting a banner flag for men and showing how help is out there when the establishment attempts to limit their masculinity and freedom of speech. I also gained first-hand education of guerilla war tactics, which I'm sure I'll have to use again in the future, perhaps when the stakes are higher. And lastly, I produced this very book, which came into existence solely because of all the idiots—including mayors and politicians—who tried to shut down my speech. They

thought they would win, but they underestimated me and my followers and were humiliated instead, and now sales from this book will help fund efforts to embarrass them further in the future.

In spite of these benefits, the cost to me can't be ignored. I now have many more haters that are following me closely, attempting to make me as miserable as they are themselves, yelling "Roosh is a rapist!" nonstop as if afflicted by Tourette's. I'm sure I'll continue to be defamed as a rapist and rape advocate until my last breath. I can only imagine what would happen if I were to get married and have children, and how my kids would be hounded for a satirical article their daddy wrote two decades prior. Once you enter the spotlight, whether you deliberately put yourself there or not, it's hard to get out. I will forever be heavily scrutinized and maligned.

The biggest retaliation came when a British SJW started a Change.org petition to pull all eighteen of my books from Amazon. This attempt at book burning was based on two or three paragraphs in my sex stories that were quoted out of context, in addition to my *How To Stop Rape* article, which was never published on Amazon. One of the main arguments given to ban the books and deny the public of their rightful consumer choice is that two women became "physically sick" after reading me. I committed the "crime" of hurting their feelings, so therefore I must be economically ruined.

So far today, two women who've read up about Roosh V (Daryush Valizadeh) and his views on rape, women and 'dating' have ended up being physically sick. It's that repugnant. His books, the 'Bang' series, are a thinly veiled guide to getting away with rape. He's campaigned to end rape -- by calling for it to be made legal.

They're making money from a man telling other men how to overcome and rape women. So is he. He's openly confessed to raping a woman in 'Bang Iceland'...

Valizadeh claims protest against him only 'makes him stronger'. So let's hit him where it hurts -- financially. Help petition Amazon to remove his works from their their stock; sign and share.

To those who'll cry 'censorship' - back off. He's entitled to write and think and say what he likes. He's not, however, protected from the backlash against his output, or removal of platform. This isn't about banning books, it's about ensuring he, and Amazon, can't profit from rape.

The petition itself garnered little attention, but then the establishment media lifted it up. Does that strategy sound familiar? Three large British newspapers published stories on it, written by female journalists, and Change.org themselves “featured” the petition to their hundreds of thousands of visitors. The Independent newspaper repeated the lie that my rape policy proposal was literal instead of the thought experiment I repeatedly declared it as.

A petition has been launched urging Amazon to stop selling books written by a controversial blogger who has called for rape committed in a private place to be legalised.

The anti-feminist blogger Daryush Valizadeh, who goes by the name 'Roosh V', shares tips on how to 'pick-up' women on his website, (such as “stop asking for permission”), and in his self-published books, which give advice on how to have more sex with women in different countries.

He also publishes a weekly news letter that details ways to isolate girls in bars and "defeat bedroom resistance" in one simple move.

The petition attracted an astonishing 235,000 signers. Mentally, I prepared for Amazon to shut me down. It would have caused a dent in

my income for sure, and would perhaps make my victory in Canada a Pyrrhic one, but in the end Amazon took no action. I can only wonder why, since they had done the very social justice thing of banning all confederate flag sales just weeks before.

Furious after failing to achieve her objective, the petition organizer then commanded the signers to leave fake one-star reviews on my books. Over 300 of them were left on *Bang*, dropping its stellar 4.5 out of 5 star rating down to 3 stars. Sales of the book did decline because of that, but all my books currently remain on sale, including this one. Because I believe that all my books will indeed be pulled from Amazon within a couple of years, I have constructed an action plan to maintain the stability of my business. I will not be caught off-guard.

Not even a month after the petition was launched, I wake up to find that both Return Of Kings and my forum were offline at the same time, even though they were hosted with different companies. After an investigation by my hosts, both confirmed that my sites were being hit by a distributed denial of service (DDOS) attack, in which someone commands hundreds of computers to flood the bandwidth of an individual site or server, preventing it from serving real visitors. The attack was large and persistent enough that the sites were offline throughout most of a one-week period. No one claimed responsibility for the attack, but it's safe to assume that it was run by the social justice crowd.

Part of the attack's success was my fault. Beforehand, I took absolutely no precautions to protect against a raid of this sort, so my servers were not behind a proper firewall. I hired an IT professional and we got to work. We fortified the servers enough to the point that I can now sustain an attack ten times larger than I received, perhaps even greater. While the downtime was inconvenient, it served as a stress test to ensure the servers stay online during a possible future battle. If the DDOS had hit during my Canadian campaign, I would have been far more crippled, so thankfully my enemy was foolish enough to wait to attack until the stakes were low.

Calm followed after the Amazon petition and DDOS attack. Mobs can't stay assembled and angry indefinitely. The anger dies down and they disperse, but I know that they are ready to form again at a moment's notice. While they may be more numerous in the future, I will be more prepared, and so I'm ready for what they will throw at me.

I can't deny that SJWs have landed solid financial hits against me. If I were to calculate the extra expenses for security in Canada, the lost book sales from Amazon thanks to the bogus reviews, the increased hosting costs, and the lost advertising revenue from when *Return Of Kings* was offline, I'd estimate the costs at \$10,000-13,000. Every free-thinking man must now pay a "mob tax" if he wants to exercise his free speech, which turns out is not free at all. On the other hand, the media coverage I received in Canada was worth far more than \$10,000, as any publicist would tell you, and I made a big chunk of that back when I sold video copies of the lecture, moving 300 extra units compared to my previous releases. Sales from this book will also add to the pot.

War is not just a financial drain but a mental drain as well. Even with so many supporters by your side, there's intense pressure from having so many thousands of people gunning for you. I experienced a moment of weakness in the middle of the DDOS attack when I second-guessed myself. Should I have fought? Eastern philosopher Osho says I shouldn't have:

When you want to prove that you are somebody you hurt everyone's ego, and they will all try to prove that you are nothing. What, who, do you think you are? You have to prove it, and it is a very hard way, very violent, very destructive.

Canada stood up against me to proclaim that I am a nobody who should not be listened to. To prove them otherwise, there had to be violence and destruction. In spite of that, I can say that I wouldn't have played this situation out in any other way, because in the end I

believe in the righteousness of my work and the men who support me. I had a right to give that speech and those men had a right to hear it, not only a legal right but a moral right as well. If I don't stand up for what I believe in, how can I look myself in the mirror and continue to enjoy the benefits of living? How can I not see a man who has failed in his duties? So if violence and destruction must come forth in the protection of our speech and rights, and if I must spend tens of thousands of dollars more in future fights, so be it. I'm sure I'll encounter these freaks again, and I pray for the strength to defeat them as soundly as I did in Canada.

Many men in the West float through life, never rehearsing in their minds what they would do if the mob knocks on their door with a list of unjust demands, but we now live in a time when the mob's arrival is inevitable, as the old false narrative fades away and one based on truth arises to replace it. Destruction and violence will be a part of this transition. You must prepare for it and ask yourself how you will respond when that mob rushes towards you, screaming and yelling, and how much you are willing to lose and suffer if you choose to make a stand.

I believe my future is already written. I will want to give a talk or publish a book, and there will be a credible threat on my life that demands I stop. The next time I may be attacked not with beer but with lethal weapons, and when that day comes I will not fear it, because when you believe in something greater than yourself, you are ready to make the ultimate sacrifice.

Epilogue 2

The Worldwide Meetup Outrage

The following was written six months after leaving Canada.

Before the lecture tour, I started an informal meeting in the summer of 2015 with a small group of men in the Polish city I was living in. Every other Thursday we'd meet in a café and talk about life, women, and politics before setting out for a night on the town. One of the guys spontaneously called it a “tribal meeting.”

Since I enjoyed the tribal meeting, I figured most of my other readers would enjoy one too if they had one for their own city, so I created a web page to describe how a tribal meeting worked and started promoting the idea on my forum. I especially liked how locally based tribes would be a good way for men to get offline and organize into groups that could help one another with employment aid or life advice. I also knew that these tribes would be useful for men if their city faced some kind of emergency or decline, like the migrant crisis in Europe. Whether in peacetime or wartime, local meetups were the next logical step to help men who possessed counter-cultural ideas in a world that seemed headed for turbulence and instability.

By the time January 2016 rolled around, there were four functioning tribes, proving to me that the concept was sound. To prepare for a worldwide launch, I created an event called International Meetup Day to take place on February 6. I asked men from around the world to submit a form to host a one-time meeting in their city. Approximately

165 men from over 40 countries answered the call. My intention was to spread the idea of the tribal meeting to most of my readers in the most efficient manner possible, with the hope of many of the meetings on February 6 becoming permanent, regular groups like the one I started in Poland.

The hardest part of arranging meetup day was logistics. For each city I wanted to set a centrally located meeting point where men who didn't know one another—and who didn't have each other's phone numbers—could gather at a spot and easily identify others with a password that involved asking where the “pet shop” was. I spent over ten hours going through each one of the 165 meetup locations, taking screenshots on Google Maps and adding arrows to photos so men wouldn't be confused about where to meet. After gathering at the public spot, the men would then move to a private bar and have drinks and conversation.

I noticed some negative buzz on Reddit in response to meetup day, but nothing worrying. My readers were excited to meet one another and shared public comments about which city's event they would attend. And then suddenly it all went wrong.

On the evening of January 31, a story in the Australian media reported the meetup as a sort of rape gathering, organized by a “pro-rape” leader. Just like with the Canadian media, they claimed that my *How To Stop Rape* article was literal, not satirical, to portray me and my readers as genuine rape enthusiasts.

A "neomasculinist" online group whose supporters believe rape should be legalised on private property and that women are biologically determined to follow the orders of men will meet for the first time in real life in Sydney on Saturday.

The meeting, at 8pm in Hyde Park in Sydney and at 43 other locations around the world, is organised by US-based "neomasculinist" and legal rape advocate, Daryush "Roosh" Valizadeh.

The reporting was so absurd that it was impossible for me to take it seriously. I laughed at the Australian articles and TV news segments that appeared over the next day and claimed that I would fly into Australia and lead the meetups myself. When their immigration minister called an “urgent briefing” to debate my arrival, I defiantly stated that I would enter Australia by boat because of their “weak” borders. For the first day of coverage, I mocked the Australian media and government because I had no plans to fly there and wasn’t in any immediate threat, but then the false reporting spread to other countries.

Over the next two days, the news traveled to New Zealand, then England, then the rest of Europe (especially Germany, Spain, and Sweden), then Canada, then the United States, and then finally to two dozen further countries. The meeting was the top story in at least 50 news markets, often leading television news broadcasts.

Dozens of governmental officials, including mayors and members of parliament, denounced the meeting. My old friends from Canada, mayor John Tory and politician Norm Kelly, joined the feeding frenzy. Local police said ROK readers would be “monitored” if they showed up to the meeting. The governor of Texas, Greg Abbott, denounced the meetup. Immigration officials in Australia and England made moves to officially ban me from their countries. The House of Commons in England debated me for thirty minutes, and female members of Parliament implied that I have a small penis.

The media storm resulted in over 1,600 media articles (not including television segments). Many of the articles went so far as describing the meetup as a “rape rally” where men would proceed to rape women on the streets. News headlines were unhinged.

Pro-Rape Men’s Group Plans Meeting In Chicago

*Fort Canning Park Will See The Gathering Of Followers Of
Pro-Rape Advocate Roosh This Weekend*

Militant Pro-Rape 'Pick Up Artist' Organises Events In Scotland Where Female Gate-Crashers Risk 'Furious Retribution'

Man Who Advocates Making Rape Legal On Private Property Organizing A Secret Meet-Up In Cardiff

International Group Pushing To Legalise Rape May Meet In Singapore

Roosh V Plans 'Rape Should Be Legal' Meetup In Toronto

All-Female Boxing Team Threatens To Crash 'Pro Rape' Rallies This Saturday

In spite of the worldwide outrage, I was determined to carry the meeting through, but then local protesters started to organize in dozens of cities on Facebook with media help, claiming they were going to assault and dox any man who showed up to the meeting. I didn't take their assault claims seriously, but I knew they would definitely proceed with their doxxing plan since it's one of their favorite tactics. Meetup day was turning into an ambush. I'd be sending men to a location where government and media-supported SJWs would try to publicly identify them as rapists, unlike in Canada where we were able to meet at secret locations.

My first plan of action was to make the meeting locations private. On Tuesday, February 2, I invited all the hosts to a private forum and asked them to pick alternate locations, starting with Australia, but half of the hosts didn't make it in, probably because the heat in their cities was too great. I established vetting standards with the remaining hosts that required attendees to email the host of their city with proof that they were a legitimate follower. One way they could do that was to send an email receipt showing that they had purchased a book of mine in the past.

Within a day, it became clear that we wouldn't be able to shield

more than 40 or so meetups in time, leaving 125 of them at risk. Then we started receiving obviously fake Amazon receipts from protesters who wanted to infiltrate the meeting, meaning that our vetting procedure was not secure. Even worse was that one of the original hosts turned out to be a mole, and began to divulge details of the private group to outsiders. The form he had used to sign up was open to the public, so there could have been other enemy infiltrators in the group. We simply didn't have the procedures in place to prevent the multiple security failures we were now facing.

On Wednesday, February 3, at the height of the outrage and with only 30 meetups privatized, I called Quintus and asked for his opinion on whether to proceed or not. I told him that I would be crushed if men lost their jobs over attending a meetup. Quintus sympathized with my view, but stated that the men who follow me aren't children and can do a risk analysis themselves. It's not as if I was hiding the risk or forcing them to attend the meeting.

I agreed with his sentiment, but the furor kept growing. I started getting emails from .gov addresses, either from police or Federal organizations. Apparently some of the meeting points were on Federal land, and now I was being told that anyone who showed up to those meetups would be arrested for trespassing. Facebook groups for local protests reached hundreds of people for gatherings that were originally intended to have only ten or so men attending.

By this point I had been going three nights with hardly any sleep. My appetite disappeared. My mouth was constantly dry, making it difficult to eat. My emotional state was anxious, but not as stressed as in Canada since my personal safety was not threatened. My main concern was for the men showing up. I knew they were adults and could take care of themselves, but they were up against too many variables and threats.

I began drafting an article that discussed a protocol for them to stay safe, but it was a futile exercise since I couldn't come close to guaranteeing their safety against a far more numerous enemy who knew *exactly* where they'd gather. I would be tossing them into a

dangerous situation that they had not experienced before or trained for. It would be one thing if I was there with them and able to lead, but I couldn't even give them guidance on how to identify other attendees as trustworthy.

On the evening of February 3, I asked myself whether proceeding with the meetup was worth it. Is having a publicly organized meetup worth the guaranteed pain that was sure to come for dozens of men? I decided it wasn't—not even close. Canada was a battle that defended a planned private speech in one location at a time, but this was setting up to be a massacre that had little benefit even if we could pull it off. I made the call to cancel the meeting and posted the announcement online.

I can no longer guarantee the safety or privacy of the men who want to attend on February 6, especially since most of the meetups can not be made private in time. While I can't stop men who want to continue meeting in private groups, there will be no official Return Of Kings meetups. The listing page has been scrubbed of all locations. I apologize to all the supporters who are let down by my decision.

The momentum of the story was so great that I knew it wouldn't deflect all the anger. Protests would certainly still be held and the politicians would still rage. I figured we had to stay alert until Sunday, but at least by cancelling, hundreds of men were now out of direct harm's way.

There are many battles in the future that I'm sure we will engage in, but one where a small guerilla army walked out on the open battlefield against a large regiment of infantry that had multiple reinforcements simply wasn't one of them. I firmly believe that it would have been absolute folly to proceed in such an engagement. While I wouldn't mind gathering my best men and showing up at one of the locations, I couldn't send others into the meeting when the local hosts weren't properly vetted and where they didn't even know

beforehand who else would be attending. It was a recipe for disaster, and based on the events that ended up taking place on Saturday, my fears about members being harmed turned out to be accurate.

At the time the outrage was happening, I happened to be visiting my father's house in a Washington, D.C. suburb for a short stay before returning back to Eastern Europe. On Thursday, February 4, a news crew with the Daily Mail came to the house while I was sleeping. They failed to hector my stepmom, a gentle Persian woman, into admitting I was there, and camped out in front of the house in the hopes of getting a story.

I went online, wondering how they were able to find my dad's address so quickly, and noticed a series of messages from the hacking group Anonymous. It turned out that they had doxxed the house earlier that morning. I was already under stress due to the media and government pressure, but now my mood turned to near panic.

Up to Thursday, I received over 100 threats, many of them credible. Now all of those deranged and gullible idiots had my father's address. The threats continued to come in, including one that stated my family's house would soon be burned to the ground. I figured that people would at least try to "swat" the house by making bogus calls to police saying there was a hostage situation inside, or even worse, come to the house and attempt to harm my family.

The first thing I did was call the local police. I opened the door when they came, not knowing that the Daily Mail had a telephoto lens pointed at the door. After explaining the story, they put a flag on the address against swatting attempts. Besides that, all they could do was advise me to contact the FBI because nearly all the threats were coming in from other jurisdictions. The Daily Mail story went live not long after they left.

Not so cool now! Pro-rape pick-up artist pictured in a sweat-stained T-shirt at the door of his mother's home (where he lives in the BASEMENT!)

This is the man at the center of a worldwide storm after advocating legalizing rape on private property - in a sweat-stained T-shirt at the door of his mother's house.

Daryush 'Roosh' Valizadeh, 36, the self-proclaimed 'King of Masculinity' called police after receiving death threats from around the world and canceled a series of 'tribal meetings' in 45 countries set for this weekend.

Valizadeh, who is at the center of public protests at home and in Canada, Australia and the UK, is on record as advocating women be banned from voting, describing a woman's value as dependent on her 'fertility and beauty', and stating that women with eating disorders make the best girlfriends.

The article was shared over 100,000 times. While I could do without the false claim that I live with my mother, the story confirmed the dox and told the world that I was in fact currently located at the released address, which was shared on a Facebook account controlled by an Anonymous group with over 300,000 subscribers. The dox went viral itself, being viewed over one million times. I had friends from around the world asking me why my family's address was popping up on their Facebook feed. It may have been the most viewed dox ever.

The situation seemed dire. After the media successfully painted me as a monster who is trying to legalize rape and organize rape mobs in cities around the world, they added a cherry on top by helping publicize my family's address to people who wanted me dead. The media, whether deliberately or not, had put my family in great danger. I called a security firm and by nightfall there was an armed guard in front of the house. In the subsequent week, they defended the house against multiple news crews, pizza deliveries, and random men claiming to be plumbers or painters, but who suspiciously lacked work equipment.

I was relieved when the Daily Mail published a follow-up story claiming that I hired a “burly security guard,” because I knew it would deter people from coming to the house.

The self-styled 'King of Masculinity' has called in his own private security guard after claiming he had been threatened.

Roosh Valizadeh, who used a blog post - which he later said was satirical - to say that if a woman was on private property she could be legitimately raped, hired the bodyguard as global revulsion over his views grew.

When Daily Mail Online attempted to speak to Valizadeh at his mother's basement where he is in hiding, his guard leaped up and warned our reporter off.

He said: 'I can't let you go there. I have got to protect him and myself. Nobody is going near his door.'

That night I apologized to my family for bringing danger upon them. They would have none of it, instead blaming the people who were responsible for the manufactured outrage. My dad said, “What are they going to do to me, anyway? Kill me? I’m already old.” My stepmom was as calm as a lamb, like nothing at all was happening. I asked her how she could remain so unaffected. She replied, “I prayed to Allah to keep us safe. Everything will be okay for us.” From outward appearances, they seemed relaxed while I was the nervous wreck.

I responded online to my family’s dox by sending a tweet that was less of a counterattack than a means to garner sympathy.

Whatever I've done in my life, my parents don't deserve to be harmed because of my work.

While it wasn't quite a nervous breakdown, it was a departure from my normal aggressive demeanor. Soon after I sent it out, I received an email from Vox Day asking for my number. He called me the next day, Friday, February 5, when I was in the middle of packing my bags. I planned to leave that night because the security firm advised me that it was best to make a visible exit from my family's house to take the spotlight off of them.

"You're reacting right now," Vox said. "You're not working based on a plan."

"I'm feeling shell-shocked," I replied. "I was prepared for a lot of things but not my family getting doxxed. Besides hiring the security firm, I'm not sure what to do next."

"You have to get the narrative back. The best way to do this is to call a press conference with the D.C. media and go after them hard. Otherwise they're just going to keep attacking you."

The last thing on my mind while trying to defend my family was going back on the attack, but I knew he was right. I sent out a tweet inviting members of the media to a press conference for the next evening. Within a couple of hours, I had over ten responses. I called up a hotel I used to take dates to when I was in my mid 20's and reserved a conference room for one hour.

I departed my father's house late on Friday evening. It was hard to leave them in such a circumstance, but they were in good hands and I knew that they would be safer than I was. I promised to return for a visit in a couple of months when things had calmed down.

I moved to a Washington, D.C. hotel and stayed indoors until Saturday evening, when I went with two bodyguards to the site of the press conference in Dupont Circle. I invited eight of my friends, most of whom were muscular and looked like bodyguards themselves. Reporters were present from Washington Post, Washington Times, Daily Beast, Vice, DCist, Washingtonian, Wonkette, RTV German television, and Martha Stewart Living, along with a handful of freelancers. They were already seated around the conference table when I entered the room. I greeted them as cordially as I could so

their guard would remain low, but I'm certain my hatred for them for their part in stirring up a mob and leading it to my family's doorstep leaked through anyway. After setting up my camera, I went around the room to find out where they worked, making negative comments about what I thought of their publication. Then the press conference began.

Thankfully, the reporters were so stupid and unprepared that I didn't even have to practice beforehand to humiliate them. I drilled them for lying, being illiterate, ignoring real rapes in Europe, concealing genuine societal problems that affected the standard of living of Americans, and being low-energy wimps who didn't lift weights. I denied the accusation that I was a rapist and refused to apologize or even make any concessions to their arguments.

Caitlin Dewey: Do you acknowledge that any of your writing might be genuinely offensive or upsetting to some people?

Roosh: So what?

Caitlin Dewey: Do you blame all of their reaction solely on media misinterpretation?

Roosh: I blame them for not reading what I write, for taking the mentality of a 10-year-old kid.

Caitlin Dewey: Your writing is offensive on its face.

Roosh: So what? So what? I have freedom of speech. Be offended, good, that means my writing got you.

Caitlin Dewey: So you acknowledge that you did provoke some of this yourself.

Roosh: I acknowledge that as a writer my job is to get attention

and I did it. Right? But so what if you are offended. So what if I make fun of you? Is that where we're at right now that we can't write things that hurt people's feelings? Good, get offended, feel something, but don't lie. Don't lie. And that's what you guys have done.

My friend broadcasted the press conference live from his smartphone, allowing me to see feedback right after it was done. Comments were overwhelmingly favorable. When I uploaded the video to Youtube the next afternoon, it received 50,000 views within three days. The reporters who had shown up were pissed. They wrote angry articles that called me “irrelevant” and overly “thirsty” because I drank water during the press conference.

Caitlin Dewey, a reporter for the Washington Post, was particularly angry that I didn't capitulate. She stopped one step short of admitting that she got played.

A round of drinks between the two reporters later that evening did little to illuminate the answer to our original question: was it a journalistic sin to bother to show up to the press conference at all? Valizadeh walked away from the event with the anti-media propaganda video he wanted, and we left with no news of consequence – an unpleasant outcome that, sadly, we had anticipated.

When the media lies to the public and presents a false interpretation of reality, it's “news,” but when a man challenges the blatant lies of that interpretation, it's “propaganda.” With the press conference online, however, people could see with their own eyes the media's undeniable aversion to truth.

On Sunday afternoon, I noticed that the outrage against me dropped by more than half. The goal of the enemy was to silence me and make me hide, but instead they saw a show of force that proved I wasn't going anywhere. The only comeback they had was that I drank

too much water. I could soon begin to focus on returning my sites back to normal.

Throughout Sunday I received reports that many meetups happened as scheduled, despite the furor. The forum would eventually confirm 26 meetups in Sweden, England, Poland, Russia, Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, China, Japan, Canada, and the United States. Based on additional unconfirmed reports, I conservatively estimate that 40 meetups took place from an original plan of 165, meaning that we had a 24% success rate in spite of the fact that the whole world came crashing down upon us to prevent even one meetup from taking place. I can't take credit for this result; it was solely due to the courage of the men who showed up and were willing to face a mob that was determined to identify them and get them fired from their jobs.

Unfortunately, three of our men were attacked by the mob, in addition to a handful of other men who were misidentified as ROK supporters. One university student was identified in his university and reported to the dean. Thankfully, no action was taken against him. Another supporter was photographed at the meeting point and had his name, phone number, and place of employment published online. He sustained no harm after following my advice to admit nothing, deny everything, and make counter-accusations (see Appendix 1 for more on how to defend against an attack). The third man wasn't as lucky. Instead of doxxing him, a mob of anti-fascist protesters assaulted him at his city's meeting point, breaking his nose and ribs. The SJWs constantly accuse us of being violent, but just as in Canada, it was exclusively their side that used violence. I can only imagine how quickly the media would condemn us if we did so little as gently nudge a protester.

A dystopian scene at the site of a German meetup showed how attendees were targeted.

I was there a little bit ahead of time to observe the spot. I spotted some Antifa looking people, men and women. So I walked by

a little but did not hit the direct spot, a statue. There was one guy directly at the statue that could look like a Roosh Member; he was decent looking. And one other guy that looked kind of similar but also waited in one corner. But the huge number, about 20 Antifa looking people, gave me some thrill. One guy, Antifa looking, piercing in his nose, asked me: "Do you know where there is a pet shop?" I told him all stores have already closed.

Then I left the spot and got some direct looks from those Antifa people. Shortly after, I drove by with my car. The two guys were gone too.

I don't mind meeting again, but not when there are about 20 Antifa looking people that are looking to smash someone.

The meetup in Amsterdam had it even worse. They were infiltrated and swarmed by protesters.

Got infiltrated. After 30 minutes one of the attendees went to get a beer and came back with about 20 SJW's filming and photographing me and the other attendees. All left the venue quickly, they tried to chase me but I lost them in the streets rather quickly (I know the neighborhood well).

After this, I met up with the other attendees as far as possible at a different venue, and this went well. I would still call it a success despite the error we made during vetting.

Another meeting in the Northeast of the United States was disrupted by protesters as an open-carry gun group attempted to keep the peace. The funniest episode was in New York City, where one of our guys infiltrated the feminist protest group and misinformed them that the meetup was happening inside a posh nightclub. The protesters,

numbering around 40, mobbed the club when the actual meetup was happening a few blocks away. One of those protesters was arrested by the New York Police Department for disorderly conduct. Not a single ROK supporter was arrested on meetup day.

After the press conference, I celebrated in a D.C. bar with my friends, reviewing the insanity of the past week while my bodyguards kept watch. The next day I was on a train to New York City to crash on the couch of Clint Burton, who had hosted me the previous summer during my lecture in the city. On the trip over, I mused on the orgy of lies that made this whole outrage possible:

Roosh is a rapist.

Roosh is a rape proponent.

ROK lobbies for rape legalization.

The ROK meetups are rape rallies that will result in harm to women.

ROK readers believe in rape on private property.

Roosh is doxxing female reporters.

Roosh and ROK are militants who want to assemble an extremist army.

Roosh lives in his mom's basement.

For the establishment to foment a huge mob against us, they had to launch a barrage of lies which angered just about everyone who encountered the news about us. The truth of my work and the meetups would not have led to this outrage, meaning that to whip the sheep of the world into a frenzy, lying is required.

I wondered whether this outrage had been planned by the powers that be or arose spontaneously. I initially leaned to the latter explanation, since my ideas naturally conflict with the “rape culture” narrative that has permeated and corrupted all Western institutions. When news that conflicts with belief in rape culture arrives on the computer screens of editors, journalists, or politicians, a negative reaction is immediate and predictable, because they would never have

been hired, elevated, or elected to positions of influence if they weren't true believers. On the other hand, the politicians who attempted to ban me from their countries, and even the entire European Union, were a little too deliberate in using the media's lies to justify their actions.

From my perspective, it was a coordinated one-two punch in which the media invented the lies and then the politicians, who I would assume are smarter than the average social justice warrior and can spend ten minutes checking the facts, use those lies to justify legal measures. I wouldn't be shocked to learn that politicians help journalists create attack angles and sensational headlines, but knowing whether this was pre-meditated or not does nothing to change the reality that they have now painted a big target on me and my followers. Whenever they need to distract the sheep from their declining standard of living, they can launch a tirade on 'those rapists who believe in rape on private property.'

Two days into my stay at Clint's apartment, I encountered an article by the unknown novelist Stephanie Jane Gari. It contained an invented rape accusation against me by a person she named "Susan," who took one of my sex stories that was available for free online and added details that simply never happened, including moves that I've never used and statements I've never said in my life. This rape fan fiction was passed off as fact by Gari with the intent to cause me serious harm. After reading it, I knew it was time to hire a lawyer.

I was referred to Marc Randazza, one of the best First Amendment lawyers in the United States, who stated that I had a strong defamation case (he usually takes the side of the defendant in such cases). Dozens of readers told me to go for blood, but Gari appeared to be broke, living in one of the poorest counties in her state. She was essentially an older version of beer-throwing Katie B. Nelson, a loser with low income. To teach her a lesson would cost me between \$25,000 and \$100,000. When someone with nothing to lose and no money comes after someone of status, there isn't an easy way to exact justice. The reason they make up lies or resort to assault is because

they're already in bad shape. Their vile attacks are a projection of the turmoil their lives are in.

Perversely, a loser who comes after a winner may *gain* from being sued or charged with a crime, because the troops will rally around that person with a crowdfunding campaign and she'll be lavished with sympathetic media articles that create a name for her. If I sue the author, I fully expect her to write a book about her experience that far outsells her current novel, which is ranked a dismal 750,000 on Amazon. At the same time, it's just too hard to let someone get away with such blatant defamation. I told my lawyer to go ahead and start legal proceedings by filing a Jane Doe lawsuit against "Susan" to uncover her real identity.

I spent time with Clint and members of the New York City tribe. We talked about how to tighten security further and also had a laugh about how the SJWs wasted their night protesting at the wrong location. The men noticed that I was still jumpy, and did their best to accommodate me.

I thought they would be spooked at what had just happened and tell me something along the lines of, "Hey Roosh I like you and your work, but this is just too much. Don't feel offended that I need to cut ties with you and your sites." Instead, the opposite happened—they seemed more committed than before, asking me what I thought of the next battle and how we could win it.

A similar sentiment was reflected in my email inbox, where I received hundreds of offers of aid. When a group gets attacked by outsiders, its most engaged members become even more dedicated. Now the public is calling neomascularity a "movement." The only way to have a movement, it seems, is if you're attacked.

After four nights in the city, I flew to Moscow, because if Russia is safe enough for Edward Snowden, it should be safe enough for me. Even before the outrage happened, I was not sure where to live, and the answer is still unclear to me. My top three options are Russia, Ukraine, and Poland. I wonder if the best thing to do is simply bounce between them for the next couple of years until the choice becomes

obvious at some point (or I run out of energy and let inertia make the decision for me).

As things calmed down further, with random aftershocks here and there, such as a feminist Minister of the European Parliament calling for me to be banned from Europe, I focused on three things: making more money, securing all my internet properties, and teaching my followers how to stay safe and anonymous. While I earn enough income to live on, I have to expect another expensive outrage in the future. Immediate costs this time around were \$22,000, mostly spent on security.

The size of this outrage was six times larger than Canada, based on Google searches for my name. I expect the next one, when it happens, to include at least one denouncement from a head of state along with trumped-up “terroristic speech” accusations based on “inciting violence,” none of which will have any factual basis. I need to make more money not to live a luxurious lifestyle, but to be able to pay for what I imagine to be a dream team of lawyers to defend myself and my speech against bogus charges.

If I’m going to be treated like a criminal outlaw, I might as well live like one. I’m returning to the lifestyle I had in my mid 20’s, when I lived out of a backpack and traveled from one location to the next. I must have no attachments to any nation, city, home, or woman. Because it only takes two days for the mob to be assembled, I must always be ready to get up and move when they return. I will seek safe shelter, accept aid from the men I trust, and open my wallet to defend my speech. Everything that I’ve done in the past ten years has given me the ability to live in this way.

I already know what’s in store for me: they will try to grind me down. They will toss mountains of crap my way in an attempt to exhaust me and weaken my finances. They will try to distract me from my main mission so that I become fearful, paranoid, and unstable. There’s no way to say that they won’t succeed in making me run away from it all by closing my sites, changing my name, moving to a small village, and living out my days making babies with a nice

woman, but as of right now, I'm nowhere close to taking that route.

Maybe I'll change my tune in the future if the burden becomes too great for me to handle, but as of now I remain compelled to continue publishing the truth while helping masculine men forge bonds in real life. That's the mission that I've seemingly been given in life, and while it's getting harder to do that in a modern dystopia where masculinity is being criminalized, I refuse to stop. I would rather live in danger as an outlaw than live in safety as a broken man.

I have accepted my fate, and if you believe in the same ideas as me, I hope you have too. See you at the next outrage.

Transcript 1

The State Of Man

Lecture

The following lecture took place in New York City on July 18, 2015. Audience reaction is shown in italicized parentheses.

Raise your hand if you like sex. Now raise your hand if you think you're putting in too much work for the sex that you are getting, if you're working really hard out there. Guys, I am working extremely hard.

Right now we live in a time where sex is the easiest and hardest to get at the same time. How can that be? Well, it is the easiest because women are encouraged to sleep with whoever they want without any shame or guilt. There is nothing right now stopping a woman from going outside and finding a sexy, random man and taking him home. Nothing at all.

But at the same time, it's hard because she's been encouraged to select the most high-status man that she can get, and they are now experts at evaluating men and swiping through them with dating apps. Evaluating a man takes ten seconds. "Is he worthy for me to go out with?"

In the past, if you were a six out of ten man (and I'm talking not just how you look but your resources and your charm), you would have also matched up with a woman who was a six out of ten as well. You would have matched up with someone who shares your same

socioeconomic status. But now, a girl who is a six out of ten, does she want a man who is a six out of ten? No, she wants a man who is an eight, a nine, a man with six pack abs. And she is willing to put in ten to fifteen years of work in order to find that man. You can go outside and see women who are thirty and still hopeful that God will give them that sexy man. (*Laughter.*)

If you are a six out of ten man right now, I have some good news. You can get a woman who is a two very easily. (*Laughter.*) If you want to date a woman who is a two or a three, you don't need game at all. You don't have to put in any work. But who here wants a girl who is a two? (*Man raises hand.*) There is always one. (*Laughter.*)

So now we have to find out why is this. What is going on? Now, I want to ask you guys, do you think we're living in a normal time? A sane time? (*No.*) I believe we are living in a weird time. There are eleven things wrong, and I want to go down the list and tell you what they are.

The first thing: women and gays are now seen as superior to straight men. They are being given the benefits in the universities and in the media before everyone here. Their voice is amplified while ours is muted. Three weeks ago, I had a lecture in Berlin. There was a man over here who was there. I had to hide where the venue was, like I did here. I couldn't say where the event was taking place until about twelve hours before. At the same time we held the event, outside on the streets in full view, guess what was going on? A gay pride parade.

Hundreds of people, gay men with their shirts off, humping each other. The music was loud. Alcohol was flowing. And to top it off, there was a midget gimp on a leash. (*Laughter.*) I got a witness, he was there. The gimp was in a leather mask like a slave midget, being led around, and we have to hide. This is what happens. (*Laughter.*) There are kids outside: "Mommy, what's that little man in the leather?" But I can't say where I'm going to hold this event. And many of you here right now are scared to death that someone is going to take your photo. (*Laughter.*) One thing is you can't lift up a group without pushing down someone else, and we are the ones getting

pushed down.

Number two. Everyone in this room was born to rape. Everyone here is a rapist, and you need to be taught by a feminist who is very fat how not to rape. All of you need to be taught. (*Laughter.*) You are savages. All of you are savages, and so am I. And if there is a girl that you like, a good-looking girl and you want to talk to her, who do you think you are, creep? You are harassing her. And soon there will be laws to make sure you know your role. You can't just go up to girls and harass them.

Number three. The very idea of legal due process is changing so that every man in this room is on the hook for rape for sex that is not rape. Have you guys heard of these new laws being rolled out in the colleges called "Yes Means Yes?" (*Yes.*) And what is this law doing? This is a beta test to roll out for everyone to change the meaning of consent. Consent is now whatever the woman says it is. The "Yes Means Yes" laws state that during sex, a woman must affirmatively consent, say yes I want to continue having sex with you, and you better get it on tape. That's what they are doing. So what you see with the laws coming out is they want to see how the masses are going to respond.

Number four. All of us here in public have to put on a mask and speak through a filter. You cannot state what you really think out there. Inside here, you can say whatever you want, but if you say the wrong thing in your job, what is going to happen? (*'You get fired.'*) So, they can say whatever they want, but we can't.

Number five. The very idea of beauty and aesthetics is being destroyed. Now, women and some men are being encouraged to look like fat, outer space cyborgs. Freaks! And even worse, they are becoming vulgar. Women curse in public, they burp, and here in the U.S., they like to fight. They like to fight! If you say the wrong thing in a bar and she's had a few drinks, her hand is coming up and she's going to try to threaten you. And what are you going to do? Hit her back? And what is going to happen to you? You go to jail.

Number six. Cheap entertainment and internet is turning everyone

into a zombie who can't think for themselves. Even when you go out with a group of friends, count how many times they need to pull their phone out to check something. I'm sure you guys have been on dates with a girl where every three minutes she's wondering how many men clicked 'like' on that selfie that she uploaded on Instagram because your conversation is not as good as she wanted. And when a piece of news happens, the first thing people do is go on the internet to see what their friends are saying, to see what Gawker and BuzzFeed says. People are no longer able to think for themselves. They are no longer able to socialize in a normal way.

Number seven. Men are no longer being trained on how to be men. Women are no longer being trained on how to be women. Why? Because the culture is now trying to achieve an androgynous ideal where you meet someone and is this a he, she, or it? (*'A shit,' laughter.*) And if you say the wrong thing, if you call it an it when it's a she, then that it is going to get mad and call you transphobic. You must lose your job because of that.

And who watched, I think it was the other day, the ESPY Awards, that rolled out the red carpet for this freak of nature [Bruce Jenner]. She was so beautiful and thin. (*She was.*) Doesn't it seem kind of weird that all of a sudden these ideas and topics are being pushed onto the news? Interview here, interview there, favorable coverage. Is this an accident? (*No.*)

Number eight. Men are no longer valued for being men. We are no longer valued for being builders of cities, fathers, and conquerors. We are instead a problem that needs to be solved. Do you think one day it's going to happen where we put young boys in these type of schools where they're being taught by feminist women, and if they act out, they're given a drug to control them? Do you think this will ever happen? When was the last time you heard of a girl in school being given a drug because she's acting out? I haven't heard of this.

Number nine. It now takes hundreds of hours of game work and self-improvement work to enter a sexual relationship with a girl who is good looking. Did your dad have to put in a hundred hours to meet

your mom? My dad had to take a shower every day. (*Laughter and clapping.*) Is that enough now? (*No.*) A shower every day... come on.

Number ten. Every man who gets married in the West, thanks to marriage laws and divorce laws, is now a hostage in his own home. When the woman gets tired and bored—oh she hasn't traveled to Europe when she was young—maybe now is a good time after the second kid comes out. She can leave, take the kids, half his cash, the house, the car, and if he doesn't continue making payments every month, he goes straight to jail. Or she can just call the cops and say he hit her. Automatically, he has to be put into a cell. Do you think it's a good deal now for men to get married in the USA?

And lastly, number eleven. Our cities and societies are turning into an open-air candy shop for women to have fun with no responsibilities. They are encouraged from a young age to do what they want, to chase their idea of what makes them feel good and happy, to sleep with as many men as they want. And if you are looking for something serious, I have good news. When she is done having her fun and she is twenty-eight or twenty-nine, she will marry you. (*Laughter.*)

So we haven't hit the bottom yet. We still, I believe, are ten years out from when all these issues and problems work its way through the system. And one of the reasons why is because all these ideas are built into the entertainment and devices everyone uses every day. Maybe you guys can help me out—what do you call this thing? ('*A smartphone.*') Nope. It's a Trojan horse. (*Laughter.*)

This is a Trojan horse where all the ideas that I just talked about are being fed to everyone, every day, twenty-four hours a day. It used to be that I would have to meet a girl in Europe who lived in the USA for six months to have toxic ideas going through her mind, but now the USA, thanks to the culture in New York and Hollywood, comes directly to her wherever she is in the world.

If you give a village girl a new iPhone, and it has a front camera, back camera, internet, Instagram, and Facebook, how long is it going to take her to become an annoying selfie whore who expects to meet her dream man sitting on the toilet, swiping through Tinder? (*Laugh-*

ter...clapping... 'yes.') Six months, eight months? (*'Two hours'...laughter... 'twelve seconds'...laughter.*)

But the good news is that this can't go on and the reason is because in countries that adopt these ideas, what happens is the reproductive rate dips below the death rate. In other words, the country dies out. Unless... you go to Mexico, Central America, Africa, and Asia, and say bring anyone here, anyone, because our women are too busy having a corporate lifestyle, a *Sex and the City* lifestyle. We need you to bring your masses who want to experience the first-world lifestyle.

But then, what kind of system do you need in place if you are going to bring millions of people with a different ideology, belief system, religion, way of life, and ideas on democracy? You need a system to keep a lid on top of the pot. What is it called? It starts with an M. (*'Military, multiculturalism.'*) Military, you will need that soon, but yes, multiculturalism. That's what you need. And guess who is at the bottom of the multiculturalist system? Everyone here. Straight men are at the bottom.

You need to give. You need to give to women, minorities, new immigrants, and gays. Now I know there's a lot of people here who are like me. There are the son of an immigrant mother and father. But when my mom and dad came here, they didn't try to impose their will and culture upon the country, and so we have to understand that whether you are white or black or Indian or Asian, if you come up against someone who is gay or transsexual, you will lose. Everyone here is now at the bottom. Every day, you will be asked to give without getting anything in return.

Wow, so that's a lot of doom and gloom right? (*'Yeah.'*) And I'm sure some of you here are saying, "I don't want my Saturday afternoon ruined with Roosh's doom and gloom. What is he doing?" But you must understand how the world is and you must know where the world can hurt you to navigate through it to accomplish the goals you want. You must know not to sleep with a blue-haired girl. You must know what not to say in the office. You must know what may get a mob after you. And in this way, you will stay safe.

So some doom and gloom is good, but doom and gloom doesn't help you receive anything in life. Only work and effort from using your mind does. Now for me, the story is all over. I can't get a job here anymore. I can't even be a server in Starbucks, I am done. (*Clapping.*) Because I started to write before I knew how the world really was. I didn't keep myself safe. So I have no option but to stand here, but you guys do. You can pick now, because you have me now telling you what not to actually do (*'sacrificial lamb.'*). Exactly, I'm your shield. (*'Thanks.'*) Sure.

Now we don't have issues that men of the past had. Let's look at hunter-gatherer tribes. There are still actually some hunter-gatherer tribes that exist. Guess what their number one concern was? Their number one concern in life was food. They were always on the brink of starvation. They didn't know where their next meal was going to come from. They were constantly worried about it, talking about it. But I have a feeling that no one here has to worry about where their next meal will come from.

Now let's fast forward to Rome and 100 A.D., the age of filth. You lived in a dense city where sewage was dumped onto the streets. People didn't take a bath every day. Mouthwash didn't exist. I don't think you'd want to live in a place where hygiene was that bad.

Then we can fast forward to London in the 18th Century. Maybe that was a good time? Sure, if you like working in coal mines. Fifteen hours a day, shoveling coal. Or you worked in a steel mill, cotton mill. Back-breaking labor. And you make low wages and then you have to pay high costs for shoddy housing... like you do here, where you live in a box without any sunlight. (*Laughing.*)

If you look at modern times, it's not that bad. We have refrigerators, central heating, air conditioning, internet. You have the freedom to work for whoever you want, and there are laws that say you don't have to work more than eight hours every day. I'm sure there's no one here who works more than eight hours every day, right? You have access to basic medical care. And the most important thing is you have leisure time. You now can go from sitting in your office all

day to sitting here and listening to me talk. Maybe in the past on a Saturday afternoon you couldn't do that.

So everything is awesome... except the women. And the odds that you men here are going to fall in love with a woman you care about, and you're going to have a lot of kids with her and grow old with her and then when it's time for you to pass into the next life, you will die in their loving arms... the odds of that happening is almost zero. But there is a consolation prize. If a woman likes you, you are getting her into bed within ten hours.

Think of the last time you made love to a girl? How many hours of face-to-face time did you put in with her? (*'Two.'*) Two hours? In the past, there is just no way you could have done that, and I bet that at least half of the men here have a notch count that is greater than their father and grandfathers combined. (*'Yep.'*) Every time period has a sacrifice, and the sacrifice that we have to make is not food, is not work, is not living in filth, but it's quality relationships with women.

Are you guys here ready to put the work it takes to get better women in your life? (*'Yes.'*) What sacrifices are you willing to make? (*'Time, money.'*) Time is a good start. You need to first put in the time to meet women. Money comes up after that. You need to go on dates, and in New York, it looks like it's not a cheap thing here.

Are you guys willing to sacrifice your personality? Who you are may not be attracting the women that you want. Are you willing to make changes to your authentic self? To learn optimum game practices, to be aloof, to be a clown that entertains women?

Are you willing to move to a new city? The city you live in—actually this city is not as bad as others I've been in, but maybe for whatever reason, you can't make it work here. Are you willing to get up and move somewhere else? (*'Absolutely.'*) Okay, are you willing to sacrifice learning a new language? (*'Yes.'*) Everyone's ready to sacrifice! So you must be willing to study a language for one thousand hours because that's what it's going to take.

Next up, are you willing to sacrifice your job? You may have gone to school for years for a specific type of job. Now if you go live

somewhere else, you need to learn a new line of work.

Are you willing to sacrifice your friends and family? I know everyone here wants to see mom and dad every day but if you move, you cannot.

And lastly, are you willing to sacrifice the comfort of how nice and easy it is to live in a city such as this where the smells are nice? (*Laughter.*) Where you go may not have the things you want and may be less safe than here, actually. Because it turns out that the cities with the best women, are usually absolute shitholes. So, are you ready to move to a shithole?

The more sacrifice you are willing to make on this list, the better women you will get, but the less sacrifice you are willing to make, the less you will get. I made every sacrifice on that list. And unfortunately, I am not done yet. I have to move to a new country and learn a new language, so it doesn't end.

Now earlier I said that one thing about living in modern times is you have a lot of leisure time, but now game is a part-time job, so you have to give that time right back up. You have to put the time to meet women, time that your dad didn't have to put in to meet your mom. The one good thing about living the modern life is that we don't have to worry about a lot of things, but most of us are missing a good woman from our lives, so we have to labor furiously in order to get that.

The top 1% of men will not have to work. There is a man in this room who on Instagram has ten million followers. And people are looking around, "Who is this guy?" (*Laughter.*) Now, is he going to have to go to the club and approach eight girls a night? Is he going to have to get flaked on again and again to go on a date? And when he's going on a date, he doesn't have to give his 'A game.' He can say bad jokes and she's going to laugh anyway. You know, it's like when the airplane lands and there's that guy who guides it in, and that's what she's going to do to him all night long, just guiding it in. (*Laughter.*) She's going to ignore all the bad things.

But are you [points to audience member] willing to put three hours

on this night to go to the bar to talk to ten women? That looks like a no. And are you willing to put two hours tomorrow afternoon to approach women out on the street? Are you willing to spend eight hours to read a game book that teaches you how to meet women by asking them where the pet shop is? (*Laughter.*) And are you willing to put in five hours to go on a date with a girl you don't even like that much? That's the minimum, guys! That's the minimum amount of time that guys who are not at the top 1% have to put in.

The bad news is that you have to at least put in the time, the money, and make changes to yourself, how you look and how you act. And that takes at least three or four years. That's the minimum. And let's say you do this minimum amount of work, but you still don't get what you want. There's a danger that you will drop out, that you will enter a basement somewhere and only come out to buy hot dogs and Coca Cola. And that's why God invented Thailand! (*Laughing and clapping.*)

Raise your hand if you've been to Southeast Asia. Oh wow, so a lot of guys here know how it is. But even if you go to Thailand, and you stay there for a month or longer, and you get lost in a sea of women, that's still a sacrifice that you have to make.

We have to accept that we live in a bad time, but succeed anyway and find a way to make it work. So what we need to do is construct a lifestyle where even if we lose, even if we do not meet the dream woman, we still come out a better man on the other side.

Raise your hand if you lift weights. Now when I am at the gym and doing a warm-up deadlift of six hundred pounds... (*laughing*). That wasn't a joke guys. (*Laughing.*) And there is a stinky guy over here making a lot of noise and the music sucks, I can't say I'm having a good time. But when I look in the mirror and I see how jacked I am, how I'm bigger than every man here, I am happy. I am happy that I spent the time to look good.

I advise men to lift weights because it makes you more of a confident man and an attractive man, but even if you go to the gym for one year and double your size, to be larger than me (*laughter*), and you do

this and you still don't meet the girls you want, guess what? You keep your muscles. You still can look in the mirror every day and see how good you look.

Let's imagine a guy takes my advice and he goes on that tough journey of game. In five years, he decides to approach one thousand girls. He moves to South America. He learns Spanish. He meets new friends that he can talk to without a filter. He starts a side business where he's making a thousand dollars a month, which for South America is good. He goes to the gym fifteen times a month. He does all this, but after five years he only sleeps with five girls, one girl a year, though two of those girls he dated for a while.

Now after five years, he's single and bummed out because there is nothing he can really hold on to. Did he fail? (*No.*) Because let's see what he's achieved in the five years. He's healthier. His body is stronger. He learned social skills that he can use on anyone. He learned salesmanship. He knows how to strike when the iron is hot, how to get what he wants. He learned a new language. He learned new business skills where he is more mobile and independent. He had experiences that his ancestors could only dream of. He made new friends. And the most important thing: he learned how to deal with his anxiety and fear. Because maybe this has stopped you, but when you take the game journey and you have to approach women you don't know, this starts to solve the fear problem that you do have.

So if this guy failed, well, I think most men out there would die—would kill—to fail like he did. Game is now so attached and intertwined to male self-improvement that you cannot fail as long as you do the work. I have been in the game now for, oh boy, fourteen and a half years, and it's not the actual sex act that made me a stronger man, of sleeping with girls in a bed. That's not what did it. It's everything that I did *outside* of that. I wouldn't be here right now if I didn't take a journey of game.

In a weird way, in 2015, game is the path to self-actualization, to enlightenment, to the truth, in a way that it wasn't for our fathers. Maybe for your dad, he just had to go to church every Sunday and

have a good job, but for you, if you only do that, you probably won't get the good in life that he actually had, which is why it's so common for our dads to not understand what we go through. I'm sure many of your fathers have said, "Come on, why don't you just find a nice girl." Dad, you don't understand. (*Laughter.*) Game allows you to be the best version of yourself.

I have seven game tips because I know a lot of you guys come here because you're still out there, grinding it out every day.

Tip number one. You have to keep in mind that game is a numbers game. You have to put yourself in front of women day and night. How many girls have you guys approached in the last year? Take the number of girls you approached in a typical week and multiply that by fifty. How many do you think it is? Someone toss out a number. (*Silence.*) Zero? (*Laughter, 'thousand', 'two hundred', 'two hundred fifty.'*)

In London, we had a guy approach two thousand. The minimum you guys have to do is five every week just to keep your game sharp, so that's two hundred fifty every year. That's the minimum. For some of you, you need to do a lot more than that depending on your level.

Can you use internet game? Does internet game work? Yes, but let me ask you this: when you message a girl on the internet, are you nervous? But if I tell you there's a Russian model in front of this building and I want you to go up to her right now without a line in your mind, would you be nervous then? Any time you need to overcome your fear or anxiety, you level up as a man. Just keep that in mind when you're swiping on these gay apps for an hour. (*Laughter, clapping.*) I refuse. I don't care, guys, if you say "No Roosh, Tinder in this city is great!" I refuse, because I'm not going to inflate the egos of women and make the existing problem even worse.

When you're ready to meet a new girl, ready to make love with a new girl, you have to be mentally prepared to approach one hundred girls. This is what it takes because half the girls won't like how you look, won't like your beard, your vibe, your game. We're all salesmen now, whether you like it or not. If you want to meet girls through cold

approaching, you have to adopt the mentality of a salesman.

Tip number two. Focus on warmer approaches. Now is it possible to get a number from a woman running a marathon? (*Laughter.*) She has the race sticker, and she's running, and she has her Nike app telling her what her heart rate is. Is it possible for you in your normal street clothes to somehow get her number? ('*Yes.*') I'm sure there is a way.

And if you told me to go to a marathon every week, I would find that way and write a book about it. (*Laughter.*) But would I advise you to do it? That seems like a low return on investment, yeah? Approaching girls who you know are jogging... I'm sure there's going to be some idiot on YouTube who does an infield where he shows this—"I'm the biggest pimp."

What I would say is don't approach women who are walking really fast and their head is down and they look angry and they just are putting out a signal that they don't want to meet anyone. Instead, focus on the girls who are walking slow, who are looking around, who are looking at store fronts, and babies, and taking photos, and making eye contact. She wants the universe to give her something. Focus on that girl first.

One thing you have to keep in mind is game is not about what a lot of guys think, about convincing a girl to like you. It's not. It's about (1) finding a girl who is open, who wants to meet a man, (2) being her general physical type, and to improve those odds you optimize yourself as much as you can, and then (3) serving up a game that takes a general interest into a sexual interest. Guys, if a girl doesn't like a hairy guy, I'm not going to have a shot. We have to look at a guy here who doesn't have any hair so I can tell him to go up there. But that's why we have to approach one hundred girls when we're ready to only meet one.

Tip number three. Lose your unattractive traits first. If you have a friend of yours who is five hundred pounds and he comes up to you and says, "Teach me the magic pick-up line so I can get laid right now." You look at him and what do you say to him? "Lose the weight

man, lose the weight first. Don't worry about that yet."

What you need to do is not worry about perfectly funny and cocky game and doing all the comebacks that are so great. Instead just focus on losing your bad haircut, your bad style, growing a beard like I have, losing the weight. I'm sure over the years, girls and others have told you something about you that maybe you can actually fix. So focus on that. And, very important, don't be needy. In an age where girls have so many options, the needy man will lose first.

What is the mindset that you can have? You look at a girl and say, "I want to have sex with her, yes I do, but I don't care if I don't. I want to have sex with her but I don't care if I don't." The second she is abusive, she is flaking on you, move on.

Tip number four is how to make love on the first date. We are going to use the three-venue move. When you meet a girl, the first venue is going to be a casual type of spot, a café, a bar. You're going to stay there a short time and have one drink, and there you're going to initiate short touches on her arm and shoulder. Now I had a guy in a previous lecture say, "Roosh, how do you touch a girl?" Maybe your dad or your friends didn't teach you how.

Touch a girl when you are talking. It is weird if you touch her when she is talking. It's kind of, "What is he doing?! 911 please!" (*Laughter.*) So when you're saying something interesting, when trying to stress how you killed a bear or you cried when you watched a movie, something like this, then you give a touch.

In the first venue I also want you to ask her something. I want you to ask her what her favorite music is. She's going to tell you some stupid band, and then she's going to ask you what your favorite is, hopefully. You can say any bands you want, but one band has to be really weird that she has never heard of, and you're going to say how great this band is, and I will tell you why soon.

After that you're going to move her to a second venue, and now in this venue, you're going to sit down a bit longer, have a couple of drinks, and the touches get longer. They're more lingering, and you're going to find an excuse to touch her hand. Now, there's two ways of

doing that. One is to look at the jewelry that she has on and say, “Ooooh where did you get that from? Did you get that from Africa? I have always wanted to go to Africa.” (*Laughter.*)

The second way is what I do: I like to do a fake palm reading. “Your love line says that you will meet a hairy BEAST of a man.” You have to point too... a hairy BEAST. That’s me. (*Laughter.*)

So it’s going well there now, things are loosening up because the alcohol is absorbing. And then you walk from the second venue to the third and on the way over, you hook your arm out and you look at her and say, “I don’t want you to fall down.” This is where she hooks your arm, hopefully. If not then things could be going bad.

Then you get to the third venue. What you do there is you get in really close to her. The first time that you get your faces kind of close, she’s going to be, “Ahhhh what is he doing.” But if you did everything right, by the second or third time she should kind of hold it there. And if she holds it when your face is that far away [6 inches], just go in and give her a kiss that is short. A short kiss, always short. You want her to think, “Why isn’t he slobbering over me like all the other guys?” Always leave a girl wanting more. Save it for the main event.

If a girl is able to be moved to three venues, there is over a fifty-percent chance that she is ready to make love to you that same night. Fifty-percent chance. This is why a lot of guys say, “Roosh, I don’t know when to go for it.” If she’s going to three venues, this is good, because a lot of girls in the second venue are going to say, “Oh I have to get up early. Oh I have to do homework” (if she’s younger). But if she’s willing to go to three venues then you have to try. And how do you do that?

Well if you live with your father in a Maryland suburb, you have to go to her place. What you’re going to do is escort her there. Escort her to her front door and what do you say when you get to her front door? (*‘Can I use your bathroom?’*) “Can I use your bathroom? I have to go, oh I wish I went at the bar, oh I’m just so stupid sometimes.” You use the bathroom and hopefully one thing leads to

another.

Now let's say you want to invite her to your place, because your place actually happens to be close—what a coincidence—to all the bars. So then you say, "You know, it's not that late, how about we go to my place for a drink, and listen to that band I told you about." Ah the BAND! The band... what was that band again? Now she's not going to say, "Okay let's go." Girls never say yes the first time. (*Laughing and clapping.*)

Almost always, the girls say, "Oh I can't, I wish I could." Now, the game just starts. The game is just starting. So then you say, "You know what, I can't stay up late either. I have to run a marathon tomorrow so we only have half an hour." And then still she's like, "I can't. I can't go."

"But the band, I really want you to listen to this band. When I first heard them, they changed my life, and I can't let you go home without hearing this band as well." Then she's going to say, "Maybe some other time." Then you're thinking, oh boy.

"You know, I actually bought a bottle of Italian wine that I read on the internet is the best wine in Southern Italy for 2012, and I don't want to open this bottle of wine alone. Can you have a glass of wine with me?" Even though this is the sale wine that you bought at the store, hype it up! (*Laughter.*) Still, she's saying, "Maybe some other time?" Then, you got to pull out the big guns! (*Laughter and clapping.*)

Then you say this: "You know, there's a problem with my apartment. The style of my apartment is straight out of the Soviet Union. I don't know if I want to live there anymore. Can I get a female opinion? What do you think? Is this a Soviet Union apartment or not?" And THIS GOT ME LAID! This was the one she said yes to, she came. (*Laughter.*) She walked in and said, "This isn't the Soviet Union."

"Ahhhh, I thought it was, would you like a glass of this Italian wine?" (*Laughter and clapping.*) That's what it takes! What you have to do is go for five no's. At five, then you can stop. Sometimes I like

to keep on going, because with experience you can feel it. You can feel it; does she want me or not? But if a girl is cold, says, “No I’m gonna go,” and she’s already turning her back towards you to go on the bus or whatever then it’s done. But I cannot go to bed at night unless I tried five times.

That leads to the next tip which is not really a tip but a reminder that girls want sex. They are dying to have sex now. The message in the culture is that they will become more empowered just by sleeping with a random man.

It used to be that sex was a physical need, where you needed it. While it’s something that we men feel every day, I think a woman can go without sex for a year and nothing bad is going to happen to them, but if we go without sex for a month, our hand is shaking and we can’t think right. And sex used to be an emotional need. “I want to connect with someone. I want to feel chemistry with someone.”

Now there is a third need. Do you know what that is? Entertainment. Women are now sleeping with men because their lives are so dull. And if you worked in an office—I don’t know if you guys know the type of jobs that girls have now—but they are sitting eight hours a day, Facebook, email, meetings, Facebook. It is dull, and the more dull your job is, the more excitement you will seek outside of it.

I can tell you how hard you party on Friday and Saturday night by you telling me what your job is. You know if you have a hard job, there’s a chance that on Friday and Saturday all you want to do is sit down and read a book, have a good scotch. But if you’ve been sitting in an office all week, when Friday comes around, you’re going to be out there. Girls want to work in the air conditioned offices and what’s happening... a lot of you are using the bathroom. You see, I should not have put all that coffee here.

One thing is that, I believe, a woman sleeps with a man not because she wants to, but because she wants a story to tell her friend the next day. I’m sure a lot of you have slept with a girl, and as you’re having sex with her, you think, “I can’t wait to tell my friend about this.” (*Laughing and clapping.*) “I am going to tell him about this.”

And girls do the same thing.

Next tip, take breaks. If you want to burn yourself out guys, run game month in, month out for years like I have. Look at all the white hair that I have now. Hunters must take breaks or the animals they hunt lose the mystery, the majesty, especially if you hunt big game. If you're going after the big girls, you need to take extra time off. (*'Big girls!' Energetic chatter.*)

There is at least one guy here and he's putting his face down, who likes the big girls. Hey, I don't judge. But there is one guy here that sees a big girl and is like "Hmmm, I wanna give it to her." And that's fine. (*Laughter.*) This man... it's this guy [points to man]. He's like, "How does he know me?"

The way I know it's time to go out there and hunt is when I'm sitting at home and I'm thinking, I need a girl. I need it. But if I'm at home thinking, "Ohhhh I don't want to go out today, I'm tired, the internet is exciting today, maybe I should stay in," then I don't go out. You have to want it. Because to meet women through cold approaching is a lot of work.

And the last tip: I want you guys to find a social group, join that social group, and be the top guy in that group. Active game by cold approaching works as long as you're still out there. The leads come in, but the minute you stop approaching is the minute the leads dry up. You need a passive game where just by showing up somewhere, you meet a couple girls every year.

So I want you to join a co-ed sport group, a public speaking club, a language club, a book club, church (*laughing*), or get a part-time job at a café or a bar where the social club is the staff, and be the top guy there. Why? Because in any group, women want the top guy. Even the girls at the bottom of the group are all pining for the top guy. They don't want the guy in the middle, the guy at the bottom. So you have to think, "What group can I join where I'm the top guy there?" Where just once a week, you invest a couple hours and women want to talk to you and they will help solve any dry spell that you may have.

All that said guys, it is getting harder out there. Why? Because the attractiveness of women is going down while their options are going up. Can you imagine you getting fatter every year and the fatter you get, the hotter women you can get? (*Laughing.*) That's what they are experiencing right now. The uglier they get and the more attitude they get is still not stopping the options from coming in. And one of the reasons is the internet. The internet allows millions of men in this city to hit her up, and the men in the next city can hit her up, and I'm sure there is at least one guy here who has one of those robo apps that spam a million girls. It's like... (*laughing*) this guy here is looking around.

What the internet has done is allow women to reach out and touch more cock than ever before. (*'Yeah!' laughing, clapping.*) And you're thinking well, maybe I can work harder, maybe I'll approach more and yes, you can. But let me tell you three things that I have learned from running game for almost fifteen years.

Lesson number one. Cold approaching is a temporary stage of your life. You will not do it at a high level for more than five, ten, fifteen years. You won't. A lot of you may be thinking, "I'm going be fifty years old suited up, going in a club, smoking cigars." A lot of you won't. Why? Cold approaching tends to coincide with the peak of your horniness and the peak of your energy. Once those start coming down, the drive for you to go out and talk to two hundred fifty random women a year is going down.

Guys, I am tired. I don't want to cold approach any more, but I'm not that old, so I need to find a new way to meet the women that I like. Now, game, of course... game you will use forever, until you die, but cold approaching is just a small window of your life.

Second thing I learned, which took a long time as well, is that random sluts don't give you much outside of sex. They are made to give you orgasm after orgasm and it feels good, but the second those orgasms are done, she doesn't give value to your life. Have you guys heard of how a man is the five closest men that he hangs out with? So what does that make me if for over ten years I've been chasing the

most shallow and vapid women in the entire world? (*Laughter.*) They say that if you chase monsters, you become one, and I had to kind of slow down.

So what I advise you guys to do is get into medium-term relationships with women who worship you, who outside of sex add value to your life. This is getting hard, but I think you should do that because you need a way to balance out the casualness and shallowness of the type of sex that this city offers.

The third thing I have learned is that past a certain point, notches don't really do anything. You don't learn more, you don't achieve a buzz any more. After twenty-five, most men wouldn't really be served by going out in the club and sleeping with a random girl. Guys ask me, "Well, Roosh, how many notches should I get?" The number of notches that give you the confidence and experience to keep a girl that you do like.

Unfortunately, starting from zero notches, you're just not going to know what it takes to hold onto a girl. You need to play the field, you need to sow your royal oats. Like I told you, getting laid now, entering a sexual relationship, is a skill. It's a skill that you must learn, and you must hang out and pursue women you don't like just to get that type of skill so when you meet the girl you like, you know what to do.

It's happened that I've met guys who have a lot of notches. They're up in three hundred, four hundred, five hundred. What effect is this going to have? We don't know. Now, we say a lot about what happens to women when they sleep with a lot of guys, but is there an effect on men, too? Keep that in mind.

Now let me tell you a story. Last fall, I moved to Poland for the fourth time. I was excited again. I went to a nightclub, and I met a girl there. Twenty years old, blue hair...excuse me. (*Laughing and clapping.*) Blue eyes, blonde hair. She had a curvy body. A lot of Polish girls are kind of flat, but she was curvy. We were talking, I was spitting that game, and she liked me. So we were talking for a while, the alcohol is flowing, and I take her to my apartment.

It took a while... it took six hours, but we made love. And it was great! I was like, "Yes!" And I wanted to do it again, but she did not and I don't know why. I think it's because I'm too large in bed, I'm too big. She wants a smaller man.

Well, that's what you know happens, because I'm sure it happened to you, too. Life goes on. So I went to the Starbucks, and lo and behold she worked there. I'm thinking, "Okay." So I went up to her and I ordered a coffee, and guess what happened? (*Silence.*) Exactly, nothing happened. Nothing happened. She treated me like everyone else there. No one in the line could have been able to tell that we had a magical night out. Now I can't tell you how weird it is to be inside a girl and then afterwards she treats you like a nobody, but I'm sure half of you here has a story like that.

Do you think it's a good idea to give your fate, your well-being, your happiness to a girl who, when she's received all the benefits and the good feelings that she wants from you, she is willing to toss you aside like an old piece of junk? You're better off buying an old dog. With that said, we can't live without them. The good times they can give us are good indeed, but we must understand that something has happened.

Fifty years ago, a woman was taught and trained to submit to a man to make him happy. Now, a woman is taught two things: to work for a corporation and then to buy items from other corporations, to consume. So she exchanges her labor for cash and gives that cash right back to Starbucks and Apple and Netflix. What a profitable scam that is if you're at the top, right? But they are still an important ingredient for us men.

I don't advise you to go without them. This is like a path to suicide, to darkness, to getting a gun one day and shooting up people, but you must understand what they are able to do and what they are not. They are not able to do what your mom can do, what your grandmothers can do. They can amplify your life a bit, to brighten it. They can give you sex, and you need sex but, beyond that, unfortunately, we have to accept there is not much more they can do.

So now we have come full circle. If women can't make us happy then what does? I don't like that word happiness because happiness is something that you can adapt to. If I gave this man right here, three supermodels as sex slaves (*laughter*), in one year he's going to call me and say, "Roosh, I'm tired of these sex slaves, do you have anything else?" You adapt. So instead of the word happiness, let's use the phrase 'enjoy life.'

What can allow us to enjoy life? As far as I know, there's only two things. The first is good work. Do you have a job, an interest, a passion, or hobby that you like doing, that keeps you busy, that uses your mind to its utmost capability, that's good for your soul, and that allows you to feel that you're making a difference?

And the second thing is good relationships. Do you have a group of friends that you can call at any time? Do you have family members that you care about and who care about you, too? Do you have a loyal and honest woman who wants to make your life better the same way you want to make her life better? This is it. If you want to enjoy life for the long term, these are the two things that you need. It's hard to have them both. And when you work on one, the other tends to slip away, but this is it.

Now let's talk more about work, because what men need more than anything is the feeling of moving forward. We need to feel like our station is improving, and the future is going to be better than right now. Because this gives us hope. This gives us a reason to wake up every day. And the way that us men can feel this hope is how? To set goals.

You need to set goals and work on them, to have in your mind, "If I achieve that goal over there, I will be happier." But the trick is that it doesn't matter if you achieve it or not; it's just giving you hope every day that you'll become a better man, that your life will improve in some way. One thing that we have to understand is that goals allow us to enjoy the present moment in life. It's how we create journeys for our soul. So if I see a man that's not doing so well, I ask him "What are your goals?" Keep that in mind.

Also we have to understand that life doesn't exist for you and your contentment. We're randomly put on a rock, spinning around a ball of fire. All that I can guarantee is that you exist, you are, and you're able to go from point A to point B and learn along that path. That's it.

So I want to close out this speech by telling you what to think when you feel kind of down, when things aren't going your way, when things aren't going well at work, when someone close to you hurts you. Three things that you can keep in mind.

The first thing is to think of people who have less than you. There are billions of people who have less food than you, that live in shacks. There are men in Asia who will sleep with one woman their entire lives. How do they feel about you being upset for the thing that you are upset about? Maybe it is not as large as you think it is.

Second thing, think of what you do have. Make a list in your mind, a mental list of all the things that you have. I have food, I have shelter, I can live where I want, I do work that touches thousands of men. Yes, there are some things I want in life and yes, I have a dry-eye condition (*laughter*), but don't be ungrateful. Think of what you do have.

And the last thing, the third thing: "Give me serenity for that which I cannot control." If something bad happens to you and there are actionable steps that you can take to solve it, by all means, do it. But oftentimes, especially as you get older, the universe will come up to you and slap you across the face and there's nothing you can do. Don't worry about the things that you cannot change.

Things are not easy for the straight man, and they will get harder as our country descends into a social hell. I really think the gates of Hell are upon us, and it'll be extremely tempting to watch Rome burn down. And some of you here maybe want to do that, but you only get one life, so we might as well make it the best life we can instead of waiting for the universe to magically give us the things we want.

I say we put the effort to pursue things that mean something to us, to do the work that we want, to go after the healthy relationships that are good for us, to set the goals that we want, and to enjoy life. It's

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not going to be easy, but I believe we must make the effort, and looking around this room, I don't see anything that should stop you from being the man that you want, from getting the good in life that you want, and I wish you all good luck. Thank you.

Transcript 2

Washington, D.C. Press Conference

The following press conference took place on February 6, 2016.

Roosh: All right, are you ready? Is that a yes? Oh, we have a new one. Where do you work from?

Female Reporter: Um, Martha Stewart?

Roosh: Martha Stewart?

Female Reporter: Yes. (*Laughter.*)

Roosh: Okay, yeah, sure. I don't know how she got in here. Someone must have told her. All right, so first I'm going to make a statement and then you can ask me anything. Cool?

So the world has gone insane in the past week. Why? Number one, I had organized meetups around the world for men to enjoy a social happy hour to meet in private and talk about anything. Work, politics, girls, just to meet.

Number two, a year ago I wrote an article, *How To Stop Rape*. This article, to a 10-year-old, was obvious that I didn't intend to legalize

rape or cause harm against women. But starting on Sunday, a lot of you have lied by saying that I am a pro-rape advocate. "He wants women to get hurt!"

And then the third thing, you said the meetups are about rapists. They want to gather to learn how to rape. They are going to exchange tips. Some of you have called it a rape rally! What the hell is that? A rape rally? So because of that I've been all over the world in terms of the news. Over 100 articles have been written.

The result is what? I'm currently the most hated man in the world. Governments from all over the world have talked about me. Australia has tried to keep me out. They called up their Navy to keep me out because they thought that I was going to get in through a private yacht. So the Navy got called up.

In England, the House of Commons debated me for half an hour to say how I'm a bad man who shouldn't be allowed entry. Mayors from everywhere have said they were going to keep me out (like they could anyway, a mayor can't keep someone out). The governor of Texas said the same thing. Police from everywhere said that all meetups will be monitored. A private meetup for men is going to be monitored. 1984 is here.

Worst of all, my family's address was put on the internet through the hacking group Anonymous and your colleagues at the Daily Mail confirmed the doxx to say that I eat my mom's meatloaf every day. Dozens of threats have come in. Someone said that they're going to burn my house down but save my mom.

You have to understand that your work and the work of your own colleagues have incited a mob based on lies that has put my family in danger. If they get hurt right now, God forbid, it's because of you. It's because you didn't read a damn article, you misinterpreted, and now

we have this rage mob to where, as you can see, I had to hide [this press conference]. I told you not to tell anyone.

I must state right now that not a single woman has been hurt by me. I've never been accused of rape. I've never been charged. No follower of mine has read something by me and then gone on to rape, because I know if they did hurt a woman it would be all over the news. Not a single woman has been hurt. Yet, there is a real rape mob somewhere and there is media from the country where that mob is.

Who wants to volunteer what country has an active rape mob? What happened on New Year's Eve in Cologne? Does anyone know? (*Complete silence.*) Someone? On New Year's Eve mobs of men assaulted women, they raped them, and what did you guys do? You covered it up. So when a real rape happens that goes against the agenda of your boss, you actually hide it. But then when no rapes happen and I try to do a meetup, you lose your shit.

So I just wanted to come here to state that not only are you guys not honest in your reporting of me but that no one has been harmed and when real harm takes place, you don't say anything. That is not right and not fair. I pray to God that nothing happens to anyone who is close to me, and if it does, it's your fault. That's my statement.

All right, is there anything else?

Reporter: Why do you think people think of you as a rapist?

Roosh: They need a target to get all the rage that the citizens have, to put it on someone that doesn't conflict with the agenda of your bosses and the ruling establishment. 'Roosh, go after him, it doesn't matter if he gets hurt but we can't go against our immigrant agenda. We can't go against the feminist agenda.' So we need to get the masses (the idiots who believe the stuff that you write) and put it onto something

else. So you put it on me. I'm just a scapegoat. They are just using me.

But, I'm going to harness this. I'm going to harness all this coverage that you guys are giving me and convert it to money and women. That's what I'm going to do. That's the job that I have to do. I'm getting emails from a lot of girls right now and I plan—once this drama dies down if I can survive it—I may have to get in touch with them. That's what you've given me. You have made me one of the most famous men in the world. Granted, it was a lie. It was a lie. But hey, this is where we are right now so I'm going to work with what you gave me.

Female Reporter: Do you acknowledge that any of your writing might be genuinely offensive or upsetting to some people?

Roosh: So what?

Female Reporter: Do you blame all of their reaction solely on media misinterpretation?

Roosh: I blame them for not reading what I write, for taking the mentality of a 10-year-old kid.

Female Reporter: Your writing is offensive on its face.

Roosh: So what? So what? I have freedom of speech. Be offended, good, that means my writing got you.

Female Reporter: So you acknowledge that you did provoke some of this yourself.

Roosh: I acknowledge that as a writer my job is to get attention and I did it. Right? But so what if you are offended. So what if I make fun

of you? Is that we're at right now that we can't write things that hurt people's feelings? Good, get offended, feel something, but don't lie. Don't lie. And that's what you guys have done.

Male Reporter: So do you consider yourself a victim in this scenario?

Roosh: You know what? No. I take full responsibility for everything that I have done, but that doesn't mean that I can't state what you did wrong. I'm not saying "Oh, I wish I could turn back the hands of time. I wish I didn't write that article." No, I wrote it. It came from my mind and it's going to stay. But if you did something wrong then I get to call you out on it, too. Right?

Female Reporter: So, do you have any regrets about publishing the article?

Roosh: None. None.

Female Reporter: Well, you added "this was a thought experiment" this week. Do you regret not adding that early on?

Roosh: I regret that people are so stupid that I have to put that in there right now. I never imagined that people would take that in a literal way, to lie in order to push their miserable agenda. I never thought that you guys would lie about it. But now, because the masses believe the nonsense that you write, I have to treat everyone like an eight-year-old kid and say this was a thought experiment even though anyone who is not an idiot should have known that.

Reporter: So why did you write it originally?

Roosh: Because I am a writer and I write things to make a point. That article was making a point about personal responsibility. That a

woman's safety is not only in the hands of men but it's in their own hands too. That's why. I guess that point didn't get through, so on that account I did fail. I failed to give the point, but that doesn't mean that I did anything wrong. I did not.

Reporter: So a woman that got raped did something wrong.

Roosh: You know, if a woman got raped that is a sad thing. That is a bad thing. But whose fault is it? Is it the woman's fault? No, I'm not saying that. But a woman can do things to reduce the likelihood that she will get hurt. If I get a BMW car right now and I leave the key inside and I park it in a bad area and it gets robbed, whose fault is that? Is it the thief's fault? Or is it my fault for being a moron?

Reporter: It's the thief's fault.

Roosh: Okay, but would you advise me to leave the key in there? Of course not! Only an idiot would. So okay, I'll go ahead and be an idiot, but don't be mad when her car gets stolen. Just do the right things to keep yourself safe. We can't even tell people what to do anymore to keep themselves safe? That's weird.

Reporter: When you say thought experiment, what was the thought experiment? What specifically?

Roosh: The thought experiment is that if the government wasn't completely holding the hands of adult women every step of the way and telling them that nothing they can do is wrong, maybe they would do a little bit of a better job not incapacitating themselves with alcohol and drugs and meeting random guys on the internet that they don't know and going to his house to watch Netflix.

Reporter: But is this experiment just one blog post? Is it a website? Is it books?

Reporter 2: Can you just break down the lie? What I mean by that is can you break down the crux of your article? Because some people here are unfamiliar, at least I am. I'm not from the Daily Mail.

Roosh: Can you read? I mean can you guys go read it. No, look guys, you want me to break it down. Read it!

Reporter: I mean how it got twisted by the media.

Roosh: The media said that the article said that this man wants to legalize rape. That was a lie.

Reporter: Okay, what part of your satirical argument that you're making can you maybe understand that they took and turned it into that lie?

Roosh: Not honest. They were not honest and they knew it. The people who wrote that and said that the article is true, that that is a "pro-rape" article, they lied. That's it. They are lying people. Most people in the media are liars.

Reporter: So you made a suggestion in this article which was what? Because I haven't read it.

Roosh: Are you listening to what I'm saying, my friend? I'm telling you that I tried to make a point about personal responsibility. That's what I did. Okay? You missed that point. Everyone here did. Some people got it.

Reporter: Is this like a multi-year point though? You been trying to do this for like four, five, six years. What about, like, Return Of Kings?

Roosh: Okay, is there an article there that you don't like? That you got offended by?

Reporter: Well, on the front page as soon as you get there, one click away it gives you a list of articles to read. Rape Culture Was Manufactured To Wage An Unjust War Against Men.

Roosh: Bingo.

Reporter: The Equality Movement Is Allowing Women To Tyrannize Men. The Deregulation Of The Sexual Marketplace.

Roosh: Okay, you're just reading headlines man. Read the articles.

Reporter: Is this is part of your thought experiment?

Roosh: No, these articles are making a point. They provide evidence. They provide arguments. You can read it and take from it what you want, but don't then go into your media outlet to lie about it.

Reporter: Is the satire something else?

Roosh: *How To Stop Rape* was a satirical article.

Reporter: Okay.

Roosh: These are not.

Female Reporter: So, you know, the outrage isn't only about that one article. A lot of people think that you're writing about women in general being submissive and [bad audio]. It's also offensive.

Roosh: I don't care.

Female Reporter: Is that something that you believe?

Roosh: Do I believe that a woman should submit to a man? Yes. Does that mean that my family's address should be put online because of that? And the media should stake out their home because of what I write? No. And they should use these lies to incite these idiots on the internet? No.

Reporter: What's your justification for believing that women should be submissive? That seems to be...

Roosh: I'm not here to argue why I believe what I do. Okay? You have to go online. I've been writing for years and years. If you really care about that, go do your homework. I'm just here to talk about the events of the past week.

Reporter: I did read some of the things that you wrote and I'm curious and a lot of people here meeting you for the first time are curious to know where you...

Roosh: I really think that you guys don't read things. You see, Caitlin [Washington Post reporter] will write something and you're like "Okay, Caitlin's article is getting hits so I'm going to copy and paste hers." So it's like a game. You guys are writing the same thing. I'm just trying to understand what happened.

As you can see, I've been under a lot of stress from this mob that is coming after me because of the things that you wrote that don't conform to the real world. I don't get it. And it's clear to me that you guys haven't done your research. You're ready to write that this guy is pro-rape without knowing where that false idea comes from.

Female Reporter: Roosh, I have a question for you from the Bang books. So I obviously have done my research and there are several

instances...

Roosh: I know. [Caitlin] has known about me.

Female Reporter: There are several instances in the Bang books where you recount having sex with women who were too drunk or incapacitated to consent. Now people reading that would certainly come away with the impression that you raped those women.

Roosh: I don't know anyone except for maybe you that thinks that and people who have lost their minds when it comes to consensual sex. People who don't have any idea what girls are doing outside right now and what they will do in an hour or two once they get drunk and pick the guy that they like and let him do whatever he wants with her. So macho sex writing, to convert that to rape takes such a leap of faith that you have to be a liar to think that's true.

Female Reporter: You literally say that they were too incapacitated to consent.

Roosh: Macho sex writing is not a court. It's not a piece of evidence that you can... but maybe with some things I wanted to come across as an aggressive guy. Maybe I did. But that doesn't mean that there is a victim out there and she suffered. Have I raped anyone? No.

Reporter: Is that fiction?

Roosh: No, it's not. My interpretation of it may be, but [Caitlin] is just taking quotes out of context anyway.

Reporter: You made a point that you have an office that overlooks a golf course. Is that true?

Roosh: Golf course?

Reporter: Yeah.

Roosh: I have no idea what you're talking about. Golf course?

Reporter: Yes, you have an office that overlooks a golf course.

Roosh: I don't remember ever saying that, man.

Reporter: You mentioned the immigrant agenda and the feminist agenda before. I'm trying to get a better idea of what your personal politics are.

Roosh: I would say that it's anti-globalist while the Daily Beast represents a globalist type of platform.

Reporter: What do you mean by globalist?

Roosh: Anything that benefits the current top 1,000 men in the world in the U.S. and Europe. You have globalists and you have the nationalists. I would lean more towards nationalism. Tradition, patriarchy, local solutions instead of globalization.

Reporter: So does that mean you're voting for...?

Roosh: Donald Trump comes the closest to what I think is true.

Female Reporter: You express concern about your family after you were doxxed. Does that make you regret threatening to doxx reporters and protesters? Who...

Roosh: I never threatened that. I said I was going to make a list of the names and their social networking accounts. I never said I was going to share their address. That was another lie. Another lie is that I live

with my mom. It's like you guys can't stop lying. A man can't visit his mom? I wish I lived with her! But no, that was a lie.

I don't think it's a good idea to say exactly where, but I live somewhere in Europe. So I'm just here for a short time and I happen to be here and the Daily Mail... I have to say though they had a lens that was far away; I was like "what's that over there" and you see on the internet that it was up close. There's people outside my dad's house now probably.

Female Reporter: You own that house then right?

Roosh: No, I don't own the house.

Female Reporter: It's registered in your name.

Roosh: Well, I don't know how.

Female Reporter: So it's not your house?

Roosh: It's not my house. Okay let me stop that and start again. [Sets up camera and returns.] So I don't want to stay here all night with you guys. I have other things that I have to do so we're going to wrap this up at 8 o'clock. Cool?

Reporter: What else has happened these last couple of days? Has your phone been ringing off the hook? Or your parents' phone?

Roosh: You know, I think from a security standpoint it's not smart to share that kind of stuff.

Reporter: Where do you office out of? Do you find yourself writing on the road?

Roosh: There's a golf course that is outside of my office. (*Laughter.*) No, I'm mobile, so um, office out of, I never heard that kind of phrase before. But Starbucks? You know?

Reporter: Can you confirm that you did have to upgrade the DDOS protection on the website after the threats?

Roosh: We already had it because my servers were attacked last year. So we already had the systems in place but they were sending 20 million false requests every hour.

Reporter: Actually 20 million?

Roosh: Yeah, that's the actual number. This was on Tuesday. Monday and Tuesday, once the Australian thing hit. Now I must say, when the Australia thing hit, that was a lot of fun because those people were obsessed about me and I was telling them that I was to come in by boat. But then the shit kind of got real once [the news] came here. Having fun with them is good, but when they announce your address and are advising people to go attack it, then it's no longer fun.

Reporter: Would you say that media misinterpretation is the best thing that ever happened to you?

Roosh: The best and the worst. I mean, what's going to happen now? I'm going to be known, because of you, as a pro-rape advocate for the rest of my life until I die. Oh, that's the guy that believes that all women should be raped. But at the same time they're going to say *that's the guy*. They're going to know me.

I could take a dump in a box right now and sell it because of you. So that's what you have done to me. You have made me such a famous guy. I was a guy with a blog, just a guy with a blog, and you have

taken me from down here to up here based on a lie. Now, I'd rather you had not done that but it happened and that is life, right? So you've got to deal with what actually happens.

Reporter: Would you consider donating some of that money to a rape crisis center?

Roosh: I mean, I think that the fact that the entire mainstream is trying to stop rape and assault against women means they're doing fine. But if they want to donate money to me to help with the bodyguards that I have to hire right now then they are more than welcome to.

Reporter: How many bodyguards do you have around you right now?

Roosh: Unfortunately, I can't share that right now but you can count which guys back there are kind of large.

Reporter: So what are the plans for the next couple of days?

Roosh: The next couple of days is, probably, to get out of town since it is a little bit hot right now. It's not that I really think someone is going to come and stab me, but it's not smart to stay in the city where everyone knows where I am at. So I will probably go up or down the East Coast.

Reporter: How often do you return for your mom's meatloaf?

Roosh: I come for the meatloaf once a year for like one month. And hey, you know, I like to stay with her. I wish I could stay more. I was trying to stay for a month but now, because of this, I had to say goodbye to her.

Reporter: Have you had any trouble traveling internationally yet and you expect it?

Roosh: No. I think England did not go ahead and say that I'm banned. I don't think Australia will let me in now.

Reporter: Do you plan on trying to go to Australia?

Roosh: I don't see why I would go there.

Female Reporter: What does your mom think about all this?

Roosh: My mom is angry. My mom is very angry.

Female Reporter: At you?

Roosh: Not at me. At you guys. She wants me to hit you guys back. You don't understand a Middle Eastern mom, they get angry. I'm having to calm her down because she wants to fight. I'm saying "Mom, you got to simmer down now." But no, she said, "Son I support you, do what you got to do, this is a matter of your speech and as long as you're not doing anything illegal."

Reporter: What does she think of your treatment of women?

Roosh: Treatment of women? My mom doesn't know. My mom doesn't know how I make love to this girl or that girl. She knows who I am. She knows that whatever I write on the internet and the monster that you have made me there, that I have never hurt a woman.

You would think by now, guys, that one girl would come forward and say "Yeah, Roosh did it, he raped me." One, you would think. Not one has come forward. Not one. Even though I have been known everywhere. So how do you explain that? Not one. It is weird how a

lie can get to this point in time.

I'm not sure what the function of the media is if you're just going to lie when the public is really in threat like in Germany. Women in Germany right now are in threat. You don't protect them but you come against me. What are you doing?

Reporter: The media cover that pretty extensively. I can email you a bunch of...

Roosh: After the outrage came. From day one? No.

Reporter: That is absolutely not true. Back to what Caitlin was saying earlier, do you at least agree that, legally speaking, the technical legal definition that a woman is too drunk to consent to sex and you have sex with her, that is legally defined as rape. Can you at least...

Roosh: How about the man? If the man is drunk, can he consent?

Reporter: We can talk about that in a moment.

Roosh: No, no. It's the same thing.

Reporter: No, no, no, you're not answering the question.

Roosh: You're not going to tell me what is right and wrong.

Reporter: Okay, woman, man, whatever, that is a legal definition of rape. Do you disagree with the legal definition of rape?

Roosh: If a man is drunk and a woman has sex with him is it rape?

Reporter: Yes.

Female Reporter: It is not the legal definition of rape in many places though.

Reporter: In many places no...

Roosh: You're trying to redefine the definition of consensual sex so that every man is on the hook for rape. That is what you're trying to do. So no, I don't agree with you.

Reporter: Do you believe Bill Cosby is a rapist?

Roosh: I haven't seen all of the evidence but I think that it's weird that 20 years after...

Reporter: If any of these women came back and said "Oh, Roosh did whatever," here is somebody with a long history of...

Roosh: The evidence that I have seen is girls wanted to be with him and take drugs with him, and then 20 years after that, say that he hurt them.

Reporter: So you don't agree that that is a legal definition of rape?

Roosh: I don't think that they are being honest.

Reporter: If they were?

Roosh: If they were, look man I'm not a lawyer. See this is where we are right now where the mainstream is so obsessed about rape. We don't even know what consensual sex is anymore. This is what we have done. So now you're coming after me for an article where, clearly, I didn't intend for people to think that I want all rape to be legal. So we've lost our minds. From now on about sex, the United

States is just gone. We don't know what sex is anymore. We don't know what consensual sex is anymore and that's because of the work that you have done.

Reporter: How did this become your issue? We all have different issues we care about passionately, how did this become yours?

Roosh: It's not my issue. I've written over 3,000 articles and maybe 10 of them were about rape.

Reporter: How did you get into game?

Roosh: Because when I was in college I wanted to learn how to make love to every attractive girl that I saw. So I needed to learn which skills I had to do. Is there anyone that I have not called on yet, because I'm trying to think of who is kind of quiet. Why are you guys here then?

Reporter: Martha Stewart over there. (*Laughter.*)

Female Reporter: Um, are you happy? (*Laughter.*)

Roosh: That's what we didn't call on her. I mean happiness is what? Am I happy that people have the wrong impression of who I am? No. But am I happy that I'm probably going to cash in on this as long as I can survive the next couple days? Hey, you gave it to me, you gave me a package and now I will run with it. You can't turn the clock back.

Reporter: How much have you made off of this in total?

Roosh: You know, I have to get my accountant to really tally it. Has sales of books gone up? Yes. Has advertising sales gone up? Yes.

Reporter: What is your vision for the future for male-female relations?

Roosh: Okay, well, what I've been trying to show on my website is that equality doesn't work. I mean it doesn't. If we have a divorce rate that is 50% or more, it doesn't work. I think we have to go back to the days where the man leads the household. I think that's the only way. But will we do that in the U.S.? I don't think so. I think there's a couple of countries left where we can, maybe in Eastern Europe.

The Muslim countries... you guys love Islam so I'm thinking that you would love [patriarchy], but you give them a pass. They have a patriarchal system in the household. Do you get on them for that? In an Islamic marriage, there are some Muslim guys here, rape cannot happen during a marriage. Do you write about that? No.

Reporter: Yes.

Roosh: No you don't.

Reporter: Yeah we do. I'll send you a bunch of links on that.

Roosh: Please do, please do. And I'm going to read them carefully. But you guys give it a pass, you guys give Islam a pass for a patriarchal model that I write about, but you come after me. Can we get [a question] over here?

Female Reporter: She's just my photographer.

Roosh: (Sighs.)

Female Reporter: I am mostly here just to listen. Everyone else has mostly covered all the questions that I would've asked so....

Roosh: Ask anything.

Female Reporter: Why did you pick this hotel?

Roosh: I used to actually come here on dates. I used to bring dates here. This was back in the 2000s. This was a place where I used to bring a date. We would sit on a couch upstairs and I would make my smooth moves on them here. This was 2005, 2006.

Reporter: Just to clarify something earlier, you were saying that Donald Trump was the closest. Besides the anti-PC stuff, what do you like about his 2016 campaign?

Roosh: He hates you guys too.

Reporter: Besides that.

Roosh: That's enough for me. The enemy of my enemy is my friend.

Reporter: The media is not a political ideological position.

Roosh: Becoming anti-establishment is. You don't understand, half of you will be out of a job within five years' time.

Reporter: So you like that he is nationalist and antiestablishment.

Roosh: And the reason is you're not serving the needs of the public. You're not. The establishment sites are losing views and I'm sure a lot of you have not seen your salaries increase in the way that you wanted. It's because you don't [serve the people] anymore. In this case, what you did to me is now showing the world what you guys do and how you operate.

Reporter: I didn't do anything to you...

Female Reporter: Why did you end up canceling all the meetings? Because a lot of them weren't going to be protested, right?

Roosh: A lot of them were. I would say at least half of them. This news made it to Russia.

Female Reporter: [Bad audio]

Roosh: You know, a mistake that I made was saying let's let these masculine, strong men organize, who hate the government, probably, and [have them] meet. That was kind of dumb. Because [these men] could [create] a threat against [the government]. So if we have to go underground, I'll go underground. We never had a goal where we had to do everything in public.

Reporter: If you and the people who follow your website closely are so strong, why do it in secret?

Roosh: Are you going to go to a meeting where the cops are on you?

Reporter: I have before.

Roosh: I don't like this guy. I mean he's just being argumentative.

Female Reporter: Was there supposed to be a public component at all to these meetings?

Roosh: No, it was just the most efficient way to organize people who like me and who like my site. "Hey guys, just meet here at this time."

Female Reporter: They were not planning on doing anything there? They were just going to hang out, right?

Roosh: No, okay, I'm going to tell you. There were going to meet at that point and say where's the pet shop? It's right here. Okay, hey cool, what your name? Where are you from? There's a bar over here, let's go for a drink. That was it! That was it, and then the worldwide anger came.

Reporter: But again if they're strong, masculine, brave, why the subterfuge?

Roosh: Because you have angered a mob that wants to disrupt their meeting because you have gotten governments against them by lying about their intention. Now the world thinks that they're going to meet to rape people. So why are they going to meet now? Do you think it's smart to go and meet now? After that? You would go to a meeting where everyone is targeting you as a potential person who is going to rape? That's what you would do? Of course not! You don't seem like the type that would stand up to someone who is coming against you. I mean, do you lift? You don't lift.

Reporter: No, I don't.

Roosh: I do lift but I lost some weight. I'm just saying, this guy is saying go into the fire. Who is going to do that? That's absurd! This is where all these absurd ideas come from, from you guys. It doesn't make any sense! It doesn't make any sense. So we got five more minutes.

Reporter: Do you feel that leaving town or having bodyguards takes away from your masculinity?

Roosh: No. If your life is in danger, no. If you want to stand up and fight and get into a confrontation, that's fine, but right now the heat is on my mom and dad so me leaving is going to take the heat away. So I am considering them in the actions that I do.

Last summer I had two speeches in Montreal and Toronto and the same anger came. What did I do? I stood there. Why? Because my family was not in danger. They didn't post their address. For the record, I held the speeches even though the mayors came out against me, but now it's not worth a public happy hour to go against the police, governors, mayors, and all that stuff and put the safety and privacy of the men who follow me... I can't toss them into that.

I can toss myself into that. I can hire a bodyguard. I can go out right now and drink, which I will, but I'm not going to put them in danger. That would be just looking out for me instead of the men who trust the things that I do.

Female Reporter: How many men would you say those are?

Roosh: It's hard to say, but based on the site traffic that I get for Return Of Kings, I get one million uniques each month. Out of the hardcore people who really follow me, it could be as high as 200,000.

Female Reporter: And how many of them were you expecting to go to these meetups around the world?

Roosh: There's no way to know because it was just 'show up.' Okay, so we got time for one more.

Reporter: How many women have you been with?

Roosh: (Sighs.) A lot. I have been with a lot, but that's not relevant to the current matter at hand. But thank you. Thank you all for coming. I expect more lies in your articles that are going to come up, but I just wanted to do this to show what the truth is. So have a good night.

Appendix 1

How To Survive An Attack From Social Justice Warriors

As the culture war heats up, it's inevitable that you'll be attacked by a social justice warrior within organizations or social groups that you're a member of. This is graver than being attacked on the internet by a nebulous mob, because you're more likely to sustain genuine and direct harm. Therefore it's prudent to have a strategy already laid out to defend yourself from attacks that arrive at your front door.

A lot of the work in surviving an attack will be the groundwork you lay *before* it happens, where you identify allies and authority figures while evaluating the weaknesses of your most likely opponents. When the attack does eventually come, you'll be merely "cashing in" on the support and information network you already established.

Before The Attack

Step 1: Identify Your Weakest Points

If someone really wanted to hurt you, what would they go after or who would they appeal to (with lies)? This could include the president of the university you attend, the boss or owner at your job, or the leader of a social organization that you participate in. It could also include the owner of the bar or cafe you're a regular of or maybe the

manager of a gym you frequent.

Think of all the individuals who you depend on for monetary or social benefits or who serve as gatekeepers to services or other functions that you use. They will be the first targets that SJWs go after, flooding them with complaints that you are a “racist” or “rapist.”

Step 2: Identify Individuals Who Are Close To Your Weak Points

Your next step is to make a note of all the people who are one step removed from your gatekeepers, giving special attention to those who lean leftwards. This will include women or male feminists at work, the Human Resources department, classmates with blue hair, shady employees at your gym, girls who frequent your favorite bar, and so on. Unlike in my case, an attack against you is more likely to come from someone you’re already familiar with.

Keep an eye on these individuals by noting any change in the way they treat you. At the same time, collect as much dirt as you can on them, such as the times they broke rules or exhibited both personal and professional failings. In the case you’re attacked, you’ll be able to throw dirt back at them to weaken their case and provide an unjust “motive” for why they came after you.

Lastly, refrain from showing weakness around these individuals, because if they sense that you could be steamrolled, they may take advantage and launch an attack against you just to feel a sense of power.

Step 3: Create An Inner Circle

Identify those who are sympathetic to your views by gauging how they respond when you casually mention news stories on politics or gender issues without stating your true positions. If the response is ideologically favorable, you can later bring up the actions or gossip of leftist individuals in your organization. The more that an associate of

yours dislikes the individuals who could cause you harm, the more likely you should form a bond with him.

Take care to proceed very carefully at work, especially with individuals you don't yet have a strong rapport with. Assume that your conversations will be shared with others, so always maintain plausible deniability of your true views by never committing yourself one way or the other until the other person committed themselves first to a set of views that you agree with.

After a couple of months, you should have an inner circle of several individuals who you trust and who will aid you if an attack arrives.

Step 4: Be Fake Nice To Those Outside Of Your Inner Circle

Be polite and cordial to your potential enemies. Do not share personal details that reveal your "sexist" lifestyle, such as what you did over the weekend. Do not state who you are voting for. If your organization is dominated by leftists, you gain nothing by sharing your true opinions. You're better off being a chameleon to those who are not in your inner circle.

In the case you are probed for weakness by the enemy, such as being accused of something false or implicated in a negative situation, offer swift and firm resistance. Probing is common by bullies to identify a weakling that will not fight back against a full-scale attack. By showing surprising resistance to a minor episode, the enemy will look for an easier target to launch bigger attacks on.

Step 5: Maintain Records Of Everything

Insist on written records for important communications in your organization. Don't let someone you've identified as a possible enemy give verbal requests or demands (tell them to send it to you in writing). In the case of dating a girl with leftist views, save all texts and photos you exchange with her. An SJW is more reluctant to attack if there is evidence of their possible wrong-doing, because it

gives them less leeway to manufacture damaging narratives.

Step 6: Aid Those In Your Inner Circle

If someone in your inner circle is attacked, lend him aid. This could include finding a suitable lawyer, sending letters, or publicizing their defense. If your organization is dominated by SJWs, private aid would be best. On the other hand, if going public will help your ally turn the tide and achieve total victory, strongly consider doing so.

Your aid should help the individual win, because if he loses, chances are the enemy will be empowered to come after you next. Don't let them use a divide-and-conquer strategy to reduce your numbers to the point where resistance is difficult, if not impossible.

After The Attack

Step 1: Admit Nothing

When the attack comes, do not admit anything, even if there is clear evidence that shows you in a negative light. Take a deep breath, evaluate the situation, identify the attackers involved, identify the authority figures you'll want to win over, and get ready to fight. If you're asked to make a statement or provide an immediate defense, stall until you can formulate a clear strategy.

Step 2: Deny everything

If there is no evidence to back up your opponents, deny everything. Give a forceful denial that the accusations are simply not true. If there is some evidence to back up the accusation against you, but the facts are not entirely accurate, deny the inaccurate parts, which insinuates a complete denial.

If you're talking to police or a federal agent, shut your mouth and get a lawyer. Do not think you can talk your way out of an arrest.

Step 3: Make counter accusations

Once you find out who is attacking you, pull out the dirt you've accumulated and fling it wildly (e.g. "She is lying about me because *insert dirt here*"). If your attacker is someone you don't know, do a quick round of opposition research and then present your findings.

Your counter-accusation should always include claims of illegal harassment. You can even invent a story that you rejected your attacker's sexual advances (in an unverifiable situation) and now she's out to get petty payback.

To give your counter-accusation campaign more power, contact the police and file a report, then present that report number to authority figures to show that you're genuine about the harassment charges. Chances are the police won't investigate, but the report number will strengthen your case.

Step 4: Be Proactive In Your Defense

Appeal to those in your inner circle. To light a fire under them, say that you're scared they might be next. Ask them to write letters to authority figures defending your reputation and refuting the charges against you. They should be able to give you at least private aid.

If you have saved records from your attacker, produce those to the authority figures. Be firm about scheduling meetings to discuss the matter. It may even be helpful to hire a lawyer and bring him along (this is essential if law enforcement is questioning you).

If the media is involved, publish your denials and counter-accusation online. If you don't already have a website, publish your story on wordpress.com or medium.com. The point of this will be to create bad publicity for those who are standing against you and taint google results for their names, because no attacker wants to be embroiled in a long fight that outs them as a vindictive perjurer.

Step 5: Endure The Stress Without Apologizing

During the attack, your body will be under a lot of acute stress. You'll lose your appetite and find it hard to sleep. This is uncomfortable, but realize it will only last about a week, if not shorter. While the crisis is occurring, absolutely do no apologize, even if you think it will end the pain. It won't, because apologizing is like throwing chunks of bloody meat into a shark tank.

When outnumbered in an attack, your human instinct will be to hide and hope that things go away so that you're able to resume your life, but the better response is to be aggressive and forceful in your defense. Don't listen to your instinct—it's meant to simply keep you alive in the pre-historic wilderness instead of achieving victory in a modern asymmetric battle.

Step 6: Rebuild

Once the outrage is over, and you have survived it, sit down and calculate the injuries you've sustained. Form a plan to repair the most critical areas harmed first. This may take several weeks or months. In some cases, you may not completely repair the harm caused to you. As of this writing, I'm still repairing the damage from the meetup outrage, but it will be impossible to become fully whole again (my books on Amazon will never return to their prior ratings).

Conclusion

Your odds of surviving will depend on the groundwork you lay before the attack begins. If you don't have any groundwork, chances are you will sustain heavy damage in the most minor of battles.

Start today to fortify your defenses by assuming you will be attacked at some point, so that when the attack comes, it will be a simple matter to defeat it because you already have most of the chess pieces in place. To learn more how to protect yourself from an attack, I highly recommend the book *SJWs Always Lie* by Vox Day (<http://bit.ly/SJWdefense>).

While defending against an internet mob is a bit more challenging, since you won't know who all of your attackers are, what I shared above should be able to get you out of most problems created by disgusting SJWs.

Appendix 2

What Is Neomascularity?

Neomascularity combines traditional beliefs, masculinity, and animal biology into one ideological system. It aims to aid men living in Westernized nations that lack qualities such as classical virtue, masculinity in males, femininity in females, and objectivity, especially concerning beauty ideals and human behavior.

It also serves as an antidote for males who are being programmed to accept Western degeneracy, mindless consumerism, and immoral state authority. The purpose of this article is to list and describe the principal doctrines of neomascularity.

Game

Due to changes in mating behavior and pair bonding brought on by technology, shifting demographics, migration to cities from rural towns, universal suffrage, promotion of sexually promiscuous behaviors, and destruction of traditional sex roles, most men do not have the ability or knowledge to successfully reproduce with a modern woman on a comparable attractiveness and socioeconomic level. Their “natural” self will lead to reproductive failure without purposeful intervention that increases their attractiveness in the eyes of women who are actively encouraged to seek out high-value males.

“Game” is a collection of socially-based tactics and reproducible behaviors that increase a man’s sexual attractiveness to women and therefore his access to reproduction. It can range from a trivial aid

like an opening line that starts a conversation with a woman in an interesting manner to a physical move that escalates intimacy in the bedroom in a way that is most likely to lead to sex. Its primary goal is to give men a set of tools and beliefs that allow him to more easily enter sexual relationships with the women he desires. In modern Western societies, a man who doesn't at least subconsciously understand game concepts is unlikely to have sex at all.

Game is ultimately a response to signals that women in any environment are displaying, giving them what they want in sexual partners based on their desires and tastes of the day. These desires are undergoing regular change, meaning that game is a constantly shifting set of outward rules and practices while the inward game beliefs governing those practices remain mostly static, based on known biological truths that stem from animal reproductive science and studies based on female human sexual behavior.

Traditional Sex Roles

Humans purportedly diverged from chimpanzees 4-8 million years ago. During that stretch, natural selection has applied different pressures on the men and women of our hunter-gatherer ancestors to increase their likelihood of survival. The most visible difference between the sexes is muscle mass, whereby a modern woman is only 60% as strong¹ as a man, since stronger men were more likely to ensure individual and group survival.

Selection did not stop at the neck, meaning that our brains have accumulated differences in behavior, psychology, and how we respond to various environmental stimuli. For those who don't believe in evolutionary processes, sex differences would have been bestowed onto humans by some type of creator.

The sum of these differences lead to a strength and weakness profile for each sex that allows them to either excel or be deficient in

¹ <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/8477683>

certain roles compared to the opposite sex. The term “traditional sex roles” is slightly a misnomer—a more accurate term is “human sex roles,” since they have likely existed since the beginning of the human species.

Traits possessed by men in greater percentage than women: dominance, independence, intelligence, rationale, analytical thinking

Traits possessed by women in greater percentage than men: submissiveness, dependence, emotional nature, faster intuition, cooperative sharing

The idea of “gender equality” is a myth that has no scientific basis.² Pushing for it is detrimental to both sexes because it minimizes their innate strengths and maximizes their weaknesses, decreasing their overall chances of reproduction, survival, and even happiness, especially in an environment that is constrained with resources.

Forcing men to cooperate, share, and nurture like a woman is as unusual as training a house cat to bark like a dog. In the same way that we have the economical division of labor, where you are trained to perform a narrow set of tasks better than others in order to earn a successful living, traditional sex roles have done the same in splitting the burden of survival and child-rearing between two sexes.

While women don’t “belong” in the home, they do a better job than men at nesting and child raising. While men don’t belong in coal mines or on oil rigs, they do a better job at digging minerals from the earth and raising it above ground. Creating government programs or propaganda that aim to show women can be coal miners and firefighters as good as men is a foolish, politically correct behavior that comes from a false notion (“men and women are equal”) that cannot ever be made true without us evolving into a new species. Westerners, as defined by those living in the Anglosphere and Western Europe, are currently forced to digest all manner of manipulation and dissemination of falsehoods to make equality truthful.

Men and women should have some degree of free will to live a life compatible in their respective societies, but there should not be

² http://www.uphs.upenn.edu/news/News_Releases/2013/12/verma/

coordination between the media, government, and academia to program citizens to abandon their innate strengths for imagined ideas of utopia.

Understanding The True Nature Of Women

By the time most men finish puberty, they will have an impression of women that is mostly fantasy. Modern culture has undertaken huge steps to portray women simultaneously as victims needing male assistance *and* empowered superheroes who are so capable and brave that they don't even need men at all. It's not surprising to find that many men have an understanding of women that is not far from what you would find in an old Disney movie, of women who display amazing acts of courage one moment and then needing approval and assistance from dashing princes the next.

Women are reactionary in that they subconsciously assess the environment to determine how to proceed with mate selection. If survival is hard, and her basic food and shelter needs are difficult to attain, she will latch onto a provider male at an early age that aids in her survival. If survival is easy, and she already has her food and shelter needs met, she will then pursue more base hedonistic instincts while leisurely shopping around for the most high status male she can obtain.

If she fails in her search of the latter, she will procure a provider male well past her peak beauty and fertility (after 30 years of age) so that she does not grow old without any life partner at all. (A provider male, or beta male, is a man who eagerly, kindly, and sometimes mindlessly shares his financial resources with a woman of dubious worth in exchange for sexual benefits, companionship, and the chance to reproduce.)

Women are also craftily aware of local legal conditions and how it can be manipulated in their favor. If rape laws tighten against men,

more women will use false rape accusations³ as a weapon to punish men, alleviate feelings of sexual guilt, attract the attention of high-status men, or get out of being caught cheating. If domestic violence laws tighten, women will use that as a weapon to control their husbands.

Women are skilled at using the structure and rules of the local environment to fulfill their goals, which is to secure the highest possible value male, gain as much material resources as possible, pursue the female primal need for pleasure and vanity, and compete successfully against other females.

A woman behaving as the model of femininity and kindness in an environment with conditions favoring males will behave quite differently in an environment with conditions favoring females. A woman's nature is therefore not static, and takes the shape of the container of her environment.⁴

The true nature of men, on the other hand, is in turn reactionary to signals women put out that declare their sexual preferences in males. Women act according to the broader environment to accumulate resources and self-satisfaction while men act according to the best method and strategy to secure female sexual partners. The mating feedback loop that results, involving untold number of variables, can help explain differences in mating strategies of people living in nations that have similar cultural values.

In the past, the best male strategy to reproduce was resource sharing since survival was difficult and in no way guaranteed, but now with survival needs easily met, men are moving into a "clown" strategy of providing entertainment, excitement, and alpha male simulated behavior to women who are quicker to reward this set of tactics with commitment-free sex than with provider male tactics of yesterday.

3

<https://www.google.com/search?num=100&newwindow=1&espv=2&q=false+rape+arrested>

⁴ <http://www.rooshv.com/the-true-nature-of-women>

Patriarchy

Western society is moving away from a patriarchal-based system where men held sole power and determined the rules governing society. In the past, men like Arthur Schopenhauer and HL Mencken understood the true nature of women and the chaos that would ensue if patriarchal rules were dismantled by allowing women to pursue mating without constraints and compete directly with men in the labor market. This has the simultaneous effect of making women less able to fulfill their motherly duties while impoverishing men economically and making them less able or likely to fulfill important provider roles that foster societal stability.

Patriarchy does have its flaws in locking in roles for males and females who are outliers, but it was undoubtedly a superior societal system that catered to the innate abilities of the sexes and provided them with roles that not only furthered their own abilities and interests but civilization as a whole. Men were able to provide through their labor while women were able to nurture and raise children in an imperfect but mostly harmonious family system. It's likely due to patriarchy that humans did survive various threats to their existence. Patriarchal systems must therefore be regained as the primary organizing structure of modern societies.

Sexual Marketplace Value

The job market in a capitalist country is fluid and free. Employers can hire and fire workers at will and workers can join or leave a company at will. Neither have much in the way of loyalty or dedication to each other, and each party is attempting to extract as much money, labor, knowledge, and experience as possible from the other party.

Some corporations hold more value in the eyes of employees than others, due to their brand name, salary, facilities, and perks. Some workers are eagerly sought out by corporations because of their

experience, ability, and reputation. The top corporations can easily retain the best talent while the bottom corporations continually lose their best talent to corporations above them. At the same time, the best workers are promoted and lavished with higher salaries while the worst workers can only retain the lowest paying jobs or have to suffer persistent unemployment.

The modern dating market is now as fluid as the job market. Once traditional sex roles were dismantled and women were allowed to embrace their hypergamous nature of seeking top males, they began shopping for the best “corporation” that they could land, hopping from one man to the next as a way to maximize the value they could receive. At the same time, men at the top could attract the very best females, while men at the bottom struggle to attract even one.

In the days of Christian monogamy, women were culturally shamed and prevented from shopping for men, and encouraged to marry the first good man they bed, one they often met through family or church. This ensured society stability and sexual equality in that most able-bodied men would be able to procure a wife. These women would gain a dedicated provider male instead of being sexually used for short-term sexual pleasure by high-status men until being replaced by a younger beauty.

The breakdown of traditional sex roles and Christian-style egalitarian monogamy with the promotion of fluid dating has begun to revert society into a harem model currently practiced by Arab royalty in countries like Saudi Arabia and United Arab Emirates, where high status men reap nearly all the highest quality fertile women and maintain concubines on retainer while low status men receive no women and struggle to have their basic survival needs met.

In America today, famous and good-looking men are hotly pursued by beautiful women while the majority of “average” men are forced to undergo strenuous efforts to increase their sexual marketplace value (SMV) to compete, just like how any worker must increase their job market value by educating themselves in university and working in low-paying internships.

With fluid dating, every man must vigorously improve his SMV in order to land sexual relationships, and if he doesn't, he's at risk of failing to experience any sexual success. At the same time, women also have an SMV that is tied mainly to their beauty and fertility. Men have to work at increasing their SMV while women are given the bulk of theirs by nature.

Except for natural-born alpha males, a man's SMV is still rising in his late teens and early 20's before he has accumulated significant resources, social status, and game, during a time when a woman's SMV is at her highest, thanks to her being at the peak of her beauty. If a woman is unable to gain commitment of a man during the height of her SMV, it will be a game of musical chairs in her 30's or even 40's to find any man who will walk down the aisle with her. A woman who doesn't lower her standards in her 30's will undoubtedly fail to find commitment, since there is little she will be able to do to increase her value. A man, however, has many options even into old age for keeping his SMV relatively high, such as increasing his status or wealth.

A healthy and stable society will put limitations upon both men and women to fully maximize their SMV as if they were working in a capitalistic job market. Men would be limited from excessive philandering for extended periods of time and "using up" a woman's beauty for hedonistic pleasure while women would be limited in using her sexuality and peak beauty to sleep with dozens of men in the hopes that one high-status man will keep her. Sexual experimentation should be self-limiting, but as long as dating is fluid, male participants have no choice but to play the game and work on their SMV to hopefully land some semblance of a normal relationship. The more fluid the dating market is, the less likely that will happen.

Self-improvement

Self-improvement is necessary for a man to transform the raw material of his genetics to maximize his sexual marketplace value,

accumulate enough material resources to live comfortably (and protect himself from the actions of an unjust state or hysterical mob), and to gain enough wisdom and experience to live a virtuous life with a mind free of falsehoods and brainwashing. This is an individual journey that better suits a man with an above-average mind that resists the trends and styles of the day to pursue truths and conditions that were no less relevant hundreds of years ago. Four basic components this includes is physical fitness, hard work ethic, individual responsibility, and lifestyle optimization.

Weightlifting and fitness

Body development increases a man's overall health, instills into him hard work ethic, and increases his confidence, which facilitates attainment of his other goals. At the same time body development is important, it should not be so involved that it begins to take away from development of the mind.

For the average man, the mind exists solely for the pleasures and functions of the body, but for the above-average man, the body exists for the functioning of the mind. Men must be careful not to overcompensate in body development to pursue goals of vanity or narcissism that end up limiting their overall development.

Individual responsibility

Men are not victims. While we have been placed on the Earth during a unique time in humanity that can be institutionally oppressive to men,⁵ we're still allowed enormous ability to affect the fabric of our lives. Even the most repressive regime on the planet today will afford men the opportunity to privately develop themselves, so no excuse must be made to quit, obsessively gripe, or not even attempt the difficult steps that can improve our stations.

While there are some features of modern Western society that

⁵ <http://www.rooshv.com/american-men-are-being-institutionally-oppressed>

make it harder to achieve our goals, such as finding a loyal wife to raise a family with, there is still room for a disciplined and focused man to win in a climate that wants him to lose. The limitations stopping us exist partly in our minds, as any brief study of history can show that men never had it easy. Blame for our failures in life must be put squarely on our own shoulders to train our minds to focus on what we can control instead of what we cannot.

Hard work ethic

Men are the mules of the human species. Their DNA drives them to work endlessly until they perish, and so a neomasculine man is one who sets a goal for himself and tirelessly labors for its realization. Success may not be a guarantee in his journey, but labor is, and the man who doesn't labor is not more deserving of the fruits of male life than one who does. While some men have to work less at their goals because of innate talents and abilities they were born with, work is a significant equalizer that allows one born with a lower stock to raise himself up to those men born above him.

Society is now structured to teach men to work for corporations to earn money for products that go right back to corporations. After a man has put in a shift of eight hours in the office, his mind and body is too tired to work for himself, and so this is how the modern format of work inhibits a man in developing his potential. Along his life's journey, a man must figure out how he can work for himself first, during times his mind is fresh, instead of giving the best parts of himself to a corporation that does little more than satisfy consumer wants that were programmed into him.

Lifestyle optimization

Every man's nature is different. Some are morning birds, some are night owls. Some have fast metabolisms, some have slow metabolisms. Some are extroverted, some are introverted. Every man has a

responsibility to discover his own nature, his strengths and his flaws, to understand how his mind and body responds to stimuli to better construct a way of living that suits him best and allows him to accomplish goals instead of trying to merely copy someone else's formula.

Man must find the best diet, sleep, supplements, and workout regime for his body. He must find the best work habits for completing his labor. He must find the social environments to further his friendships or relationships with women. This requires men to be open to trying different things, be vigorous with experimentation, and self-reflect honestly without ego. By the time a man is 35, he should have a custom lifestyle in place that is seamlessly integrated with a program of self-development that aids in his goals instead of hindering them

Free Speech And Due Process

Free speech is important from the perspective that concerned men or women should be able to speak out once they have identified corruption and degeneracy in their societies. In a well-educated population that is resistant to mob rule and raised on virtue and honorable values, ideas are only likely to be accepted if they are correct or scientifically sound. Otherwise, they are discarded, meaning that theoretically, there should be no large danger posed by an incorrect idea within a healthy society.

Without free speech, reading this document right now may not be possible, meaning you might have stayed less aware of the sickness our society is currently facing. For that reason, citizens must be able to speak intelligently and freely as a defense mechanism against the backwards slide to cultural toxicity, of which it's worth noting that free speech alone was no defense to current ills. It should be no surprise that men today who have shared views that fall within the realm of neomasculine thought have been subject to censorious mob action.

Equal due process is also important. While men should be treated as the sex that knows more about how to structure society than women, both sexes, along with different races, must be held to the same legal standard.

Western law has gone so far to the side of women that men are no longer being treated with equal due process. They are being held to a different standard when it comes to consensual sex in colleges where extra-legal tribunals⁶ are punishing them and ruining their livelihoods based on allegations without sound evidence. Additionally, they are being imprisoned if they fail to pay child support,⁷ regardless of their employment status.

In spite of the fact that a man's word is often more credible than a woman's, since a woman is naturally more skilled at quickly inventing stories and rationalizations based on the feelings and emotions she's experiencing, both sexes should be charged or prosecuted for crimes based on the legal evidence at hand, without consideration of their sex.

Testosterone

Testosterone is the biological hormone that is responsible for masculine behavior and characteristics such as muscle development, voice deepening, body hair, aggression, and a host of positive cognitive effects.⁸ Men are a unique sex primarily because of this hormone, and any decrease of its concentration in a population of men through environmental pollution or dystopian regulation will decrease masculine behaviors.

Being a man is not a social construct—it's a primarily biological construct that is heavily dependent on healthy body and brain

⁶ <http://www.wsj.com/articles/in-campus-rape-tribunals-some-men-see-injustice-1428684187>

⁷ <http://www.washingtonpost.com/news/storyline/wp/2014/09/26/locking-up-parents-for-not-paying-child-support-can-be-a-modern-day-debtors-prison/>

⁸ <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/17132744>

functioning that results from appropriate testosterone levels. An unhealthy society will undoubtedly be composed of males with stunted levels of testosterone.

Entrepreneurship

Major sources of employment for men are corporations and medium-sized businesses, but they have become an increasingly unreliable and hostile means for men to earn their daily bread, especially if the work environment includes women.

Men in modern workplaces are forced to submit to the authoritarian whims of the female-dominated Human Resources department, where their statements and behaviors are monitored for anything causing the slightest offense, meaning that men are one politically incorrect statement away from losing out on a promotion or getting outright fired. Even if they behave according to corporate regulations, they are still subject to dubious training programs which treat them as innate harassers of women and minorities. In such an environment, a woman can easily hurt a man's employment through false allegations.

Even if a man exhibits perfect behavior, a slight downturn in business means he can get fired immediately. The corporation is designed to have no loyalty to a man and his prior service, even if he was an integral part of the company's prior success.

For the above reasons, it is important for a man to start his own business or firm. He will be able to pick and choose the customers that he wants to serve and not have his livelihood be dependent on a petty manager or disgruntled woman who sets out to destroy him.

Most men begin their path to entrepreneurship by developing a freelancing side business while employed full time, but at some point he will have to make the jump from being primarily dependent on only one company. The world is so hostile to the ideas and behavior of the neomasculine man that he must view corporate employment as a short-term solution until he can develop his own business. Otherwise, he sets himself up for future destitution.

Red Pill Truths

While “red pill” has many definitions, it’s consistently used as a way or means to view the world in an objective, truthful, and factual manner, no matter how inconvenient or painful. It may seem redundant to need a method of seeking truth of the world, since it should be a default technique for all educated persons in a society, but identity politics and special interests deliberately conceal and distort truths to further utopian ideals or to consolidate their own selfish need for power.

For example, today’s left-leaning establishment deliberately conceals differences in sex and race in order to promote an ideal of equality that is meant to severely handicap men. They also downplay a woman’s true nature and deceive the public by falsely stating benefits of fluid dating when it is in fact wreaking havoc on monogamy through encouraging women to tickle their most hedonistic urges that breed anarchy and instability into human pair bonding.

The opposite of red pill truth is “blue pill” ignorance, whereby people maintain large blind spots in their thinking or observations to shield themselves from the undeniable facts of human behavior and reality. Some people adhere to blue pill ideas because they have been brainwashed while others do so purposefully to raise their position in the hierarchy of the group they’re a member of.

Male-only Spaces

The ability to be a man—as according to nature—has diminished in recent years as women invade all spaces that were traditionally male, going so far as to protest to be served in male barber shops.⁹

After women are included in male spaces, men have to speak and

⁹ <http://panampost.com/panam-staff/2014/09/05/barbershop-refuses-to-serve-woman-human-rights-case-on-the-way/>, <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/men/fashion-and-style/11254834/All-women-should-be-banned-from-barber-shops.html>

act with a filter to not offend the sensitive women, removing the masculine banter and jockeying that is an important part of male friendship and development. By having women in all spaces, men are no longer able to nurture their masculine side, and instead sacrifice the strength of their friendships and limit display of their natural identity in order to appease the females that are now present, who relish the male attention they can receive at little cost.

Men and women should be allowed to co-mingle in designated spaces, but other spaces should be exclusively male, forbidding women from participating. At the same time, women are encouraged to have their own female spaces free of men so that they can nurture their feminine qualities.

Sexual Moderation

Men have a biological need for sex that must be sated for them to function normally, but if that need is overshot, such as in the case of sleeping with women only for ego gratification, the man begins sacrificing more important needs for fleeting pleasure that will provide no lasting meaning. It is normal for a man to pursue sex because he wants sex, but pursuing sex because he wants to impress others, hit an artificial notch count of women, or alleviate personal insecurities will invariably result in self-harm and lost time.

Game is a tool that allows a man to fulfill his sex and relationship needs, but once game is used outside of those needs, he will succumb to hedonistic urges that are no different than a woman uploading selfies every day on Facebook to receive validation for her appearance. A man must always check his sexual behavior with the needs of his body and spirit to make sure he is not trying to satisfy the bottomless pit of his animalistic hunger.

The sexual activity of women must be even more closely monitored than men. Repeated studies show that a marriage is more likely to fail based on higher number of sexual partners a woman—but not a

man—had before marrying,¹⁰ a fact that should be obvious to any man who has experienced the highly impulsive and shallow behavior of easy women. The results of these studies clearly show that a marriage is at high risk of failure if a woman had more than two sexual partners before marrying. (An additional study showed that promiscuous women are more likely to abuse substances,¹¹ regardless of her age.)

A high level of promiscuity on the part of the woman will also expose her to more sexually transmitted diseases, particularly the common infections of chlamydia and gonorrhea,¹² that may render her sterile and incapable of reproducing.¹³ Lastly, the ingestion of birth control in pill form, which offers a frictionless path to promiscuity, impairs their ability to become pregnant up to a year¹⁴ (and possible longer) after they stop taking it, harming their reproductive potential.

Even though traditional marriage is the best path towards societal stability, it is becoming extremely difficult for a man today to find a woman with an acceptable sexual history and proper values that wouldn't put a possible marriage at great risk of failure. This risk, combined with the fact that the state has marriage laws biased in disproportionate favor towards women, essentially turns husbands into hostages within their own homes, making them have to suffer a woman's impulsive "no-fault" decision for divorce (80% of them are initiated by women¹⁵). With the ensuing financial ruin and emotional turmoil that would result, it is no longer an automatic safe bet for men to marry in a Western nation.

¹⁰ <http://nationalmarriageproject.org/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/NMP-BeforeIDoReport-Final.pdf>, <http://onlinelibrary.wiley.com/doi/10.1111/j.1741-3737.2003.00444.x/abstract>, <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC3752789/figure/F1/>

¹¹ <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/23400516>

¹² <http://www.cdc.gov/std/infertility/>

¹³ <http://www.nichd.nih.gov/health/topics/stds/conditioninfo/Pages/infertility.aspx>

¹⁴ http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2015/03/26/birth-control-side-effect_n_6911948.html

¹⁵ <http://www.uplifting-love.com/2013/08/80-percent-of-divorces-are-filed-by.html>

Nuclear Family

The most stable family unit that fosters normal development of children is a nuclear family composed of one father and one mother in the same home. Further aid may possibly come from extended family members living either nearby or in the same household.

Single parent households must be avoided because they have shown to significantly harm the development and overall well-being of children. In England, children from single-parent households are nine times likely to engage in crime¹⁶, and a Department Of Justice study¹⁷ found that 70% of incarcerated youth came from single parent homes. A newer study with a sample size of over 16,000 shows that children raised by single mothers are 70% more likely to develop Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD),¹⁸ which harms their mental development and education while increasing their risk of hospitalization due to injury and respiratory infections. Even more severe, children raised in single parent households are 82% more likely to be raised in poverty¹⁹ than children raised in nuclear family homes.

It is now politically incorrect to question if being raised by a single mother increases the child's risk for poverty, homelessness, mental illness, physical disease, and substance abuse, even though a multitude of studies²⁰ clearly point in that direction. Those who have an agenda in pushing single motherhood are ignoring existing data at hand that shows it brings great harm to children and, as a result, society.

¹⁶ <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-1326420/Children-parents-split-NINE-times-likely-commit-crime.html>

¹⁷ <http://www.bjs.gov/content/pub/pdf/syc87.pdf>

¹⁸ <http://www.news.com.au/lifestyle/health/having-a-single-mum-and-being-taken-to-hospital-during-childhood-linked-to-adhd/story-fneuzlbd-1227308583570>

¹⁹ <http://www.heritage.org/childpoverty>

²⁰ <http://www.heritage.org/research/reports/1995/03/bg1026nbsp-the-real-root-causes-of-violent-crime>

Binary Sex Model

The binary sex model consists of only two sexes, male and female, which is determined at birth by a person's genetics. It is the most stable, natural, and biological approach to human classification. Behaviors by genetically born males will lean masculine while behaviors by genetically born females will lean feminine, though variation in human stock can cause marginal overlap. There are also exceptions with hermaphrodites, deformed humans who are born with genitalia from both sexes.

Any attempt to manually seek out a gender or identity outside of the binary sex model is artificial, non-biological, and deviant. Such a practice is not conducive to family formation or sanity on a societal level. A society can be definitively labeled ill if it enables its citizens to artificially invent gender identities and pick them at will as if shopping for fruit in a supermarket. Even worse is outright facilitating mentally ill individuals to change their sex, which leads to an increase in suicide²¹ and drug use²² without alleviating the underlying mental disorder.²³

Academics and corporations are now eagerly promoting and catering to "new" genders²⁴ such as polysexual, genderqueer, pangender, and skoliosexual. If a child believed it was a snake and started biting others, we would get him professional help, but we are now taking seriously grown adults who go so far as to claim they are "two spirit," which means that they have the spirit of both men and women inside them, or "otherkin," where they claim to be animals like wolves, badgers, or deer mistakenly born into a human body. Such delusions are being normalized as mentally acceptable human behavior.

²¹ <http://articles.latimes.com/2014/jan/28/local/la-me-ln-suicide-attempts-alarming-transgender-20140127>

²² <https://www.americanprogress.org/issues/lgbt/report/2012/03/09/11228/why-the-gay-and-transgender-population-experiences-higher-rates-of-substance-use/>

²³ <http://www.theguardian.com/society/2004/jul/30/health.mentalhealth>

²⁴ <http://abcnews.go.com/blogs/headlines/2014/02/heres-a-list-of-58-gender-options-for-facebook-users/>

The binary sex model has flaws in that it will not perfectly suit those who possess personality and behavioral traits from the opposite sex, meaning that institutions and spaces for homosexuals or transsexuals won't be constructed, but at the same time it is inappropriate to encourage or enable a person to jump out of their genetically determined sex by opening the door on dozens of different gender identities and orientations that definitively harm the individual.

In a patriarchal society with traditional sex roles, only a tiny minority will have trouble with their assigned sex at birth. They should not be allowed to disrupt the lifestyle and healthy traditions of those who soundly fit into the natural binary model.

Feminine Beauty Ideals

Feminine beauty is highly objective and can be reliably measured across different cultures in two principal ways: body measurement and facial symmetry.

Body measurement comprises three numbers in inches that are displayed in the following format: 36-24-36. The first number is the size of the chest around the breasts, the second number is size of the waist right above the navel, and the third is the size of hips around the buttocks.

Scientific studies have shown that a waist-to-hip ratio of 0.7 is linked to high fertility in women. The distribution of fat around bodies produced by such a ratio is biologically linked²⁵ to an optimal concentration of bodily hormones that would most greatly aid in reproduction. Not coincidentally, such a ratio is found to be most attractive to men from all around the world.²⁶

Men therefore subconsciously determine a large part of a woman's attractiveness based on her ability to successfully reproduce, and this is exemplified by an hourglass figure that a 0.7 waist-to-hip ratio

²⁵ <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/health/3682657.stm>

²⁶ <http://www.independent.co.uk/life-style/the-belle-curve-why-all-men-love-a-waistline-allegedly-1617654.html>

consistently displays. While certain aspects of beauty taste may change over the years, such as hair color or lip fullness, a waist-to-hip ratio of 0.7 leads to the best biological functioning for reproduction, and so will be seen as most attractive by virile men.

The hourglass figure can also come in different shapes, which is why even more voluptuous women can still be seen as highly attractive if their waist-to-hip ratio is still close to the optimum value. But if a woman's body resembles something more like a milk carton, she is far away from the ideal ratio and should not be dismayed if men find her unattractive.

Facial symmetry is the second component of beauty that can be reliably measured. You may be surprised to know that the left and right sides of your face are quite different. One artist created two full faced figures by doubling a person's left side or right, leading to images that can look drastically different.²⁷ Additional studies consistently show that people rate others with symmetrical faces as more attractive and in better health,²⁸ two traits that humans want to pass on to their offspring.

Even if symmetrical individuals are not actually in better health than those who are asymmetrical, our genetic wiring clearly prefers symmetrical individuals,²⁹ a fact known since the time of the Ancient Greeks if we judge the art they left behind. It is thought that animals who display asymmetry had poor development that exposed them to environmental or genetic stress, lowering their reproductive fitness.

While female attraction for males can be complex and dependent on many factors that include a man's resources, charisma, social status, and appearance, male attraction for females is more narrow and highly correlated to body shape and facial symmetry. Therefore we can easily debunk notions that beauty is a social construct or that women with a waist-to-hip ratio over 1, suggesting advanced obesity and diabetes, can be attractive to a man with a functioning brain and

²⁷ <http://time.com/2848303/heres-what-faces-would-look-like-if-they-were-perfectly-symmetrical/>

²⁸ <http://www.livescience.com/7023-rules-attraction-game-love.html>

²⁹ <http://news.nationalgeographic.com/news/2008/08/080818-body-symmetry.html>

normal vision. The movement of fat acceptance is a particularly damaging notion since obesity shortens human life spans,³⁰ increases public health expenditures by at least \$190 billion a year³¹ in the USA alone, and is one of the most reliable symptoms of mental illness.³²

From the available data, we must conclude that there are objective patterns in beauty that make some individuals clearly more attractive than others. In America, women who are not beautiful, due to their genetic bad luck or gluttonous lifestyle, are using bogus science and shaming to convince the masses they are indeed beautiful. Such attempts should be immediately discarded as absurd.

Natural Health And Hygiene

Modern medicine has made great advances in treating ailments that used to more easily kill our ancestors, especially bacterial and viral infections. If you are suffering from illness, your first instinct should be to see a doctor. However, the pharmaceutical industry, along with corporations that sell health products, have a financial incentive to maintain profits by selling expensive medicines or health solutions that must be used over a long period of time without solving the underlying problem.

A man must carefully weigh the costs and benefits of whatever medicine, supplement, and health product he's using and ask himself if there is a more cheap and effective alternative with less side effects. A classic example is baking soda, which has been found by large numbers of men to be superior to chemical deodorants. Other men swear by non-pharmaceutical solutions that either maintain good health or solve existing body issues. Examples include apple cider vinegar³³ (various ailments), coconut oil³⁴ (skin), vitamin D³⁵ (mood),

³⁰ <http://www.nih.gov/news/health/jul2014/nci-08.htm>

³¹ <http://www.hsph.harvard.edu/obesity-prevention-source/obesity-consequences/economic/>

³² <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/16818872>

³³ <http://www.rooshvforum.com/thread-7518.html>

³⁴ <http://www.rooshvforum.com/thread-9399.html>

zinc³⁶ (male sex drive), hydrogen peroxide³⁷ (bad breath), cranberry extract³⁸ (UTI), light therapy³⁹ (sleep), green tea⁴⁰ (antioxidant), nasal irrigation⁴¹ (sinus infection), and fish oil⁴² (dry eye). Many others can be found on Earth Clinic website.⁴³

There are serious diseases and problems that only modern medicine can handle, but for minor ailments and hygiene issues, men would be better served by finding more natural remedies that don't carry an unnecessarily heavy cost.

Male Virtue And Development

We're taught that the biological reason we are here is to survive and reproduce, but since both are now easy to accomplish without much of a strain on our energy or resources, we are given extra time to live for reasons beyond the biological. How should men spend that time? What code of morality or principles should guide men in their daily lives? Is there a deeper life meaning that can help us set better goals?

The answers to these questions are difficult, but they must be asked. While most of the world is running downhill to pursue immorality, degeneracy, and base pleasures, the self-actualized man must instead climb upwards along the harder path that makes him a better man today than he was yesterday. He must instill within himself a code that creates right action and right thoughts to separate himself from the hysterical masses, allowing him to operate on an elevated level of consciousness and existence.

³⁵ <http://www.rooshv.com/you-are-most-certainly-deficient-in-vitamin-d>

³⁶ <http://www.rooshvforum.com/thread-15255.html>

³⁷ <http://www.rooshvforum.com/thread-6484.html>

³⁸ <http://www.webmd.com/urinary-incontinence-oab/womens-guide/cranberries-for-uti-protection>

³⁹ <http://www.rooshv.com/how-light-therapy-helped-get-my-sleep-back>

⁴⁰ <http://www.rooshvforum.com/thread-11041.html>

⁴¹ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nasal_irrigation

⁴² <http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC3874521/>

⁴³ <http://www.earthclinic.com/>

Aristotle's cardinal virtues were prudence, temperance, courage, and justice. Eastern philosophies teach self-control of desire. Stoicism tempers desire and aims for mental fortitude against misfortune. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau taught self-reliance. It's important to examine the great men of the past to construct a living code that can aid men in the present, because it's certain that a consumer lifestyle with authoritarian deference to false prophets fails to lead to male virtue or character advancement. Such progress can only come from deeper thought and self-examination.

Anti-socialism

The two biggest problems with socialism as an ideology is that (1) it takes from the strong to give to the weak, and (2) it makes individuals dependent on the government to survive.

Those who apply effort to obtain benefits deriving from their labor, virtue, or fortunate genetics should be able to keep the bulk of its rewards instead of making forceful donations under the barrel of the state's gun to those with a lower worth ethic or constitution. Beautiful women are—due to nature's prescription—more deserving of high value men. Men who are born with a higher level of intelligence are more deserving of advanced jobs that pay more. Anyone who is more willing to trade their labor for income is deserving of a higher income.

We must not allow the poor to starve on the streets, but it is counterproductive to encourage those on the bottom to beg for more benefits instead of lifting up their own station to a suitable job position that can provide for their basic survival needs.

The effects of socialism are even more damaging when it comes to gender relations, because women now seek out the government as a substitute provider to help them survive instead of using the feminine gifts given to them by nature to land a husband. With a woman's survival needs met thanks to a government bending over to bail out her impulsive decisions, she can spend up to two decades pursuing

excitement in the males she meets without any worry about her future. She is no longer punished for her mistakes.

It's no surprise that single motherhood in the United States has exploded⁴⁴ in the past few decades. Why should a woman find a good man who she must serve and satisfy when she can fornicate with sexy men and have the government send her monthly checks and crates of food at no cost? The perverse incentives that socialist policies create mean that women are encouraged to treat men as battery-operated sex dildos that can satisfy her present desires instead of carefully evaluating men for their long-term worth. This has decimated the institution of marriage and also created future criminals and emotional man-children of the state who did not have the opportunity to develop strong values in a stable nuclear home that included a father.

People in genuine need can be provided with temporary assistance by the state to help them through rough spots in their lives, but it shouldn't be the job of the government to enable citizens to make poor decisions by providing permanent assistance with no strings attached. Limiting such aid would bring out the more industrious and hard-working side of those on the lower economic scale while encouraging women not to whore around and have bastard children because they wanted to gratify their boredom by seeking out bad boys who are exciting to pursue.

Technological Skepticism

Technology has brought many benefits to those living in the 21st century. Food is cheaper than in the past (as a percentage of total income expenditure), appliances make maintaining and cleaning the home easier, and electronic devices allow you to instantly access information and media. Very few individuals would like the clock rolled back to a time when we didn't have such developments, but we must accept that there is a human cost of each step forward made in

⁴⁴ http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/05/01/single-motherhood-increases-census-report_n_3195455.html

technological advancement.

Food is cheaper, but now over 50% of Americans are morbidly obese. It's easier to maintain a home, but now women have left that home to serve a corporate master instead of their husbands. The internet has given us information and entertainment that makes reading this very article a simple matter, but it has created electronic junkies with short attention spans who are less able and willing to rationally communicate with their fellow man. The laws of the universe ensure that there is no free lunch.

One obvious example of a heavy technological cost is the smartphone, a handheld computer and communication device that was rapidly adopted by most individuals in the Western world starting in 2007 when the first generation Apple iPhone was released. Heralded by most as an amazing invention that will bring forth informational bliss, it's clear that the smartphone has damaged gender relations by making women less capable of love⁴⁵ and more capable of resistance-free hypergamy, cheating, and attention whoring.

Not a single technologist stopped to think about how the smartphone would affect humans, so now we are left with the wreckage it has created. While it's a great tool for business and playing rudimentary games, humanity would suffer only minor effects if they were suddenly banned overnight.

With every technological benefit, there is also a cost, and we must carefully examine such costs before the widespread encouragement and adoption of any shiny new gadget that is forced upon us by corporate marketers or the utopists in Silicon Valley.

Deeper Meaning And Spirituality

While nihilism may be preferable for some, it does not provide sufficient answers for most men who want to live their one life with deliberate purpose and meaning. Being trapped in a completely

⁴⁵ <http://www.rooshv.com/women-who-own-iphones-lose-the-ability-to-love>

random existence while floating on a big rock hurtling through an infinitely growing universe can cause men to lose sight of their own self development of masculinity and virtue. Traditional religious beliefs can fill in these gaps of meaning.

In spite of the faults of organized religion, believers pursue a moral code that has been tested and refined for hundreds of years, giving it far more weight and value than Western consumerism and hedonism, a relatively modern invention. While the scientific conclusions of atheism can provide some answers of our reality, such a purely logical set of beliefs will lack the traditional and heuristic components that aid man with living well today, leaving them with a value system of Swiss cheese that allows skilled profiteers and propagandists to fill the holes. It's highly likely that atheists would be well-served by incorporating some religious traditions or beliefs to help guide them towards more purposeful and worthwhile life outcomes.

Conclusion

Neomascularity is a new term that uses old ways of helping men live in a virtuous manner while catering to the masculine side of their biological nature. It gives men the practical tools to receive the benefits possible with a male existence while living in natural harmony with women and improving the sustainability and value of their societies. It also provides a man with powerful mental defenses to aid his navigation through a world that wants to reduce him to a zombified consumer who serves at the altar of the corporate state. It will serve as a superior ideological alternative for men who reject the poison pills prescribed by the modern political and cultural elite.

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